

f 10

THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare, and destiny; and its application to a regenerate life. It recognises a *continuous* Divine inspiration in man; it aims through a careful reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

F. PITMAN, 20, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1862.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS SCOTT, WARWICK COURT,
HOLBORN.

INDEX.

	Page		Page
BARKAS, Mr., New Natural Hypothesis on Spiritualism	92, 284	Howitt, Mr., Spirit v. Odyle	405
Barker, Mr., Experience in America	219	——— Clamps in the Wood	450
Barth, Dr., Clairvoyance	559	INTERNAL Respiration, 60, 107, 159, 223, 268, 319, 371, 415, 460, 508	
Bayley, Dr., a Spiritualist	474	KERNER, Death of	190
Böhme, Jacob	385	Kirkup, Mr., Manifestations at Florence, 57	
Bourignon, Antoinette	481	——— On Tasso	154, 310
Browning, Mrs.	428	L.'s NARRATIVE, (Mr.) 21, 65, 193, 260, 331	
Byron	374	Lavater	334
CAGLIOSTRO and Talleyrand	550	Lowe, Mr., of the "Critic"	258, 317
Candles blown out	572	Lucerne Manifestations	499
Clairvoyance and Electric Telegraphy, Dr. Barth	559	Lyceum Church of Spiritualists	362
Clamps in the Wood, Howitt... ..	450	MANIFESTATIONS on the Continent	75
Colchester, New York Circles	29	——— in Russia	273
Coleman, Mr., Passing Events	536	——— Darlington	276
Collyer, Dr., Phrenography	49	——— Aylesbury	326
Conolly, Dr.	521	——— Gloucestershire	367
DEATH, Process of	35	——— Captain's Story	401
——— Watch, Insect	371	——— Boulogne	474
Divining Rods and Hazel Wands 97, 178		——— Lucerne	499
Double Appearance during Life	535	——— Clamps in the Wood	450
Dreams	130	——— at Florence	57
——— and fulfilment	519	——— Lord Chancellor's	
ENGELBECHT, HANS	433	Ghost	216
"Epidemic, Demoniocal"	346	——— Healing	157, 334, 507
Eternity of Punishment	122	——— L.'s Narrative, 21, 65, 193, 260, 331	
FLORENCE, Manifestations at	57	——— Instances of Preservation	127
Foster, Mr. C. H.	37, 41, 89	——— Dr. Spurgin's Testimony	126
Freemasonry	380	——— Dr. Bayley	474
Friends of God	203, 350	——— Writings on the Skin	111
GHOSTS, Lord Chancellor's	216	——— Direct	136
——— In Gloucestershire	367	——— Tasso	154, 310
Goethe	334	——— Appearance of Wife of Louis XIV.	564
Grellet, Stephen	419	——— Double Appearance during Life	535
Guyon, Madame	529	——— Spirit Photographs	562
HALL, Mrs. S. C., and Mr. Foster	89	Mediums and the Press	145
Hardinge's, Miss, Discourse	284	——— Professional	229
Haunted Houses	332	——— Cheating	272
Healing, Gift of	157, 334, 507, 558	Miracle, Romish	314
Home, Mrs., In Memoriam	376	——— in Westminster Abbey	325
——— Mr., A Modern Miracle	507	——— Modern, Mr. Home	507

	Page		Page
NICHOLAS of Basle	203, 350	SATURDAY Review	17
Newton, Mr. A. E. :—		Shorter, T. :—	
Contradictions of Spirits	18	Revelation in Olden time	2
Spiritualism in Religion	69	Dreams	130
OBERLIN	334	Testimony	161
PASSING Events, B. Coleman	536	Professional Mediums	229
Photographs, Spirit	562	The Seeress of Prevorst	241
Pliny's Letter to Sura	516	Stilling, Jung	289
Plutarch	329	Oberlin, Zschokke, Lavater,	
POETRY :—		Goethe	337
The Kingdom	134	Böhme, Jacob	385
Over the River	375	Engelbrecht, Hans	433
By the Shore	473	Bourignon, Antoinette	481
Where are the Dead ?	549	Guyon, Madame	529
Possession by Evil Spirits	522	Sleep	30
Presentiment, (Hogg's Instructor) ...	78	Dreams	130
Preservation, Instances of	127	Spirits, Contradictions of, A. E. Newton	18
Prevorst, the Seeress of	241	Spirit Photographs	562
Prophetic Dream-Vision	144, 497	Spiritualism, Barker's Experience in	
Warning	395	America	319
War in America	425	Spiritualism on the Continent	349
Flag in America	561	In America, Mr. L.'s Narrative	
Candles	572	17, 65, 193, 260, 331	
RANDOLPH, Dealings with the Dead	278	In Religion, A. E. Newton	69
Reichenbach, Baron	144	In past Generation	81
Respiration, Internal 60, 107, 159, 223,	268	Spurgin, Dr., Testimony	126
319, 371, 415, 460		Squirrell, Elizabeth, Some Account of	113
Revelation in Olden Time	2	Stilling, Jung	289
Reviews, Saturday Review	17	TALLEYRAND and Cagliostro	550
Harbinger of Health	84	Tasso	154
A Gleam of the Spirit Mystery	84	His Letters	310
Exposition of Spiritualism	140	Tauler	203
Chambers, R. Mr., on Testimony	161	Testimony, Mr. R. Chambers on ...	161
Once a Week	201	Tiberius	313
Fraud, Fancy, Fact, Which is it ?	237	VESPASIAN, Healing	558
Dealings with the Dead	278	Vision	445
Barkas on Spiritualism	284	WRITING on the Skin	111
Healing Mediums	334	Direct (the Nicene Creed) ...	136
Predictions in Modern Times,		ZSCHOKKE	337
Welby	475	on Freemasonry	380
Romish Miracle	314		
Rosicrucians	323		

THE Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. III.]

JANUARY, 1862.

[No. 1.

1862.

ALL hail for a new year ! Always welcome, because full of hope that its clean unwritten page may be happily filled. God grant that it may have within it no such calamity as the past year has brought to our Queen and nation, and that the sweet soothing of its silent way may bring calm and peace to her who now mourns as only woman does. There are many of her subjects to whom, in her circumstance of bereavement, the consolation of a life beyond the grave is no reality—to whom the great fact of Providence and angel ministration is no blessing, because it is not received—to whom Christ is not known as a Saviour, because they know not their need of Him, and to whom the spiritual world is not only unknown, but impossible and absurd. There are times in the life of nations, as of men and women, when their thoughts naturally turn inwards, and things before hidden from them, and covered up by affairs of a worldly kind, are seen in new lights, and new perceptions dawn upon the soul. This is just such a time, in which we all seem drawn towards the great spirit-world, and it towards us, as each of us is earnestly gazing into its brightness after a gradually disappearing friend. A true friend of England was this good Prince, and it is not either wrong, or less than wise, to believe that his influence will not be lost either in the sweet domestic circle of our dear Queen, or in the councils of our nation. We shall look for it in the happy resignation of those who will mourn not without hope, and in those wise and Christian counsels which shall prevent the untold horrors and crimes of war.

If our good Friends the Public would accept from us what is the real scope and aim of Spiritualism, we feel sure that it would have few opponents, and that it would be welcomed in every household. We feel bound here to put forward in solid type the words which we have adopted as the motto of the *Magazine*, and by which we desire to be judged by all thinking men:—

“SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx ; it is the effort to discover all truth relating

to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare, and destiny; and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a *continuous* Divine inspiration in man; it aims through a careful reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy."

It is only the prevalence of weak scepticism that keeps the subject in its rudimentary form, but in reality it may be best described as vital religion and philosophy. In pursuing our thankless but not less pleasing duty as editors, we shall welcome all facts of interest, without predilections of our own, knowing that we have no power to create them, but only to register well-attested observations. We wait for the day when facts will be acknowledged, and when we can enter more fully than is as yet possible, into their bearing on the great questions, now so dark to inquiring souls.

HOW WAS REVELATION GIVEN IN THE OLDEN TIME?

THE common reading of Scripture is seldom accompanied by any very active mental effort to attain an intelligent understanding of subjects of which the full meaning does not lie obviously on the surface. Philologists and scholars will contend over different translations and various readings. Theologians, where a question of doctrine is concerned, will wrangle about texts, and the microscope has even been applied to ancient manuscripts, in order that a letter in a Greek word affecting a disputed dogma might be determined; but ordinarily, the book is read with a sort of dull reverence. When we come to a matter that is obscure to us, we rarely care to gather up and follow out the scattered hints and allusions which may possibly throw some light upon it; and do not think of applying to it the research and criticism which we should to a Greek play, or a chapter of early Roman history; and especially is this the case with regard to the various expressions and statements in Scripture concerning the spiritual world and man's relation to it. To take one point in illustration, the Christian churches all agree that Divine communications were frequently made to the Jewish people, more particularly in the early periods of their history—that they received many revelations for guidance and for warning, but how few are there who could give an intelligent answer to, or have even seriously thought upon the question—*How* were these revelations given?

We read over and over again that "the Lord spake" unto such an one; that "the word of the Lord" came unto such an one; but *how* this speech was communicated—*how* this word was given, we do not trouble to enquire—many would probably think it irreverent, or only an exercise of vain curiosity to seek further. Certainly, however, the subject need not be entered upon with such feelings, and in any such frame of mind it would be of little service; but if we enter upon the enquiry in an earnest and serious spirit, in order that we may better meet the question—"Understandest thou what thou readest?" it may conduct us to more important conclusions than we have at all anticipated. Let me, however, at the outset, guard the reader against supposing that the writer has made some great discovery, or indeed, any discovery at all; were he capable of doing so he would still prefer that the reader should make these discoveries for himself,—he will be more than satisfied if it should in the slightest degree aid him in his endeavours.

In the Book of Numbers (xii. 6) we read—"Hear now my words: If there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make myself known unto him *in a vision*, and will speak unto him *in a dream*." This appears to have been one of the earliest and most frequent modes of Divine communication. "The word of the Lord," that promised Abram that his seed should be as the stars for number, and foretold that they should serve and be afflicted "in a land that is not theirs" for "four hundred years and afterwards come out with great substance," "came unto Abram *in a vision*." (Gen. xv.) It was "*in a dream*" that Jacob beheld "a ladder set up on earth, and the top of it reached to heaven, and the angels of God ascending and descending on it;" and that the promise to Abram was renewed with the addition that "in thee and thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." (Gen. xxviii.) It was "*in a dream*" that "the angel of the Lord" appeared to Joseph, saying, "Arise, and take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him." And again, upon the death of Herod, it was "*in a dream*," he was told by the angel to go into the land of Israel; and yet, again, it was by "being warned of God *in a dream*," that he turned aside into Galilee and dwelt in Nazareth." (Matt. ii.) It was "*in a vision*" that the Lord directed Ananias to Saul, Saul himself having previously "seen *in a vision* a man named Ananias coming in, and putting his hand on him, that he might receive his sight." And he received his sight as shown in the vision. (Acts ix.) Similarly "*a vision*" appeared to Paul in the night. "There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, come over into Macedonia and help us." (Acts xvi.)

Many revelations in dream and vision were a kind of teaching by symbol and correspondence; such were the visions of Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, the prophets generally, the vision seen by Peter "in a trance," accompanied "with a voice from heaven" (Acts xi.) and the visions of John the Revelator. There were even interpreters of dreams. Joseph not only received revelation in dreams, but he interpreted the dreams of others. The same is recorded of Daniel, the Prophet, and "master of the magicians;" and of Zechariah we are told that he "had understanding in the visions of God." (2 Chron. xxvi.) It is probable that revelation may have been communicated by dream and vision in many instances where the particular mode is not specified. We read in the Second Book of Samuel (vii. 4), "And it came to pass *that night*, that the word of the Lord came unto Nathan, saying, go and tell my servant David, thus saith the Lord." And after directing him to inform David of certain things, it adds—"According to all these words, and according to all *this vision*, so did Nathan speak unto David." Had these words (inserted as it were parenthetically) been omitted, we should not have known that this revelation was given in a vision. In the days of Eli, we are told that there was no *open* vision, and it was when Samuel was laid down to *sleep*, that "the Lord called Samuel." It is to be noted that in many instances where it is not specified that the communications were given in a dream, it does mention that it was at *night*; and that they partake very much of the nature of dreams. Nor does this detract from their Divine significance, nay, the mind may have been then in a better, because a more receptive condition. "In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then God openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction, that he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man." It is evident from several of the instances cited (and others might be added), that this mode of spiritual communication was not peculiar to the Jews; the Prophet Joel, indeed, connects the dreaming of dreams and the seeing of visions with, and apparently as a consequence of, that universal outpouring of the Divine spirit upon all flesh which he predicts. I think, too, there is evidence that the state of sleep in which revelation by dream and vision was imparted was not (certainly not in all cases) a natural sleep, but one spiritually induced, and probably for this very purpose. On two occasions when the angel Gabriel addressed himself to Daniel, the latter tells us, "Now, as he was speaking with me, *I was in a deep sleep*, on my face toward the ground," that this "deep sleep" was induced suddenly, and by the spiritual presence is made apparent in the second narrative, in which he tells us "The men that were with me saw not the vision, but a

great quaking fell upon them, so that they fled to hide themselves, . . . and I retained no strength." Incidentally, I may point out that in the verse following this (Dan. x. 10) he proceeds to narrate, "And, behold, a hand *touched* me, which set me upon my knees and upon the palms of my hands." So that in this narrative we have the phenomena of the "deep sleep." The "quaking," the "voice," and the "touch" of a spirit-hand, as in the experience of hundreds of persons in the present day. Again, in that wonderful history of the transfiguration, we are told "But Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep." And in that agony in the garden, when "an angel came and strengthened him," we are told that "when he came to the disciples he findeth them asleep," and this notwithstanding he had said unto them "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and *watch with me*." And although, finding them asleep, he said unto Peter, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" yet, a second time "he came and found them asleep again;" and it appears that even a third time they fell asleep. That it was an ordinary sleep on these occasions, is, I think, under the circumstances, and considering the character of the disciples, and especially of the enthusiastic and vigilant Peter, scarcely credible. In the present day, every medium is aware that the presence of and communion with spiritual beings predisposes to sleep, and often directly and irresistibly induces the "deep sleep," similar to that sometimes witnessed under the influence of human magnetism.

A mode of receiving Divine communications peculiar to the Jews was by URIM and THUMMIM. Concerning this very little appears to be known. The first mention of it is in Exodus, (chap. xxviii.) where it is thus described:—"And thou shalt make the breastplate of judgment with cunning work; after the work of the ephod thou shalt make it; of gold, of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine twined linen, shalt thou make it. Foursquare it shall be, being doubled; a span shall be the length thereof. And thou shalt set it in settings of stones, even four rows of stones; the first shall be a sardine, a topaz, and a carbuncle; this shall be the first row. And the second shall be an emerald, and a sapphire, and a diamond. And the third row a ligure, and an agate, and an amethyst. And the fourth row a beryl, an onyx, and a jasper; they shall be set in gold in their inclosings. And the stones shall be with the names of the children of Israel, twelve, according to their names, like the engravings of a signet, every one with his name shall they lie, according to the twelve tribes. . . . And thou shalt put in the breastplate of judgment the URIM and the THUMMIM; and they shall be upon Aaron's heart, when he goeth in before the Lord: and Aaron shall bear the

judgment of the children of Israel before the Lord continually." It is evident from this passage that the Urim and the Thummim were already known, but it throws no light on their origin. We next find it mentioned in Leviticus (viii. 6, 9), where it relates that Moses, after arraying Aaron and his sons in their priestly robes, "put the breastplate upon him (Aaron): also he put in the breastplate the Urim and the Thummim." In Numbers (chap. xxvii.) we read—"And the Lord said unto Moses, take thee Joshua, the son of Nun, a man *in whom is the spirit*, and lay thine hand upon him. . . . And he shall stand before Eleazar the priest, who shall *ask counsel for him after the judgment of Urim* before the Lord: at his word shall they go out, and at his word they shall come in, both he, and the children of Israel with him, even all the congregation." In Deuteronomy (chap. xxxiii.) we read that Moses, in blessing the children of Israel before his death, said of Levi, "Let thy Thummim and thy Urim be with thy holy one." We meet with no further mention of these for a period of about four hundred years. It is then stated (1 Sam. xxix. 6) "And when Saul inquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets." Finally, we read (Ezra ii. 63), "And the Tirshatha said unto them, that they should not eat of the most holy things, till there stood up a priest with Urim and with Thummim." In Nehemiah (vii. 65), the same verse is repeated *verbatim*. These I believe are all the passages in which the Urim and the Thummim are mentioned in Scripture. Josephus tells us that in the time of the Maccabees the high priest Hyrcanus foretold by the Urim and Thummim several things that came to pass. And in the third book of his *Antiquities of the Jews*, in speaking of the garment of the high priest, he says, "As to those stones, which we told you before the high priest bare on his shoulders, which were sardonyx (and I think it needless to describe their nature, they being known to everybody), the one of them shined out when God was present at their sacrifices, I mean that which was in the nature of a button on his right shoulder, bright rays darting out thence, and being seen even by those that were most remote; which splendour yet was not before natural to the stone. This has appeared a wonderful thing to such as have not so far indulged themselves in philosophy as to despise *Divine Revelation*. Yet will I mention what is still more wonderful than this: For God declared beforehand, by those twelve stones which the high priest bare on his breast, and which were inserted into his breastplate, when they should be victorious in battle; for so great a splendour shone forth from them before the army began to march, that all the people were sensible of God's being present for their assistance. Whence it came to pass that those Greeks, who had a veneration for our

laws, because they could not possibly contradict this, called that breastplate '*the Oracle.*' Now this breastplate and this sardonyx left off shining two hundred years before I composed this book, God having been displeased at the transgression of his laws."*

I think that these passages shew that this was a common and frequent mode of receiving Divine communications. Had various instances been given of such communication, it might be inferred that they were given only in those instances; but there is no instance recorded of an answer delivered from this oracle. "It may, therefore, be inferred that it was perpetually consulted, and that its answers are never given but under the assertion that 'God spake and said,' or that 'the word of the Lord came' to any individual, without explaining *how* His word come, or by what organ He spake. It is now impossible to discover when or how often God spake to Moses and the other prophets by the Urim and Thummin, when, from the literal words of Scripture, we might suppose that He spake to them directly, and with an audible voice."† The words Urim and Thummim signify *light* and *perfection*, or as the Septuagint renders them *revelation* and *truth*, indicating doubtless the belief of the Jews that by this method of illumination the will of God was revealed after a true and perfect manner.

* Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis has recently given the following answer to a question as to the origin of the Urim and Thummim:—In most ancient periods it was customary for tribes to choose the last born of several sons to study the wonders of magic, which wonders in these later days are called the "secrets of wisdom." The youngest of seven brothers, in the first periods of civilization, was supposed to be the favoured of heaven—the particular son, or heaven-chosen messenger of Jehovah to the children of men. He was accordingly set apart and anointed with great ceremony, as the precious or sacred person. At a proper age he entered upon the discharge of the duties of his high commission. Upon his breast was fixed a holy and costly plate, ornamented with two signs. One, which was a metallic stone gem, was indicative of the wisdom of magic; the other, which was a transparent tube, filled with holy oil and hermetically sealed, was representative of Divinity, or the Incarnation. The first, which had descended from generation to generation as a gem-gift from Jehovah, was called *Urim*, literally signifying "the eye of light," or the window of wisdom. The second, the tube of oil, which had also descended from the gods and the ages, was called *Thummim*—literally signifying "the perfection," or the presence of the Spirit of God. The young man, when sufficiently advanced in years, was called "a priest," and was accordingly revered and obeyed in everything. The sacred signs and symbols—or emblems—were wrought upon his garments with exquisite particularity. When the sage seventh son spoke the words of prophecy, or whenever he talked like an oracle, it was supposed that he had been looking into *Urim*, or the eye of wisdom; and whenever he gave counsel, as "from the Lord," he was supposed to have touched his tongue with a drop of *Thummim*, which mysteriously, like the widow's crucible, never lost in quantity from age to age. It is our impression that the state of clairvoyance, or the condition of spirit-mediumship, was occasionally induced by looking into the *Urim*. The reader will find a parallel instance, which fully explains the uses of the ancient stone in our autobiography, the "Magic Staff."

† *The Theology and Metaphysics of Scripture*, by Andrew Carmichael, Vol. 1, Disc. 4.

The TERAPHIM, or images which Rachel carried off from her father, (Genesis xxxi. 19) are supposed by many of the learned to have been used for a similar purpose to the Urim. Spencer, in his *De Legibus Hebræorum*, maintains that these oracles were essentially the same as the Urim, and the legend of the Targumists also agrees that they were oracular, and not objects of religious worship. This view seems to derive confirmation from the narrative of Micah, recorded in the 17th and 18th chapters of Judges, where the "Teraphim" is distinguished from both the "graven image" and the "molten image;" and also from the following passage in Hosea (iii. 4), where it is impossible the word "Teraphim" can mean idols:—"For the children of Israel shall abide many days without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and without an image, and without an ephod, and without *Teraphim*." Mr. Rich remarks "whether it resembled the Urim in construction or not, the Teraphim were in all probability a means of obtaining divine responses." (*Encyc. Metropol.*, article "Teraphim.")

Another mode of learning the Divine will was by the LOT. The earliest instance of this that I find recorded is in the Book of Joshua (chap. vii.), where in order to ascertain who had broken the Divine command, it was applied to discover first the tribe, then the household, then the individual who was guilty. When the children of Israel "asked counsel of the Lord" which of the tribes should first go up to battle, it would seem from the narrative that the LOT was again resorted to. (Judges xx.) Three centuries later, when the Jews desired a king, they were told by the prophet to present themselves before the Lord by their tribes, and by their thousands; and when all the tribes had come near, "the tribe of Benjamin was taken," and when the tribe of Benjamin came near by their families, "the tribe of Manasse was taken, and Saul the son of Kish was taken." (1 Sam. chap. x.) Shortly after we find that "Saul asked counsel of God. . . . But he answered him not that day." Then, having drawn the people together, "Saul said unto the Lord God of Israel, give a perfect LOT. And Saul and Jonathan were taken: but the people escaped. And Saul said, Cast *lots* between me and Jonathan my son. And Jonathan was taken." (1 Sam., chap. xiv.) In the reign of David, those who prophesied "with harps, with psalteries, and with cymbals," or "that were instructed in the song of the Lord," to the number of "two hundred fourscore and seven," were separated for the service of the temple in like manner; that is, "they cast *lots*, ward against ward, as well the small as the great, the teacher as the scholar." (1 Chron. chap. xxv.)

The Book of Esther shows that the Medes and Persians also practised the LOT. In order to compass the destruction of

the Jews, Haman, the king's favourite, caused them to "cast Pur, that is, the LOT, from day to day and from month to month," during an entire year. The Jews still observe the Feast of Purim, to commemorate their escape from this great danger. We may add that the mariners of Tarshish had recourse to the LOT in the case of Jonah (Jonah i. 7), that the scape-goat was chosen by LOT (Lev. xvi. 8-10), that the land was divided among the tribes and families of the Jews by LOT (Numbers xxvi. 55, 56; Ezekiel xxviii. 29), and that the sons of Aaron were divided into four-and-twenty orders by LOT. (1 Chron. xxiv.)

Passing by other passages in the Old Testament in which the LOT is adverted to, I may remind the reader that in the New Testament we have it recorded that one of the twelve apostles was elected by the LOT; and, as if to cut off all doubt that this was a mode of appeal to a sensible manifestation of a Spiritual Divine guidance, we read that "They" (the Apostles) "prayed, and said, Thou, Lord, who knowest the hearts of all men, show which of these two thou hast chosen, that he may take part of this ministry and apostleship." (Acts i. 23-26.)

Incidentally, I may remark that this practice has, more or less, existed in various sections of the Christian Church, notably so in the Bohemian and Moravian Churches, and among the early Methodists; and we may add that the New Jerusalem Church, as an ecclesiastical organization, was determined on, and its first minister appointed in conformity with the decision of the LOT, to which a solemn appeal had been made. The Irvingites chose their apostles in the same way.

Some few instances are recorded in the Old Testament, in which it was believed the Divine will was made known by SENSIBLE SIGNS, as in the case of Gideon, who, when the angel of the Lord spoke to him, desired that a sign might be given in confirmation; upon which, having, in obedience to the angel, placed the flesh of a kid and some unleavened cakes upon a rack, and poured out the broth, "Then the angel of the Lord put forth the end of the staff that was in his hand and touched the flesh and the unleavened cakes; and there rose up fire out of the rock and consumed the flesh and the unleavened cakes; then the angel of the Lord departed out of his sight." And for a further sign we read that "Gideon said unto God, if thou wilt save Israel by mine hand, as thou hast said, behold I will place a piece of wool on the floor, and if the dew be on the fleece only, and it be dry upon all the earth beside, then shall I know that thou wilt save Israel by mine hand, as thou hast said. And it was so; for he arose up early on the morrow, and thrust the fleece together, and wringed the dew out of the fleece, a bowl full of water."

And yet again, after deprecating the Divine anger, Gideon said, "Let me prove, I pray thee, but this once with the fleece; let it now be dry only upon the fleece, and upon all the ground let there be dew. And God did so that night; for it was dry upon the fleece only, and there was dew on all the ground." (Judges vi.)

Another instance of a singular kind is related of Joash, the king of Israel. He came to Elisha, who had fallen sick of the sickness whereof he died, and wept over him. Elisha instructed him to take bow and arrows. "And he said to the king of Israel, put thine hand upon the bow: and he put his hand upon it: and Elisha put his hands upon the king's hands. And he said, open the window eastward, and he opened it. Then Elisha said, shoot, and he shot. And he said, the arrow of the Lord's deliverance, and the arrow of deliverance from Syria; for thou shalt smite the Syrians in Aphek till thou have consumed them. And he said unto the king of Israel, smite upon the ground; and he smote thrice, and stayed. And the man of God was wroth with him, and said, thou shouldest have smitten five or six times, then hadst thou smitten Syria till thou hadst consumed it; whereas now thou shalt smite Syria but thrice."* (2 Kings xiii. 15-19.)

In this class also should, perhaps, be included "the likeness of a dove" which descended on the Christ after his baptism, and the cloven tongues of fire which sat upon each of the Apostles on the day of Pentecost, accompanied with the sound of "a rushing mighty wind," and the power of utterance in the several native tongues of those whom they addressed. This Pentecostal outpouring is, however, I think, to be distinguished from the "UNKNOWN TONGUE" spoken of by Paul, which seems to have been a veritable spirit-language, and to have been principally intended for the edification of the speaker, and as the sign of a spiritual presence.

Concerning communications from the SHECHINAH, or Divine

* Does not this narrative seem to countenance one of apparently the most extravagant beliefs of the middle ages?—namely, the possibility of inflicting injury upon an absent person through an image or representation of him—not indeed as the result of what was done to the image, but of the strength and intensity of the will which accompanied the act—the image serving merely as an outward, visible, focal centre, through which the Spiritual power in the will acted upon the Spiritual nature, and through that upon the physical organism of the person so represented? There are some facts in human magnetism that have come to my knowledge which would appear to favour this hypothesis. I, of course, do not mean that the Scripture narrative I have instanced stands on the same level with the alleged class of facts adverted to; but if the former be true, that which lies within the compass of Spiritual power, operating through some occult Spiritual law, may possibly be applied to evil as well as to Divine ends. This, however, is merely a suggestion for consideration, thrown out by the way.

glory manifested in flame, little is recorded. The first instance we have of it is given in the third chapter of Exodus. Moses was alone at Mount Horeb, tending the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, when "the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush, and behold the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed." And "God called unto him out of the midst of the bush," and commissioned him to bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt. Shortly after, we are told that when the Israelites went out of Egypt, "the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them by the way, and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night. He took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people. (Exod. xxx. 20, 21.)

It is conformable to Scripture to regard the phrase "the Lord went before them," as signifying, not the immediate presence of Jehovah, but of his messenger and representative—the appointed guide of the Jewish people. Indeed, in the 14th chap. (v. 19) we are expressly told that it was "the ANGEL OF GOD which went before the camp of Israel;" probably the same as is spoken of in chap. xxiv., 20-23, and as appeared to Moses in the burning bush, where "God" and "the angel of the Lord" are words used as synonymous and interchangeable. We are told that when Moses came down from Mount Sinai, where the Shechinah had rested, and whence he received the Law, written on the tables of stone, "the skin of his face shone," so that Aaron and the children of Israel "were afraid to come nigh him." (Exod. xxxiv. 29-35.) Again, at the consecration of the temple, we read (1 Kings viii. 10, 11) that "when the priests came out of the holy place the cloud filled the house of the Lord, so that the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord." It may also be remarked that in the wonderful vision of Ezekiel, by the river Chebar, related in the first chapter, it was out of the midst "of a great cloud, and a fire enfolding itself, and a brightness about it," that the vision was presented.

The most frequent mode of Divine communication mentioned in Scripture is that of the SENSIBLE COMMUNION OF ANGELS WITH MEN. There is no need here to give instances of this; you can scarcely open the Bible anywhere in the narrative portions without finding them, whether in the Old Testament or the New. Throughout, it recognizes their ministration as universal—one of the means by which the Divine government of the world is carried on; there are even indications of their exercising a special guardianship over not only individuals but entire communities. Their very name, angel (messenger, or one sent) signifies how

frequently they were (and doubtless are) employed as the messengers of God in works of mercy and messages of love.*

There is a mode of Divine communication of which a striking instance is given in the First Book of Chronicles. David enjoins upon Solomon to build a temple to the Lord, and "Then David gave to Solomon his son, the pattern of the porch, and of the houses thereof, and of the treasuries thereof, and of the upper chambers thereof, and of the inner parlours thereof, and of the place of the mercy-seat; and *the pattern of all that he had by the spirit*, of the courts of the house of the Lord, and of all the chambers round about, of the treasuries of the house of God, and of the treasuries of the dedicated things." And after further describing the details of the temple and its accessories, he describes *how* all this was given him by the Spirit. "All this, said David, the Lord made me understand IN WRITING BY HIS HAND UPON ME, even all the works of this pattern." (chap. xxviii. 11-19.)† Whether we here understand the word "hand" in its literal sense, as an actual, though not material, hand, or as merely significant of power, it is equally clear that the pattern of the temple was designed and executed by an invisible intelligence; David being merely the instrument or medium by which it was outwrought. That it may be understood, however, in its most simple and obvious sense is apparent from the narrative of Daniel (chap. v.) who relates how, at the impious feast of Belshazzar, there "came forth FINGERS OF A MAN'S HAND, and wrote against the candlestick, upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace, and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote," and this, too, in presence of the king's court; and the writing remained, so that the king sent for his wise men to read and interpret it, a task which Daniel alone was able to perform. Ezekiel also says (chap. ii. 9, 10) "And when I looked, behold, an *hand* was sent unto me, and lo, a roll of a book was therein. And he spread it before me, and it was written within and without, and there was written therein lamentations, and mourning, and woe." SPIRIT-DRAWING AND WRITING are evidently not modern inventions.

Revelation appears to have been sometimes given by an AUDIBLE VOICE. It was the voice of "the angel of God" that

* The reader will find this part of the subject more fully elucidated in *Timpson's Ministry of Angels*; or if he has not access to that work, in an article I contributed to the *British Spiritual Telegraph* (Supplement to No. 11, Vol. 3) on "Guardian Angels and Ministering Spirits."

† In the same book we read (chap. xxii. 6-10) that "the word of the Lord" came to David, forbidding him to build the temple, as he had contemplated, because he had "shed much blood," but assuring him that a son should be born to him, who would build it. Does not the narrative in the text render it probable that this "word of the Lord," concerning the building of the temple, may have been given in the same manner as the pattern of the temple, &c., as above cited?

called to Hagar in the wilderness. (Gen. xxi. 17.) It was by "A VOICE" that God answered Moses from Sinai. (Exod. xix. 19.) It was "A VOICE FROM HEAVEN" that proclaimed of Jesus, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," (Matt. iii. 17.) It was "A VOICE FROM HEAVEN" that in answer to the petition of Jesus, "Father, glorify thy name," responded, "I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again." (John xii. 28.) It was "A VOICE," accompanied by "a light from heaven," which arrested Saul on his journey to Damascus. (Acts ix.) While Peter was in "a trance," and saw heaven opened, "there came A VOICE to him," and spoke to him thrice. (Acts x. 9-15.) And, "when in the spirit on the Lord's day," John the Revelator heard behind him "A GREAT VOICE as of a trumpet." When we read that "The word of the Lord came," or that "God spake" to a person, we are not I think to conclude that this was in every case by an audible voice addressed to the natural ear: we read in Jonah, "And the Lord spake unto the *fish*," but surely we are not to imagine that this was by an oral discourse addressed to the whale. The voice of God may be heard within the breast as well as by the outward ear. God spake to the fish by imparting to it an inward impulse, and he speaks to man in the Divine impulses of the soul. In the instances we have cited of Peter, of Paul, and of John, it would seem from the context to have been not the natural, but the inward spiritual senses that were spoken to. This view appears to receive confirmation from the experience of Ezekiel, which he thus records:—"And the hand of the Lord was there upon me, and He said unto me, Arise, go forth into the plain, and I will there talk with thee." Then I arose, and went forth into the plain, and behold, the glory of the Lord stood there, as the glory which I saw by the river of Chebar; and I fell on my face. "*Then the spirit entered into me, and set me upon my feet, and spake with me.*" (Ezekiel iii. 22-24.) When some of our well-meaning friends remonstrate with us that *all* Spiritual possession must of necessity be evil, it would be well for them to bear this passage in mind.

And here we touch the central principle of Revelation; that which is most universal and deepest:—that inflow of the Divine into the human which we call INSPIRATION. There are, perhaps, more crude and conflicting views on this subject than on any other within the province of the theologian. The fact is, that the modes of thought and expression of the Eastern, and especially of the ancient Hebrew mind, are very different to those which prevail among ourselves. "The Orientals," says an eloquent writer, "affect not the logical forms as we do; a thought darts into their minds, and they receive it as something from without—something (if it bear marks of truth and beauty) from above. Hence, inspiration is to the Orientals what logic is to the Western

world; they ascribe their thoughts directly to the great source of thought.* Let me give an illustration to mark more distinctly this difference. "It was at Rome, (says Gibbon) on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind." How differently would this have been described by an old Hebrew prophet. After describing in lofty language the scene and its attendant circumstances, instead of saying then "the idea of writing, &c. first started to my mind," he would have expressed himself in words like these, "Then the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, son of man, write thou the history of the decline and fall of this mighty empire." The pious mind of the Jew reverently ascribed every noble thought and impulse to a Divine source: it was to him "the word of the Lord," an immediate inspiration from heaven. He knew that "there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." (Job xxxii. 8.) The writers of the Bible would have had no sympathy with that narrow and mechanical theory which would limit inspiration to a definite period, or to the literature of a particular people. They taught that the Divine command was not hidden, nor far off. "But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it." (Deut. xxx. 11-14.) The prophet Jeremiah looked forward to the time when God's law being "put in their inward parts, and written in their hearts," the necessity for outward teaching would be superseded, for all "would then know the Lord, from the least unto the greatest." (Jer. xxxi. 33, 34.) And the Apostle speaks of the Christian church, at Corinth, as a living epistle "written not with ink, but with the spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshly tables of the heart." (2 Cor. iii. 3.)

* Another distinguished writer, Theodore Parker, says—"The Hebrews did not make a sharp distinction between the miraculous and the common. All religious and moral power was regarded as the direct gift of God; an outpouring of his spirit. God teaches David to fight, commands Gideon to select his soldiers to arise in the night and attack the foe. The Lord set his enemies to fight among themselves. He teaches Bezaleel and Aholiab. They, and all the ingenious mechanics, are filled with 'the Spirit of God.' The same 'Spirit of the Lord' enables Sampson to kill a lion and many men. . . . It has never been rendered probable that the phrase 'Thus saith the Lord,' and its kindred terms, were understood by the prophets or their hearers to denote any miraculous agency in the case. They employ language with the greatest freedom. Thus a writer says, 'I saw Jehovah sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up; and his train filled the temple, above it stood the seraphim.' No thinking man would suppose the prophet designed to assert a fact, or that his countrymen understood him to do so. Certainly it is insulting to suppose a Christian would believe God sat on a throne with a troop of courtiers around him like a Persian king." It is, however, not irrational to believe that such representations as are referred to were actually given as a means whereby the natural mind might, in some measure, apprehend the spiritual truths they shadowed forth.

We are reminded that "PROPHECY" (by which is meant a great deal more than the mere utterance of prediction)* "came not in old time (or as it is translated in the margin 'at any time') by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit." (2 Peter i. 21.) Nor was prophecy limited to the writers of the Old or New Testament. We read in the Acts of the Apostles (xxi. 9) of a man who "had four daughters, virgins, which did *prophecy*" (or speak in the spirit.) We are told of King Saul that "a company of prophets met him, and the Spirit of God came upon him, and he *prophesied* among them." (1 Sam. x. 10.) We are even told that "the prophets prophesied by Baal." (Jer. ii. 8.) Or (as it is expressed in the 23rd chapter) "they prophesied *in* Baal; and St. Paul exhorts the Corinthian Christians to "covet to prophecy." (1 Cor. xiv. 39.) If Isaiah and Ezekiel were inspired, so also was Bezaleel the son of Uri, of whom we are told "the Lord hath filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship; and to devise curious works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in the cutting of stones to set them, and in carving of wood to make any manner of cunning work. And he hath put in his heart that he may teach, both he and Aholiab, the son of Ahisamach, of the tribe of Dan. Them hath he filled with wisdom of heart, to work all manner of work of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer, in blue, and in purple, in scarlet, and in fine linen; and of the weaver, even of them that do any work, and of those that devise cunning work. . . . And Moses called Bezaleel and Aholiab, and every wise-hearted man, in whose heart the Lord had put wisdom, even *every one whose heart stirred him up to come unto the work to do it.* (Exodus, chaps. xxxv. and xxxvi.) Here then we see that, according to the Bible, even skill in handicraft is an inspiration, and that when a man was "filled with the Spirit of God," he knew it because his "heart stirred him up to come unto the work to do it." And is not this a commentary on the text in the New Testament that "*every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights.*" (James i. 17.) Even the old Greeks, heathens as they were, traced all that was excellent in their works, of whatever description, to the inspiration of the gods.

We are too apt to forget that inspiration is various in kind, in degree, in purity, and in power; and that even when in the highest kind and fullest measure which human nature is capable of receiving, it must still fall immeasurably short of that absolute and perfect truth which belongs only to Him who is the ALL-

* A prophet is not only one who foretells events, but a person illuminated, who interprets and explains Scripture.

PERFECT.* It does not then follow, nor do the Scriptures teach that because men are inspired, they are, therefore, infallible any more than they are impeccable; there is much evidence to the contrary. All inspiration in its external unfolding, must of necessity partake of the imperfection and peculiar quality of the medium through which it is transmitted, as the sun's rays are coloured and refracted by the atmosphere through which it passes; but in considering the Bible and its import, it may be well to observe that the tone of mind which delights in minute and verbal criticism, and the detection of small discrepancies, is one peculiarly liable to miss the Divine significance and mission which Providence has assigned to it, and to which the ages testify. In their haste men are too apt to overlook the fact, that while the form is human the spirit is divine. Of such it may be truly said that "the letter killeth," while to the devout and humble mind, pondering its lessons of Divine love and wisdom, the "Spirit giveth life."

The general conclusion to which our investigation leads us is one in accordance with universal analogy—with all we know of God's method as it is seen in his works. "He maketh grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man;" but this is done, not by an exercise of direct supernatural power which excludes all natural or mediate agency, but by the procession of the seasons, and the operation of those means which he has appointed. The more we learn the more are we convinced that there is a unity in the Divine plan, and we are therefore prepared to find that in revealing himself to his intelligent creatures, He does so, not by direct manifestation of himself, for what man—what finite creature could stand for an instant in the full blaze of the Divine glory? but by appointed channels or media of communication. The various modes of Revelation we have found in Scripture, (and there may be others I have not instanced,) are all, it appears to me, phases and illustrations of this universal law. And surely to be employed, though but in the humblest way, in this ministration is the highest privilege of man or angel! For thus do we become one with God—fellow-workers with God and with Christ, in realizing that Divine consummation and fruition which shall be the response of the Everlasting to that universal prayer of devout souls, which He has himself inspired—**THY KINGDOM COME, AND THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IN HEAVEN.**

T. S.

* The Jews themselves, according to Philo and Josephus, admitted the Old Testament Scriptures to possess *degrees* of Inspiration. They divided them into the Law, the Prophets, and the Writings; claiming the highest inspiration for the Law, a less perfect inspiration for the Prophets, and a still feebler inspiration for the Writings.

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

WE can never be wrong in presenting to our readers both sides of the question, and as the *Saturday Review* writes with the highest talent (in its own opinion) on all questions, we give its decisive and well-considered judgment on Spiritualism in its own words. In a long review of Mr. Coleman's "Spiritualism in America," in its issue of the 14th December, the *Saturday Review* sums up its opinion as follows:—

After all, the value of evidence depends on the character and nature of the subject-matter deposed to. It may be urged, indeed, that not even all the criteria of evidence are satisfied by these narratives. For example, it is one of the tests of an historical fact that it was not contradicted on its first announcement. *But Mr. Coleman's facts are denied. This alone is fatal.* But more than this must be said. Mr. Coleman may be a trustworthy person, and above all suspicion as to his good faith; but if Mr. Coleman and Dr. Gray, and twenty attesting witnesses, were to go before the magistrates at Bow-street, and solemnly depose that, on Monday morning last, they saw the lion on Northumberland House walk down and take a bath in the Trafalgar-square fountains, what would their testimony be worth? *There are, therefore, certain alleged facts in favour, of which all the evidence, however supported by the good faith and respectability of the witnesses, is not worth a rush.* The facts quoted from Mr. Coleman's narrative are of this nature; *and there is an end of the matter.*

Next, as to the value of the alleged facts. We are told that the fantastic feats of these tricky spirits are designed to convince a sceptical generation of the existence of a spiritual world, and to counteract the material tendencies of modern thought by strong cogent proofs of the reality of spiritual life, and of better things to come, and of a higher range of existence after the grave. Will this be the result? Accepting Mr. Coleman's facts, and the revelations made to himself and his friends in America by the intelligent and communicative spirits, what does it all come to? Why, this—and it is certainly a melancholy conclusion—that if this is the spirit-world, and if this is spiritual intelligence, and if all that spirits can do is to *whisk about in dark rooms, and pinch people's legs under the table, and play "Home, Sweet Home," on the accordion, and kiss folks in the dark, and paint baby pictures, and write such sentimental namby pamby as Mr. Coleman copies out from their dictation, it is much better to be a respectable pig and accept annihilation, than to be cursed with such an immortality as this.* Mr. Coleman may think that the cause of religion and morality will be advanced if Spiritualism is proved to be true. Such is also the language of the *Spiritual Magazine*. *We do not for a moment accept even the hypothesis of the truth, and, for the reason we have stated, any inquiry whatever into the facts is entirely superfluous;* but we can assure the sincere and respectable advocates of Spiritualism, and we believe that there are many such, that the consequences of its truth would be the very opposite to those which they anticipate.

It is said that the *Saturday Review* is written by some first-rate college men, fresh from *alma mater*, and with all their logic and mathematics ready to their hands. Think now, what a libel it is on Oxford and Cambridge to put forward as a fatal reason against Mr. Coleman's facts, *that they are denied.* It is surely as easy to deny, as to affirm; but, thank God, facts remain, notwithstanding denial, and they cannot be put out even by the editor of the *Saturday Review*. He can easily understand that our

denying his existence, would not secure for him that annihilation which his pigdom prefers to being alive in the spiritual world.

We can scarcely believe that the editor is "the young man from the country," so fresh and rosy from his college life, to prefer being "a respectable pig and accepting annihilation," to a kiss in the dark, and the other not uncommon nor unpleasing phenomena of mundane human nature. We shall not eat breakfast bacon for some time, for fear of getting a slice of the editor of the *Saturday Review*, in his self-sought and appropriate metempsychosis.

Before this final change comes upon him, and before he says "there's an end of the matter," let him march at the head of his staff to see Mr. Foster, at 14, Bryanston-street. Then, if the fact should be too strong for him, let him carry his porcine threat into execution, and leave us to pursue our reverent studies in peace.

CONTRADICTIONS OF SPIRITS.

By A. E. NEWTON, Boston, U.S.A.

To our view, the evidence of the basis-fact of modern Spiritualism—namely, "the intelligent communication of spirits with minds in the flesh,"—does not depend at all upon either the *truthfulness* or the *agreement* of their statements about any subject. Even should all who communicate, agree in denying that there is a spiritual world, or that any spirits exist at all, that denial would be no proof of such non-existence; on the contrary, it would be a very strong corroborative evidence in *favor* of spirit-existence, for such testimony could not be supposed to originate in the minds of the mediums. *The testimony itself must come from mind*, and that mind must have existence. If not from the mind of the medium, or any one in the body acting through the medium, then it must be from a disembodied mind. The Cretans were once declared to be "always liars;" and yet nobody doubts that the Cretans had existence, even though they themselves might affirm or deny the fact. *The proof of communication from the spirit-world depends on the evidence of mental action aside from and beyond that of the medium, or any mind in the flesh*—and not on the agreement, wisdom, or good sense manifested in such communications.

But contradictions, even as to matters of fact, are often merely *apparent*, rather than *real*, arising from mutual misunderstandings as to the meaning of terms, and from too narrow and unphilosophical views of things. To illustrate our meaning we

will repeat the substance of some remarks in relation to this very point from a philosophic spirit to whom we listened a few days since. Said he :—" Suppose a being from another planet were to approach the spheres of this earth for the purpose of becoming acquainted with its inhabitants and its geography. Perhaps the first spirit he meets is one who dwelt, while on earth, in the empire of China. Accosting the Chinaman, our visitant asks, ' Did you once live on the planet Earth ? ' ' I did. ' ' Please tell me, then, what sort of people dwell there, what costume do they wear, and what kind of a place is the Earth ? ' The Chinaman proceeds to tell of people with round heads, long queues, and pinched feet, and to lay open a picture of Chinese society, institutions, climate, productions, &c., &c.

" The enquirer, thinking he has learned all about Earth and its people (his informant having been perfectly honest in describing it as *he* had seen it), perhaps next meets with a Turk. Accosting him, the visitor is informed that *he* also is from Earth. ' Well,' he says, ' I suppose, when you lived down there, you wore a long queue and pointed shoes, had a smooth face, cultivated tea for a living, ate rice with chop-sticks, and believed in Foh, did you not ? ' The Moslem, thinking himself insulted, exclaims, ' No, indeed ! Who has been telling you such falsehoods as these ? I wore a graceful turban, cultivated a flowing beard, had elegant sandals for my feet, smoked opium on a divan, and believed most devoutly in Allah and Mahomet his great Prophet. '

" Perplexed at these conflicting statements, the stranger-spirit next sees a thick-lipped, woolly-headed being, bearing, as he thinks, some resemblance to the *genus homo*, but judges him to be, like himself, a stranger from some distant world. On inquiry, however, he is astonished to be assured that he, too, is a native of that planet called Earth ; and from him he receives the statement that men on Earth are jet black, with curled hair, and features like himself ; that they wear neither queues, turbans, sandals, nor tight shoes, with scarce any clothing of any kind ; that Earth is a place of desert wastes, with occasional habitable spots, but infested with ravenous beasts, venomous reptiles, and more dangerous human beings.

" Confounded by these contradictory testimonies, our inquirer begins to believe that ' all men are liars, ' and to doubt if after all there is such a planet as Earth ; but in the midst of his lamentations over the awful condition of depravity in which this out-of-the-way corner of God's universe must be sunk, he sees a bright and glorious intelligence approach, and thinks perhaps from this superior being he can learn reliably what he wishes to know. To his utter confusion, this bright spirit announces himself as also a child of Earth—a native of a part called Europe, and

proceeds to give a glowing description of the place of his nativity, varying in almost every particular from all the others had told ! He furthermore learns from this intelligent spirit, that Earth is a somewhat extensive globe ; that it has various races and nations of men, the masses of whom know as little of each other as they do of the dwellers on distant planets ; and, moreover, that all which has been told him, and vastly more, is strictly true !”

Now, we would remind all who are perplexed with the statements of spirits in respect to the spirit-world, that it is doubtless vastly more extensive than earth, and hence may present a far greater variety of objective realities, and of modes of life and thought, than pertains to the earth-life. And, furthermore, since the spirit-world is the world of causes, *each external object must be to the beholder just what his perceptions make it*, that is, it appears *according to his power of insight as to its uses and relations*. Hence, the same object may appear as one thing to one person, and as quite another thing to a person differently unfolded.

This principle is exhibited to some extent in this rudimental sphere. For example, we have known two persons to attend the same concert of instrumental music,—one having little or no musical culture, the other possessing a very exquisite ear. To the first, some of the finest compositions were for the most part a mere jargon of inharmonious sounds which pained and tired the ear ; while the other was by these same sounds transported to the seventh heaven of rapturous delight.

So of objects seen : to the child or the uncultivated clown, that most gorgeous of spectacles, the evening sky, is a solid dome of comparatively limited dimensions, in which are hung up a multitude of little lamps for man’s sole use ; while the astronomer sees worlds on worlds filled with life and beauty, among which this earth is but a tiny speck floating in immensity.

Ask Deacon Homespun the dimensions of the universe, and he might honestly estimate them at so many miles each way, according to his ideas ; but ask the philosopher the same question, and he has no answer to give. So some spirits are ready to give the exact dimensions, in miles and rods, of the several “spheres” of spirit-existence, (which are but terms for successive grades of interior unfoldment, opening to the spirit’s vision higher and still higher, or more *interior* qualities and beauties of the everywhere present God—the limitless whole),—while other and probably wiser intelligences will attempt to set no bounds, for the simple reason that they have found none.

SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.

CONTINUATION OF MR. L.'S NARRATIVE.

THE following interesting communication has been received by Mr. Coleman. Our readers may entirely rely upon the high character, truthfulness, and power of observation of the narrator.

"New York, November 23rd, 1861.

"My dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your two favours of 15th and 25th ult., which I should have answered before but for numerous and pressing engagements, which also prevent my giving you at this time anything beyond a few extracts from my diary.

"The manifestations in which you have taken such an interest still go on progressing, with many new phases. My promised visitor has appeared. Dr. Franklin has succeeded in making himself visible in perfection. Indeed, it is difficult to realize that the figure seen was not a living human form of earth. There remains but one thing more to accomplish all that has been promised, viz., to converse in audible voice.

"This, I fully believe, will soon occur, for the 'power' increases with each success, and since Dr. Franklin's *face* was first seen by us, there seems no difficulty in its repetition; but the most patient efforts were required to bring about the *first* success.

"I now aver that no doubt of the identity of the spirit longer remains upon my mind. His appearance—the same on several occasions—corresponds with the original portraits of the philosopher, the difference being simply that which one would expect to find, between a painting and a face replete with life and expression. His presence was a wonderful and startling reality, seated in the chair opposite me at the table, vividly visible, and even to each article of dress—there could be no mistake.

"I made my observations with a calmness, at which I was afterwards surprised, for I believe there are comparatively few persons who would not shrink from such an encounter upon finding themselves thus seated at table for an hour, with a visitor from the mysterious realm of spirit. The production of fragrance from spirit-flowers seems to me a wonderful reality, for the perfume noticed carefully by us both, was exquisite. The spirit-hand so carefully examined by the sense, both of sight and touch, was the exact counterpart of that of my wife, and in appearance and touch was hers in reality to me.

"I am promised that other witnesses may be present, and I therefore trust ere long to be able to add what you require, other testimony to my own in proof of what I have related.

"Very truly, &c.,

"Benj. Coleman, Esq., London."

"L.

Friday Evening, October 4th, 1861.—"A bouquet of flowers was placed upon the mantel in a vase with water. As soon as the gas was turned down a movement was heard, and we were requested to 'get a light.' Upon doing so, we found the flowers, with the vase and other articles, had been removed from the mantel to the table, which stood in the centre of the room. We again extinguished the light, when immediately the heavy curtains of the window were drawn aside, and raised and lowered repeatedly, admitting the light from the street. Rustlings were heard after an interval of quiet, with sounds as of persons walking in stocking feet. A peculiar sound was produced by striking against the wall as though with a bag of keys or broken earthenware. This same bag of keys, or whatever it might have been, also seemed to be dropped from a height of several feet, and to fall heavily upon the floor, while we were told to listen. Tremendous concussions were then made upon the floor, jarring the whole house. The spirits of my wife and Dr. Franklin came to me in form at the same time—he slapping me heavily upon the back, while she gently patted me upon the head and shoulder. The electrical rattle was now heard, and the light increasing in brilliancy disclosed to our view the full figure of a heavy man. At my request, the figure 'walked' across the floor, and appeared many times in different positions with entire distinctness. My wife now appeared in great vividness and beauty. Her figure floated gracefully through the room, her white robes falling back as she glided through the air, *brushing away pencils, cards, &c., as she passed over and swept across the table.* This spirit-robe was shewn us in a variety of ways, and the manifestation or texture was exquisitely beautiful. We saw her plainly withdraw her face behind it, pushing the robe forward while it swung in the air. It was brought over the table, the light being placed behind, so that it became transparent and gossamer-like, as though a breath of air would dissolve it. This was frequently repeated, and the robe drawn across my head, as palpably as though of material substance. Whenever it approached closely, we discovered a peculiar scent of purity like a very delicate perfume of newly-gathered grass or violets.

October 20th, 1861.—"This manifestation was a powerful one, showing the whole figure of my wife, but not her face. She stood before us enveloped in gossamer, her arm and hand as perfect as in life, the arm bare from the shoulder with the exception of the gossamer which was so transparent that it was more beautiful for being thus dressed. I asked to be touched, when she advanced, laid her arm across my forehead, and permitted me to kiss it. I found it as large and as real in weight as a living arm. At first it felt cold, then grew gradually warm. She held up the little

finger and moved it characteristically, and while we were looking at that, she let her hair fall loosely down her back. The manifestation was concluded by her writing a card, *resting it upon my shoulder*, caressing me upon the head and temple, and kissing me for good night.

October 22nd, 1861.—"A meeting was appointed for November 3rd, and I was requested '*not to wear all black.*' By raps in answer to my question—"The reason why your dear wife requested you not to wear all black was that her pure white robes might not fall over black. These are the directions:—Be undisturbed; be happy; be free from anxiety, and dear C—— do not wear silk.—B. F.'

November 3rd, 1861.—"This evening, according to promise, my wife came in full form, placing her arms completely around my neck, but the most remarkable and novel manifestation was the production of perfume from spirit-flowers. Something resembling a veil (in its contact) was thrown over my head, and while it was resting there spirit-flowers were placed at my nose, exhaling the most exquisite perfume I have ever smelt. I asked what this was; and was told '*My wreath of spirit-flowers.*' At my request the same was brought to the medium, who experienced similar sensations. This was repeated probably a dozen times, the perfume being as strong as that of tuberose, but entirely different, and far more exquisite.

Sunday Morning, November 10th, 1861.—"By raps—"We shall be successful to-night. We have discovered a new way to come, which will make our presence as visible as you are at this moment to C—— We wish you to sit down undisturbed and calm, for you have never witnessed a manifestation from our world like the one in preparation for you to-night.—ESTELLE. B. F.'

Sunday Evening, November 10th, 1861.—"Immediately upon sitting down, there was communicated by raps, '*no failure.*' At the expiration of half an hour of quiet my cane commenced eccentric movements about the room, and with the crook locked on my neck was pulled vigorously. Heavy rustlings and rattlings succeeded, followed by a vivid light and the approach of a spirit. My wife tapped upon my shoulder, informing me that she should give all her aid to Dr. Franklin, who now became visible, *his face* for the first time being seen. The light was apparently held by another figure enveloped in dark covering, from behind which the light approached shining full upon the face of Dr. Franklin, about whose identity there can be no longer any doubt or mistake. I should have recognized it anywhere as Dr. Franklin's face, as I have learned to know it from the original paintings I have seen of him; but the strong points of his character were manifest as no painting could exhibit them. He was apparently dressed in a

white cravat, and a brown coat of the olden style; his head was very large, with grey hair behind his ears, his face was radiant with benignity, intelligence, and spirituality; while my wife's was an angel face of shining beauty—spiritualized in its expression of serenity and happiness. His appearance was that of a man full of years, of dignity, and of fatherly kindness, in whom one could find counsel, affection, and wisdom. He came, perhaps, a dozen times, and once or twice so near that *his eyes were seen full and clear*. My wife appeared three times in white robes and enveloped in flowers.

Monday Evening, November 12th, 1861.—"Met by request of the spirit circle, who informed me that the manifestations would far exceed those of last night. After the preliminary movements of my cane and other moveables, and heavy rustlings and electric rattlings, a gentle tap upon my shoulder announced the presence in form of my wife. I had previously been requested to place a chair at the table opposite me "for Dr. Franklin." An objection was at first raised to this by the medium, the idea of sitting at the table being somewhat appalling, and rather likely to make one nervous. This was however overcome, and the chair was placed as directed. Soon it was heard to move into a suitable position, and the light passing around the table, rustlings were heard on the chair as though a person were getting seated and adjusting himself in it. Shortly afterwards electric rattlings were heard, and the light becoming very vivid discovered to us *Dr. Franklin seated, his whole figure and dress complete*. Indeed so vivid was the light, and so real was the man sitting there, that his shadow was thrown upon the wall, as perfectly as though a living human being were there, in his earth form. His position was one of ease and dignity, leaning back in the chair, with one arm upon the table, occasionally bending forward in recognition of us, his grey locks swinging in correspondence with the movement. We closed our eyes by request. Upon opening them he was standing on the chair, his form towering above us like a statue. Again he resumed his seat, the act being accompanied by loud rustlings which attend each movement of the spirit. A message from my wife informed me that a card would be visibly handed to Dr. Franklin. During all these appearances there seemed to be two other forms or spirits assisting, one of whom held the light. One of these enveloped figures approached Dr. Franklin, and extending an arm held a card directly before his face, so that the card was distinctly visible, and then placed it on his knee, and afterwards handed it to me. The power was great, remaining vigorous during the evening, and Dr. Franklin, my silent companion, sat in his chair my *vis-a-vis* for an hour and a quarter."

Wednesday Evening, November 21st, 1861.—"An accidental manifestation, or rather an unexpected one. A bright coal fire was burning, and filled the room with its glow. I was requested to darken the room, and did so partially by hanging a shade in front of it; still, what with the light from the windows and the fire the room was sufficiently light to discern objects plainly. Immediately upon resuming my seat, a vivid light rose from the floor. A card and pencil were called for, which were taken by a spirit hand, enveloped in the light. The light was cylindrical, about six inches in length by three in thickness, covered with fine folds as of muslin. The card was placed upon the table near my hand, the light flashing out more vividly, shewing us the spirit-hand holding the pencil, with which it commenced to write. The card was placed first upon the light itself, and an attempt made to write, but the surface being convex, it was not steady, and I was requested to hold it, if I could do so without touching the light. This I undertook, and found *the light a semi-solid substance about three inches in thickness*. After finishing one side of the card, the hand turned it over; then, calling for another, filled both sides of it in the same manner. After a movement, the light returned to the table; something like a handkerchief of transparent gossamer was brought, and we were told to look at the hand, which now appeared under the gossamer as perfect a female hand as was ever created. I advanced my own hand, when the spirit-hand was placed in it, grasping mine; and we again grasped hands with all the fervour of long-parted friends, my wife in the spirit land and myself here. The expression of love and tenderness thus given cannot be described, for it was a reality which lasted through nearly half an hour. I examined carefully that spirit-hand, squeezed it, felt the knuckles, joints, and nails, and kissed it, while it was constantly visible to my sight. I took each finger separately in my hand, and could discern no difference between it and a human hand, except in temperature; the spirit-hand being cold at first, and growing warm. I wore a glove, however, and could not perhaps judge accurately in all respects. At last 'good night' was spelled out, by the spirit-hand tapping upon mine, and then for a parting benediction, giving it a hearty shake. Nothing in all these manifestations has been more real to me, or given me greater pleasure, than thus receiving the kindly grasp of a hand dearer to me than life, but which, according to the world's theory, has long since with all its tenderness and life mouldered into the dust of the earth." The following are copies of some of the cards mentioned above, with the dates on which they were written.

October 9th, 1861.—"My darling —. Peace to your soul, for there is peace in mine. The toils of the day are over, and

night comes to fold you gently in its wings, while the ministering spirit of your dreams hovers over your pillow and cools her loved one's anxious brow. Not always anxious, darling, only when the spirit within is disturbed, and that is not often. A veil of clouds hangs over the earth to-night, and my pencil moves slowly to the thoughts I give to you. How sweet to come to you in the beautiful month of October, when the dress of Nature fades into a silvery hue, and unfolds in another life; how sweet to come to you in the spring-time of life with wreaths of *immortelles* upon my brow, and know that time cannot change me, or breathe a shadow over me. Time cannot cause my eye to look less bright, my cheeks to grow pale. Time cannot cause my feet to falter, or wither the beautiful flowers in my path. What joy! What happiness! * * * * The cold atmosphere which we have longed so much for has come at last, and yet not without bringing a change. The flowers are withering, the leaves are falling, the grass is changing to a paler hue. 'Tis in your path the flowers and trees are mourning for their departed beauty, while with us autumn has no power over the beauties of the summer time. Our gardens wither not by time or change; all is summer; all is brightness; all is joy. My dear Charley, How happy you make me by turning from the worldly life to the life of quiet. There is a kind of knowledge which you learn from the world, a wisdom which it is well to have acquired, but in the quiet of our own hearts a sweeter charm is given. The spiritual life unfolds the curtain that is closed between the outside world and you, and the invisible ones shelter you beneath their folds. I shall go home with you to-night. You will not hear my foot-falls, for noiselessly will I glide in, but you will know that I am with you, and the influence will then speak to you of me. What pleasure it is for me to take you and teach you how to reach that path through which the pure and blessed alone can walk. Good night, dear Charley—ESTELLE."

October 14th, 1861.—"My dear Charley. Let me this night come and noiselessly take my seat by your side while I write to you my happy thoughts. It is a night when my soul floats in moonbeams, and while they play around your feet let them shadow the invisible form by your side. Another meeting of unmingled happiness has been given to us. Can I convey to you my joy when standing before you in perfect form? Wonder after wonder do I give you, and can you be amazed when I tell you that soon you will both see and talk with me. I will speak in my natural voice, face to face; we will then talk of the past, of the future, of the bright home of your Estelle. Will it not be a glad day when I can appear to you as naturally as when in life; and while you see me, hear me speak. At first my voice

will not be clear, but after the first attempt you will know and recognise it, not painfully, but joyfully. I am so supremely happy to know that I can say, when in form, all that I am writing now. Are you not happy to know that I will be able to talk with you face to face. Our love is now an opening flower folded in the garden of heaven; a pure white flower keeping its brightness for that day when we shall meet without clay between. Let your soul be attuned to peace and quiet, the world forgot, and a voice from heaven, such as angels have, shall breathe in audible tones, and the affections of immortal birth shall come to you through memory's harp, which never sleeps. Good night.—ESTELLE."

October 25th.—"Dear Charley. I am happy to write to you a few more words. Do you know why I love to write? I will tell you. Not a shadow can turn the course or tinge my thoughts with your mind in the slightest degree. This is, therefore, why I write; and although the echoes are pure, the channel is more easily disturbed, and I choose the first and best course for you. Dear Charley.—There are many other spirits entering here. Dr. Franklin is among them. Many noble spirits are hurried here by this war; would that peace would reign again; but God is over *all*. It is a calm, sweet night, one in which my soul loves to come to you. The world grows gloomy, and crooked are its ways, but my Charley shall be protected from its coils. All is well. Are you not happy that one there is who loves you truly—wholly. Good night.—ESTELLE."

October 28th.—"Here, dear Charley, here in our own room, we meet to-night. I am, indeed, very happy; what can I ask more? I will tell you: to appear in form, and speak with you, then I will say—What can I ask more? But pause here; that would not be all I would ask. I would guard you through days of sunshine and of sorrow, through life, through every change, I would ever wish to talk with you and guide you; come near you and place my cheek to yours; lay my hand in yours; breathe in your soul the joys I feel; give you rest when you are weary; give you health when you are ill; give you hope when all seems dark, and when night comes fold a peaceful mantle over you. Beloved, I am your morning and your evening star, shining upon you always, and from the golden windows of heaven I drop you blessings. Surely you feel them daily lay upon your heart, do you not, darling? Be happy; life has its trials, and shadows often fall upon the most innocent of earth. How sweet for me to take my Charley from the world, and here in my tryst of love call up the past, and live all over again. How sweet to take him from all care and sorrow under my watchful eye. I joy in all that gives you joy. I grieve

when you are pained. Oh, Charley, these are sacred hours; they give a holy certainty, which heaven seldom gives to man on earth. They prepare the way, and keep the lights brightly burning on the other side, where we shall meet again. Time is waning, yet I cannot say good night; hours pass like minutes; night with us is over; one eternal sunshine; spring-time always. From my rose-tinted windows I watch over you. From my May-morning windows, latticed with flowers, I smile upon you, in your hours of care and toil. Oh, happy night, too quickly gone; toll not thy hours, let me linger longer by my darling's side. Oh, holy night, too soon over; stay thy flight; thy heritage of peace and joy shall always live upon the heart of him to whom I speak; leave thy warning of approaching day, I must breathe to him what my soul holds dear. The clock strikes eleven! A few words more. Forget not, Charley, what blessings have been poured upon you. I pause here, to thank God. How few can comprehend the happiness you are receiving. Was not our meeting last night a joy to us both? Were we not blessed? Did not my coming calm your spirit? I was enveloped in a drapery of golden hue. How I love to come to you in form. You felt my arms around your neck; I kissed your head; I banished care from your brow, and like a benediction, my peace rests thereupon. It was our sweet Sabbath night; ours for ever, Charley, on earth and in heaven.—God bless you.—ESTELLE.

November 12th, 1861.—"The following are two of a series of questions written by me upon cards, which were returned with the answers:

'My dear Wife,—Please for a test tell me of some little circumstance which happened when we were together in life?

'There are many things that I could mention, and many which I will at some future time. Do you remember how often I have held my finger up to you playfully, rebuking you for being late at dinner? I cannot now recall these sweet little incidents, they are so many, darling—ESTELLE.

'When you come in form, is your form which we see, ethereal or real substance?

'All of earth is past. I come ethereally, spiritually, purified, made holy. I may have an earthly wish. Sometimes I wish to be with you; I wish to talk with you; I wish to kiss you, to put my arm round your neck. You may call these earthly desires, I call them heavenly.—ESTELLE.'"

MR. COLCHESTER'S NEW YORK CIRCLES.

ALLOW me, through the columns of the *Banner*, to give to the public a few tests given me by Mr. Colchester, at his rooms, No. 30, Bond Street, New York. I had previously called on, and had sittings with several other mediums, but was not so well satisfied with them as I am with Mr. Colchester. I first asked him if he could tell me what I had lost. He told me I had lost a pocket book with papers in it of no value. That it was picked from my pocket in a Broadway stage. I then told him that he was mistaken, for there was a paper amongst them of value. "Oh, no," said Mr. C——, "I am not mistaken, but it is *you* who are mistaken; the paper you have reference to is a check for \$315, which, instead of putting in your wallet you put in your hat, inside the lining." I immediately looked in my hat, and sure enough, the check was there just where Mr. C—— told me it was.

I then asked Mr. C—— if he could tell me my brother's name. The response was, "Edgar." My next question was, "Where is Edgar?" The answer, "In Melbourne, Australia." I then asked several questions; among them my father and mother's name and ages; how many sisters; how long had my mother been dead; was I a resident of the state of New York; what length of time have I been in the City of New York? *All* of which questions were answered correctly.

My next and last question was, "Is my wife in the spirit-land, and if so give me her name?"

The medium immediately wrote: "Your wife is in the spirit-land." He then called me to the window, and written upon his arm was my wife's name, "Sarah E. Colby." I then wetted my handkerchief and tried to rub it off, but the more I rubbed the more distinct it appeared.

Mr. Colchester then told me he was to have a circle that evening, and invited me to attend. I went. There were twenty-six or twenty-seven persons present. At 8 o'clock the circle commenced. Upon the table was a small basket in which the questions were put, and I should think, to the best of my judgment, that there were from two hundred and fifty to three hundred questions answered during the evening, and every one was answered correctly. The *séance* was held on Wednesday evening, July 3rd. Yours truly,

WM. AMBISY COLBY.

Fifth Avenue Hotel,

July 6th, 1861.

Banner of Light.

SLEEP.

WHO shall solve the mystery of sleep? New doctrines continue to be broached respecting it, and yet it remains among those problems of physiology and psychology which human wit seems unable to unravel. For a long time the present physiological theory has been that sleep was the means appointed by nature, or the Creator, for the reconstruction of the physical frame;—and that the waste which goes on during the active and waking state was repaired during sleep. It was supposed that during our waking hours perpetual destruction of the tissues was going on, and that during sleep the damaged fabric was restored by the addition of the required new materials. But this theory is now breaking down. Lewes says it is “wholly unwarranted by any facts hitherto ascertained.” During our sleep a very considerable *waste* of tissue takes place, he says,—and both nutrition and destruction go on incessantly, whether sleeping or waking. The blood is the medium by which the processes of displacement and replacement are carried on,—but the circulation of the blood is even less rapid during sleep than during our waking hours.

Yet undoubtedly sleep is the great remedy for fatigue. The overstretched body and brain are relaxed and restored by repose during sleep. But it is not in consequence of restoration of the parts of the injured fabric that this refreshment is brought about. It is simply a consequence of relaxed tension. This, at least, is the supposition of Lewes, and in confirmation of this view, he points to the fact that the nerve of a frog’s limb when separated from its body, becomes gradually exhausted by the application of a stimulus, and will no longer cause the muscle to contract, but that if allowed to repose, it will gradually regain its lost power, although cut off from the living forces of the animal’s body.

But fatigue of body or brain does not *directly* induce sleep. Excessive excitement, however much fatigued the organism may be, prevents repose. Sleep is brought about *mediately*, by partial congestion—that is, fatigue causes a feebler circulation of the blood, and thus lowers the activity of the organ, which then falls into a partial torpor. Thus the winter sleep of hibernating animals is induced by cold, which primarily acts upon the circulation, and makes it sluggish. The animal wakes with the warmth of Spring, because the circulation of the blood can then become vigorous. But waste has been going on during the whole period of sleep, and the animal, which was fat at the beginning of the winter, is worn to attenuation at the return of Spring.

There are certain signs of sleep which are very manifest, and this fact has led us into the idea that sleeping and waking

are two very clearly-defined and distinct conditions. But in reality no line can be drawn.—“Sleep,” says Sir Henry Holland, “is not a unity of state, but a *series of fluctuating conditions*, of which no two moments are perhaps strictly alike.” The waking state is also infinitely varied, as regards the comparative clearness or obscurity of the external consciousness.—Soldiers can sometimes sleep while marching, and musicians while playing. In sleep all the vital activities continue. There is no single unvarying and infallible characteristic of sleep. Men can walk, talk, eat, ride, swim, write, and carry on complicated processes, requiring all the intellectual faculties, during states of sleep called somnambulism. They can even, by some wonderful instinct, do things which are impossible to their waking condition, appearing to see in darkness or with closed eyes, and becoming aware of facts when no means of knowing them are apparent.

Speaking in a general way, the waking state is that in which we become conscious of the external world, through the medium of the outward senses. Our thinking processes are directed outwards, in connection with our attention to this external world.

Our schemes are laid there, and our faculties are actively engaged there. And in this outer life men meet on a common platform of consciousness. Withdrawn from the outer world, the subjective consciousness of each individual differs so much from that of the rest that little communication exists. But in the world of the outer senses men feel themselves on the same ground. Is it not for this reason that the agreement respecting the facts of external consciousness is made among men to be the test of sanity?

But how far is this a rational test? It results continually in the condemnation of the great thinkers and leaders of men as madmen. There is hardly an exception to this in history. When we look below the surface, we perceive clearly that all truth comes from the inner life, and must be thence educed. Even mathematical truth, closely allied as it is to the outer world, has to be dug from the depths by painful abstraction, amounting almost to a withdrawal from the outer consciousness, as we see in the case of Sir Isaac Newton. The man most thoroughly awake to the outer world is usually the most superficial. Spiritual truth specially, is that which, according to the old proverb, “lies in a well.” It is not found exposed on the surfaces of life.

Sleep, speaking in the same general way, is a withdrawal from the influence of the outer world. Sight, hearing, touch, and muscular tension, gradually sink into quiescence. The will ceases to attend to the outer life,—and the attention becomes gradually absorbed by the trains of imagery and the mental experiences which belong to another region of life, and which we call dreaming. Sir William Hamilton caused himself to be awakened frequently,

and at all hours of the night, and he invariably found, when awakened, that he was called back out of dreams. He never slept without dreaming. Sometimes he could go back in memory through a long chain of the circumstances of his dream. At other times a stage or two only could be traced.

The embryo is constantly asleep before birth. The infant after birth sleeps almost continually, waking more and more as it advances to maturity of body. The very old person also sleeps much. "Our little life is rounded by a sleep." But even in maturity nearly a third part of our lives is past in slumber. So urgent is the necessity for sleep that the certainty of death as the consequence of giving way to it cannot long prevent it.—Several physiologists have agreed in declaring that sleep is the normal condition of life; Buffon, Grimaud, Brandis, Fessel, and Burdach, are among the number. The waking state is one of tension, rapidly fatiguing and exhausting the powers; and a continual periodical return to the primeval sleep-condition is absolutely necessary to sustained existence in the outer life. The case is, in a lesser degree, somewhat like that of the diver, who learns to live and work for some minutes at a time under water, but who must constantly return to the upper air or perish.

If we accept as a reality the analogy between the individual and the human race considered as a colossal man, do we not find in connection with this subject, light thrown, on the one hand upon the individual experience, and on the other upon history,—especially sacred history,—from the facts we have reviewed?

All ancient history is so mingled with the fabulous, as we call it,—that we know not what to accept as fact, and what to understand as merely mythical. The reason is that the infant humanity did not live in that condition of consciousness which we in our matter-of-fact lives consider to be the only one in which we are rational beings. It was, as compared with our own, a state of sleep in which they lived. The inner life was everything to them. Hence they tell of converse with angels and exalted spiritual beings. Modern readers who wish to draw the line between real and imaginary beings in the old mythologies, find it impossible. In truth, the ancient writers would probably have themselves found it equally impossible to make the required distinction. It was all reality to them, and they were not able to distinguish the different planes of consciousness. Sometimes a man may have, even now, an unusually vivid dream, which almost compels his belief that it is an external verity. But with the first men it is probable that the inner experience mingled with and overpowered the outer life, somewhat as we see in the case of a somnambulist.

In that infancy of the race dreams were the staple of experience. The life was instinctive and intuitive. The outer life was not

what we should term a rational one, but men were guided from within, as we see the lower animals guided now. And hence, in this childhood of man, the most wonderful inventions and discoveries originated. In fact they were not inventions or discoveries at all, according to our notion of the meaning of those terms, but inspirations. Without such inspirations man could never have lived sufficiently long on the earth to invent or discover anything. In this way doubtless originated agriculture, the use of metals, and many other things which descend to us from an unknown antiquity. What human wisdom could, for instance, have foreseen that bread could be made from the seed of a wild grass? Yet wheat is nothing more than that, in its natural condition. It requires to be cultivated for several successive years to make it produce a grain fit for grinding. And how could the idea of culture have originated among those child-like men, except from the inner life?

Then again, in all later ages, it was in dream or vision that revelations and prophecy were usually given. Hence the Bible contains multitudes of dreams and visions. The first great change in the condition of mankind on earth was marked by a deep sleep which fell upon Adam. The last grand symbolical prophecy of the New Testament is a vision of John in Patmos. Many instances occur throughout the Scriptures which indicate that the presence of spiritual beings has a powerful influence in producing a state of sleep. Daniel (x. 5—9.) tells of his vision by the river Hiddekel. The men who were with him saw not the vision, but a great quaking fell on them and they fled. But he fell down in a deep sleep on his face to the ground. The same thing occurred on a previous occasion. (viii. 18.) When Jesus was transfigured on the mount, and talked with Moses and Elias, "Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep." (Luke ix. 32.) The disciples fell asleep while Jesus was agonizing in the garden of Gethsemane with the unseen powers of darkness, although Jesus had desired them to watch with him, lest they should fall into temptation.

Spiritual beings belong to the inner life, and when they appear to us, and have power strongly to influence us,—to make us *en rapport* with them,—we are powerfully drawn towards that inner state of consciousness which we call sleep and dreaming,—and which is an abstraction from the waking consciousness. Is not this the *rationale* of multitudes of human experiences which are looked upon with incredulity by many, and which many others, though half believing them, do not try to understand; while they fear to confess, even to themselves, the weakness of entertaining any faith in them? There are few people who have not, at times, important spiritual experiences during sleep. And perhaps if the truth could ever be known, it would be found that the world owes infinitely more to those mysterious impressions

and guidings which come welling up from the depths of the inner consciousness, and quietly ripple out over the stones of every-day experience, than the most daring would venture to suggest.

But to the man who would sneer at the notion that sleep is of any importance in spiritual experience, and who thinks that this waking daily life is everything; we would suggest the question, what will be his condition when this life of the bodily senses finally closes, as it shortly will? What is death? "To sleep, perchance to dream." Does he believe in a life beyond the grave? If so, what is its nature? You say we shall then be freed from the trammels of the body and its gross material conditions. Just so;—and is it not a partial freedom of the same kind which we have in dreams? Do we not then live a freer life,—forgetting the outward routine of duty, and partially losing the consciousness of bodily pain, and weariness, and sorrow? The prisoner, pining in his dungeon, can then wander with his beloved ones in the sweet scenes of his early memories, and the soldier, amid booming cannons, sinks back, after his long night in the trenches, into the peaceful scenes of his childhood and his cottage home. But each man dreams according to his inner life. The villain has his dark plots,—his fearful secrets, and his terror of impending punishment. The sensual man has his visions of indulgence,—and also his avenging horrors and nightmares. And the good man has his peaceful dreams of kindness done, and love poured forth, and re-union with his lost ones in a better home.

In sleep we still have much of bodily sensation. But when finally released, the life will be entirely subjective. "Death and his brother sleep," we often say, and notwithstanding that the physiologist says there is no ground of similarity between them from his point of view,—since in the one case the body is fully alive, and in the other case it is quite inanimate,—we can see that to the soul's view the two are but degrees of the one condition,—that of absence from the body. The one is a partial, and the other a complete, withdrawal.

There is instinctive in us, somewhat of that feeling of mysterious reverence for sleep which exists in a higher degree with regard to death. Who is there that has not looked upon the face of a sleeping friend, or a sleeping child, with a touch of awe? In our prosaic age, we sneer at all supernaturalism as superstition. But the sneer is often a mere affectation. And probably the greater part of those who would ridicule us for thinking there can be any sense or wisdom in dreams, still cherish in their memories recollections of some mysterious premonition, unaccountable to them, which a dear friend, now gone from this life, had of a coming change. Or even they themselves can tell of something in their own experience which utterly contradicts their professed belief.

Of clairvoyance and trance,—forms of sleep less common than that of our nightly experience, and far more wonderful to us,—it is not our place here to speak. They show, however, now that they are scientifically established and have been extensively observed and discussed, that a whole world of discovery lies before us,—and that it requires only a believing instead of a sceptical philosophy to go far towards re-connecting the broken links of the chain which will unite the natural world with the spiritual.

The inner life is the true life. A material and sensational philosophy, and an external and grovelling life, would lead us to believe that nothing is real, or of any value, which does not stand in clear daylight before our natural vision in this work-day world. All else is delusion and fantasy to the sensual man. Yet the outer world is to the real man only what the skin, the hands, the feet, the eyes, and the ears, are to the body. These minister to our wants, and are the means of the life's manifestation. But what would they be without heart, lungs, brain, nerves, and stomach?—and what, above all, without the mysterious vital power, constantly inflowing into the whole organism? The soul descends through the body into the outer regions of the universe. Its thoughts there obtain boundary, form, and compactness, and become distinct ideas. The waking experience of life is an education of the soul,—it is the exercise of the athlete,—and it requires between its lessons, continual repose, for which it must temporarily retire into its native region. That repose is *sleep*. When its lessons below are learned, when it has filled up the measure of its native capacity of reception, and it becomes matured in its experiences of the outer life, it retires to the inner life,—and that is *death*.—*The Dawn*.*

THE PROCESS OF DEATH.

THE first lesson, I think, every spirit learns, is one in reference to death. The general impression is, that persons suffer intensely in their last moments, and we hear much of 'the agonies of death.' These, however, are generally imaginary, and in most cases there is little or no consciousness of suffering; even when there is a struggle, it is only an effort, painless in its character, of the spirit to burst the bonds that have bound it to the physical body: this struggle may create contortions of the body, but in most cases, all consciousness of pain has passed away. This was my own experience, and I have been told by many others here that it was theirs. I experienced but very

* We cordially commend this publication, *The Dawn*, to our readers. It is published monthly, price 4d., by J. W. Farquhar, New Corporation Street, Manchester.

little suffering during the last few days of my life, though at times there were struggles, and my features were distorted; but I learned, after my spirit had burst its barriers, and was freed from its connection with the external body, that these were produced by it in its attempt to sever this connection, which in all cases of premature death is always more or less difficult; the vital points of contact being suddenly broken by disease, the union in other portions of the system is necessarily severed with violence, but as far as I have learned, without consciousness of pain.

“Like many others, I found that I was unable to leave the form at once. I could feel myself gradually raised from my body, and in a dreamy, half conscious state. It seemed as though I was not a united being—that I was separated into parts, and yet despite of this, there seemed to be an indissoluble connecting link. My spirit was freed a short time after the organs of my physical body had entirely ceased to perform their functions. My spiritual form was then united into one, and I was raised a short distance above the body, standing over it, by what power I was unable to tell. I could see those who were in the room around me, and knew by what was going on, that a considerable time must have elapsed since dissolution had taken place, and I presume I must have been for a time unconscious, and this I find is a common experience, not, however, universal. As consciousness returned to me, the scenes of my whole life seemed to move before me like a panorama; every act seemed as though it were drawn in life-size and was really present—it was all there, down to the closing scenes. So rapidly did it pass, that I had little time for reflection—I seemed to be in a whirlpool of excitement; and then, just as suddenly as this panorama had been presented, it was withdrawn, and I was left, without a thought of the past or future, to contemplate my present condition. I looked around me and I thought, if there is a possibility of spirits (for I seemed half conscious now that I was a spirit) manifesting themselves to those still in the form, how gladly would I now do so, and thereby inform my friends and others of my condition, at least as far as I understood it at the time, which I confess was not very far. Everything seemed to be in a whirl of motion—scarcely had one desire come, before another was presented; I said to myself, ‘Death is not so bad a thing after all, and I should like to see what that country is that I am going to, if I am a spirit.’

“I had heard the Spiritualists say that the newly-born spirits were always received in the arms, and welcomed by kind and loving guardian spirits; finding none around me, for I had seen no spirit out of form yet, I concluded this was not true. Scarcely had this thought passed through my mind, when two, with whom

I was unacquainted, but toward whom I was attracted, appeared before me. They were men of intelligence, but, like myself, had given no special attention to the higher principles of spirituality; they knew my name, although I did not reveal it, and they shook hands with me in a hail-fellow-well-met sort of a way that was very pleasant to me. They then conducted me from the room where I had died, and in which I had remained until this time.

"Everything around me seemed shadowy, yet through these shadows they conducted me to a place where there were a number of spirits assembled; these had been in spirit-life a longer time than I had. I might mention the names of some of these, but I prefer not to do so now.

"I remained in conversation with these spirits for some time, and then, without knowing why or how, I was attracted back to the place in which my spirit had separated itself from the form. I then found that I must have been in their company much longer than I supposed, as contrary to the experience of many whom I have since met, I did not attend my own funeral: and I would here remark, that it is generally gratifying to a spirit to do this, and where the body can be kept for some time, they gladly embrace the opportunity of attending on this ceremony, and listening to and aiding those who officiate on such occasions."—*A Narrative of the Experience of Horace Abraham Ackley, M.D., late of Cleveland, Ohio, since his entrance into Spirit-life.*

MR. C. H. FOSTER.

MR. FOSTER is said to be one of the best and longest known test mediums in America, and he has recently arrived in this country for the purpose of shewing the phenomena which occur in his presence. He makes a charge of one pound for each sitting, but for this two, or even three persons, may be present. We insert letters from several correspondents for the information of our readers as to the nature of the phenomena which are produced through Mr. Foster. One letter is of another character, and will give us the opportunity of making some comments, which may be found of use in investigating the alleged facts. It is only due to Mr. Foster to say that he has come to this country with letters of recommendation from several gentlemen of the highest character and intellectual powers.

Mr. Foster is about 24 years old, but looks much older. He has been a public medium about 10 years. He was born at Salem, Massachusetts (the witch city), in 1838, and when he was about 14 years old, at the Phillips' school there, he first noticed small raps near him on his desk during school hours. These at first lasted 10 or 15 minutes continuously. These tappings soon followed him

home, and were there noticed by the other members of the family, and rapidly increased in sound and frequency, till they became an annoyance and a source of great excitement in the house. The next change to striking manifestations occurred shortly afterwards, and consisted of violent noises in his room at night, which at once awakened him, and brought his parents into his bedroom, where the furniture was found tossed about in all directions. At first this happened only in the dark, but soon it came in the light, and furniture was heard moving about in rooms where there was no one in the flesh, keys and other articles were thrown about the room where the family was, and doors in different parts of the house were heard to open and shut violently. The table moved about at meal times. It was then that the manifestations in the Fox family had attracted so much attention, and friends who came to see and hear, said that these things were done by spiritual power, and the alphabet was suggested by them. In this way intelligent answers were obtained through the raps, and the following sentence was given: "Charles, you are to go forth to the world as a missionary to convince man of this great truth of immortality and of spirit communion." This injunction he obeyed; he left school, and gave public *séances* till his health became affected, and he has since confined himself principally to showing the phenomena in private. He has visited nearly every large city in the States, his mediumship changing and developing from time to time. He has been seen by many thousands, and to whatever cause these manifestations may be attributed, thousands have, through them, been brought to a belief in immortality. About three years ago, whilst staying at Philadelphia, in the house of Professor West, the writing of letters and names on his arm, on his forehead, on his back and breast, and on different parts of his body, first occurred. Since that time this curious phase has been constant with him, and is now the most striking feature for the examination of the men of science. These particulars are furnished to us by Mr. Foster himself, who will no doubt give to any inquirer any further information as to the origin and course of his mediumship, which may be wanted for forming an opinion as to his peculiar psychological state.

We extract from a number of facts, stated in the *Banner of Light*, the following anecdote, which, at the same time that it will be amusing to our readers, would, if it could be repeated in the presence of two of the members of our Royal Society, be found to be quite appropriate and convincing.

On another occasion, two gentlemen were very persistent and importunate in saying to Mr. Foster, "You make the letters come on your arm by first scratching the skin." They boldly called him and all other mediums, "humbugs." Mr.

Foster said, "If you treat me so ungentlemanly, I shall go out of the room and leave you." They replied, "We have come to test the fact of spirit communion, and we will try to comply with your desire." Mr. Foster made bare his arm, which one of the gentlemen stood before, taking Mr. Foster's hand in his, and the other gentleman stood behind, taking hold of Mr. Foster's elbow. "Now," one of the gentlemen said, "We have you, and we will show to the world that these letters cannot come on your arm without some outside application, which you have now no possible chance of making. We know that no letters can come on your arm while we hold it." After waiting and looking for the letters till the two gentlemen became rapturous with the triumph of their wise experiment—no letters having appeared—Mr. Foster said, "What will you have?" One of the gentlemen replied, "Anything—no matter what. We know that nothing will appear upon your arm while we thus hold it; but if anything can come, let it be something *for us*; something that shall *be true*, and that shall be a *test*; something that we are not thinking about." The words "Two Fools" immediately appeared upon his arm, resembling large full-faced printed letters, as perfect as any type could make them. These gentlemen were quite *satisfied* of the truth of spirit communion by this manifestation. They got what they asked for; something *for themselves*; something that was *true*; a *test*; and, finally, something that they were not thinking about.

Since his arrival in this country, Mr. Foster has been visited at 14, Bryanston-street, by several of our leading men of science, and by many of those amongst us who are adepts in the spiritual phenomena. The letters which we insert will give specimens of the range—somewhat limited—of Mr. Foster's powers; and more particularly we refer to the latter part of Mr. Howitt's letter, in which he states that Mr. Foster laid his bare arm on the table, and that after waiting some time initials in red letters appeared upon it. If this be true,—and it was seen by our scientific correspondent, C., and by several other persons,—here is a phenomenon well worthy of the deepest research of our learned societies and physiologists. To psychologists, also, it is a pregnant fact. The whole value of it, however,—as of all other alleged phenomena,—consists in its being accurately demonstrated and tested, so that all other known and possible modes of accounting for it shall be eliminated. This is the only meaning we can give to the word *test*; and as Mr. Foster is avowedly a test medium,—and takes money for exhibiting his tests,—we cannot but feel that there should have been no reason given to Mr. Allman and Mr. Jones, to write such a letter as they have very properly found it their duty to send to us for publication.

It is of the very essence of test mediumship,—and, indeed, its only value,—that each inquirer should receive nothing of these alleged phenomena which he has not reduced to absolute demonstration; and in doing this we take leave to say that the character of the medium—whether good or bad—should go for precisely nothing. We recommend and insist that the analysis should be as exhaustive and complete as if it were the case of a chemist operating upon inorganic matters in his laboratory, and that it is eminently the duty of Spiritualists to make this searching analysis, so that there shall be nothing left for those who speak so

learnedly of the trained habits of investigation to accomplish. It is not necessary, however, to remind intelligent visitors to Mr. Foster that in pursuing such an investigation they must not interfere with the conditions which he may find essential, but that their part will be complete by carefully watching and noting down what occurs, and at the time—or subsequently—mentioning to him the point at which they failed to see the absolute certainty. This part may then be repeated, and accurate notes again taken.

We know from experience how easy it is for the raps to be simulated, and for tricks to be played with the pellets. We have had the advantage of Mr. Bly's escapade to teach us this much. We know also from our editorial wife that when she was at school, it was a favourite amusement with the pretty fair ones to write on each other's arms and shoulders with a blunt slate pencil, and after waiting a few seconds, to wet and gently rub the part, and then read a name in red letters. This we have tried, and we can say that the result bears some resemblance to those on Mr. Foster's arm. It would be possible, under the table, to use a pencil up the sleeve, to make marks upon the arm, if the name to be written were known. It is necessary, therefore, to shew that there is not only no probability, but *no possibility* of his manifestations being done in that, or any other mundane way. Otherwise, the fact of the letters being seen, acquires no scientific value. It is because of this critical investigation, which we insist upon, that we have no objection to make to Mr. Foster for being a paid medium, for we hold that if observers be only true to themselves, it should be no objection, if Mr. Foster were to receive £1,000 for each writing on his arm, whilst there is no more moral wrong in his accepting money for his time, than for us or any other person, making a living by the hand or head work, which God in his mercy and sustaining power, enables us to perform. The clergy sell their spiritual gifts for good round sums, and even our high-souled English ministers, will not pilot our dear country, for nothing, through its social and political troubles. Shakespeare says, "Let the players be well used." We say the same of every honest medium, but we have no predilections in ascertaining facts, and we undertake to publish all such properly expressed letters, whether for or against, as may tend to make known the truth.

Just as we are going to press we have received a long letter from a well-known correspondent, in which, from what he has seen of Mr. Foster, he pronounces a judgment unfavourable to the truthfulness of the phenomena, and speaks of what he saw as being of the same class as "wooden nutmegs." It is the more necessary for those who can investigate, to do so with the utmost care and discrimination.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

My dear Sir,—I am glad that there is now a medium in London to whom we can send people without scruple. For a long time I have been receiving letters from all parts of the country requesting to be informed where could be witnessed some of the phenomena recorded in the *Spiritual Magazine*, and other places. I could not gratify these inquirers, because I could not send whole tribes of persons to private mediums, on whom I have no claim for such an infliction. But now there is a paid and professional medium, one who comes highly recommended from America, as a long-proved and most powerful as well as reliable medium—the difficulty is at an end.

I have had two ample opportunities of seeing and testing some of the manifestations made through Mr. Foster. I say some, because that gentleman says the phenomena vary very much at different times. At your house, about a week ago, I saw two of the most striking of the classes of manifestations given through Mr. Foster. One was that of the names of spirits who professed to be present, and desiring to communicate with some of the party, being written in red letters on his arm, and the other that of their names being privately given through the alphabet to some one present wholly unknown to Mr. Foster: these being written with several others on strips of paper, and these papers being rolled up into pellets, the spirit concerned selecting the pellet containing its name by raps. In all these cases the result was quite accurate, and apparently satisfactory. But, knowing the extreme incredulity of the general mind in England, I desired to test these two points, and, therefore, invited Mr. Foster to an evening *séance* at my house, where he met with a military friend of mine, a man of high scientific attainments, and long and perfectly familiar with spiritual phenomena. There was also present a lady quite unknown to the medium. On this occasion I warned Mr. Foster that the hard-headed and *soi-disant* knowing ones of London would be apt to imagine that the process of writing on the arm, and that of the pellets were, after all, but the result of legerdemain carried to high perfection by long practice, and I proposed some tests to put this matter beyond question. Mr. Foster thought that such tests were unnecessary, and were an unworthy suspicion of his integrity. But I reminded him that the world had not scrupled to call in question the integrity of every spiritual, nay, of every physical herald of truth since the foundation of the world.

And here, though I did not go into these details with Mr. Foster, it may be as well, in order to render mediums patient under such siftings as they are sure to meet with in England, to

request them always to keep these few facts before their minds. That our Saviour declared that he sent his apostles forth as lambs amongst wolves, and that all history attests that the apostles, whether of spiritual—or even physical truth, have gone forth either amongst wolves or baboons. The condition of men educated to cling like barnacles to the old rock of past knowledge is like that of birds who have had their wings cropped. They have, in fact, had their intellectual wings cropped by the schoolmasters, and cannot lift themselves from the ground. Those whose feathers have grown again a little, manage to get upon the lowest boughs of the tree of knowledge, but they dare not, or cannot mount higher. They are conscious of their inability to fly, and dread a fall. Like monkeys, they can sit in rows on the low range of boughs, and grin and chatter in monkey wisdom; the upper boughs of truth look to them unsubstantial, and even unreal. It is only those whose wings of faith grow who take a higher and higher post, and few are they whose wings, singed in the fires of ridicule and *petit maîtreism*, ever grow so perfectly as to allow them to sit on the topmost branch and survey the prospect all round. The different length of wing in these birds of cropped pinions and heavy physical bodies is clearly marked out by the bough they manage to reach. Some sit on the ground, and stoutly deny the existence of the tree of Spiritualism altogether; they cannot for the life of them see it; to them it is a myth. Others reach the *Devil* bough; others the *Mesmeric* bough; others the *Od* bough; some swing on the meagrest twig of *imagination*, and others on the still more attenuated one of automatic, and others on the crooked spray of reflex action. Few are they whose wings ever again grow so fully that they can hop about in the tree of knowledge, and, secure as on a mountain, behold the grand unity and harmonious beauty of creation, blending heaven and earth.

Let mediums then be reconciled to the obstinate incredulity of the so-called wise and learned, as a condition which exists permanently and innately in the ordinary mind. It showed itself in the very dawn of time, and has maintained the same stupid, stolid face ever since. According to the book of Enoch, it ridiculed Noah for a hundred years, whilst he was building his ark at spiritual command, until the Flood came and took the laughers and the doubters, and the moral cowards,—the Punches, the Faradays, and Brewsters,—all away. It led Moses a terrible life for forty years in the wilderness, after a thousand miracles performed; it slew the prophets, crucified Christ, made the Pagans roast and boil and chop up the early Christians; it pursued through all the middle ages the children of light by its inquisitions, its thumbkins, its stakes and faggots, without—poor fool—perceiving that

its stakes and faggots could only destroy flesh and sinew. It pursued Huss and Jerome of Prague; the Lollards of England; Luther and the Reformers of Germany; the Waldenses; the Vaudois; the Huguenots of France; Fox and Wesley; and now the Spiritualists, as far as it dare.

But not in the spiritual alone,—in the path of physical progress it has always stood,—it yet stands and laughs. It is the fool, and the jester, or the alguazil of every age. In physical science, how old and threadbare are become the stories of Galileo, and Harvey, and Jenner. It put Solomon de Caus long ago into the Bicêtre as a madman for advocating steam: it declared, through the *Edinburgh Review*, Thomas Gray, the projector of a general system of railways, was worthy of a strait-jacket. It laughed at Laennec for introducing the stethoscope, and medical men over their bottles talked of testing their wine by “percussion.” In 1805, Fulton proposed to Napoleon I. to assist him in building steamers for the Atlantic, and Napoleon was inclined; but, unfortunately, he first submitted to the Academy the question whether condensed steam could move ships, and the learned academicians laughed so outrageously at the idea, that Buonaparte thought he had been made a fool of, and dismissed Fulton. Again, when railways were in agitation, Perdonnet, in a lecture at the *Ecole Centrale* declared his faith in the scheme, and was actually hooted down. The same happened to Arago when he attempted to speak of an electric telegraph: and when Brindley proposed to cut tunnels through hills for his canals, he was regarded as little better than, to use the words of the *Times*, “a quack and a humbug.” Gall and Spurzheim, Hahnemann, Mesmer, Wheatstone, and Reichenbach, have all had to pass through the wolf-and-baboon ordeal. When Bruce brought some new facts from Abyssinia, rogue, liar, impostor, were names too good for him.

Seeing the pain which such old-world suspicions, however, gave Mr. Foster has induced me to run over these facts. But Mr. Foster did not for a moment shrink from the test. Accordingly, after we had seen several spirits rap out their names through the alphabet, or point out the pellets containing their names,—in one case pick the pellet out of a narrow-necked antique jar where no mortal fingers could reach it, and convey it into another room where it was put by spirit-direction, we requested Mr. Foster to show us the writing on his arm. That there might be no possibility of his effecting the writing unobserved by us, his arm was laid bare on the table, and the spirit wishing to communicate then, after waiting some time, gave its initials in red letters. In a second case, another spirit gave its initials in strong bold characters, by the hand of the medium, on paper.

I here observed to Mr. Foster that it would be very con-

vincing if the spirits, of whom he said he saw a great number in the room, would give their names directly through him, without pellets, or rapping them out on the alphabet, or by writing on the arm. This was done in a dozen cases at least, in the most clear and straightforward manner. Mr. Foster indicated where the spirits stood, what was their appearance, and then announced by name who they were. They were chiefly relatives of the different parties, some of whom the parties themselves had never seen; some of them being dead before they were born, and of whom, of course, they had not thought perhaps for years. Of the lady present, the father, mother, uncle, and grandmother, the latter having a very uncommon name, all announced their names, and the father declared that the lady had a lock of his hair in the brooch she then wore. This lady was surprised to be informed through the medium that two of her handkerchiefs had been taken from her, knotted up, and laid on the other side of the table, between Mrs. Howitt and myself. One had been taken from her pocket, the other from her lap. On another occasion the medium said, "Who is this lame person going about the room? She says she is a near relative, and her husband stands on the right hand of Mr. Howitt." This lady was to me sufficiently indicated by her lameness, but she gave her name through writing. One of the party then wrote on a piece of paper a question regarding her son, gone on a very distant and perilous expedition. She folded up this paper, and requested an answer. Mr. Foster took the paper in his hand, and scarcely looking on it, never opening it in any degree, received the answer through rapping in almost lightning speed, naming the individual enquired after, and so answering the question as to show that it fully understood it.

Our military friend received a similar answer to a question put privately, which he said appeared very satisfactory, and he was visited by a celebrated general recently deceased, and named fully by the hand of the medium. Again, Mr. Foster said there was a woman of humble appearance standing by one of the ladies, who said she had died of cancer. The lady begged no such distressing cases should be introduced, but the spirit replied, through the medium, that it was necessary, because she had a daughter in trouble, and was come on that account. The ladies knew the case well, for they had taken charge of the daughter, and placed her in a situation. The spirit of the mother earnestly requested that her child should be taken from this situation, and placed in an institution down in the country. "But," observed one of the ladies, "the spirit when on earth was a dissenter; that institution belongs to the church. Does the mother know that, and knowing it does she still persist in the child going thither?" She replied by rapping that she did entirely.

Now, in all these cases, the names of the various spirits and their relations, must have been utterly unknown to Mr. Foster, who only came the other day from America, never was in my house before; only knew us by name, and the other persons present not even by name. I imagine that nothing in the shape of evidence can be made more complete, not even if an angel stood visibly before us, and proclaimed the truth of these facts with a trumpet. They who do not admit this evidence, would not admit that or any other demonstration.—Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—To-day we called on Mr. Foster at his rooms during his hours for receiving visitors, in order that we might have a sitting to satisfy ourselves as to the genuineness of the spiritual phenomena said to take place in his presence. We had at a previous sitting observed some movements which had caused in our minds a suspicion that all the results were not produced by spirits out of the flesh. We stated to Mr. Foster our wish to have a sitting with him, so that having witnessed the phenomena, we might publish the result in the *Spiritual Magazine*.

Mr. Foster refused to give us the desired sitting, though the 21s. fee had been proffered by us, he stating that we had already had proof enough of his powers as a medium, and that he did not care a snap of his fingers for either the Spiritualists or the *Spiritual Magazine*, as he expected to be introduced to scientific circles. Under the circumstances, of course, we had to withdraw. So far as we are concerned, it is not true that we were prejudiced by any rumours, but only by certain very suspicious facts which we had ourselves observed, and while not prepared to say that Mr. Foster is not a medium, we have simply to state that the manifestations occurring in his presence, so far as we have yet seen them, can be and have been easily produced by natural and simple means, and, therefore, to us what we have seen is not a *convincing test*. If Mr. Foster be a truthful genuine test medium it is ill-judged on his part to refuse a *séance* to any enquirer, as his refusal naturally engenders suspicion or confirms it where previously entertained.—We are yours truly,

T. J. ALLMAN, 5, Camden Road.

J. JONES, Peckham.

16th Dec., 1861.

MR. C. FOSTER, THE MEDIUM FROM AMERICA.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

17th December, 1861.

SIR,—I consider it but an act of duty to Mr. Charles Foster, and to the cause to which his life is apparently devoted, to request you to allow me through your columns to present a brief but emphatic testimony to the genuineness of the manifestations received through him.

Last evening Mr. Benjamin Coleman and I had a *séance* with Mr. Foster at his rooms, 14, Bryanston-street. As it was held chiefly for my satisfaction, I was requested to think of any deceased individuals of my acquaintance, and to write their names privately on slips of paper, which were offered for the purpose. I declined the papers offered, but put down two folding slips which I had secretly prepared beforehand. Mr. Foster expressed himself better pleased that I had done so, because the test would thereby be more free from suspicion. Each paper contained the name of a departed person, and in answer to Mr. Foster's request, I mentally selected one of them for the first experiment. Very soon a variety of rappings took place, as though made by different agents, and I was requested to take one of the lights from the table, and satisfy myself by examination, that these sounds were not produced by Mr. Foster. The raps were as clear and various, and came from such different points that I had no difficulty in accepting them as not of his production without such investigation; nevertheless, I did as desired, and thus made "assurance doubly sure."

The spelling out of a name now commenced, by my going over the alphabet; but, in my determination to give no indication of the name in my thought, I hurried over the letters comprising it, and I doubt whether I did not err on the opposite side. To escape this difficulty, I put the alphabet into Mr. Coleman's hand for the necessary manifestation. He had proceeded twice over the alphabet, and obtained the letters "J, O," when the whole process was suddenly interrupted by Mr. Foster stretching his hands, which had never left our sight, over the table—the right to Mr. Coleman, the left to me—and while we grasped them, he underwent a species of struggle, respiring deeply, strongly pressing my hand, and looking earnestly into my eyes. The paroxysm was of brief duration. When over, and he was released from our grasp, he turned up his sleeve next me, and on his arm, in raised characters, raised obviously beneath the skin, was written with great distinctness the name "John!"

I had examined Mr. Foster's arm before our *séance* began. I examined it now again whilst the name remained upon it, and this time I used a magnifying lens, and took special note of the red lines which formed the name. They appeared to me evidently the production of some peculiar influence upon the circulation of the blood in his arm. I watched them for a short time, but saw them begin to fade away; and on again examining the arm, after they had vanished, not a trace of mechanical pressure, abrasion of the skin, or other sign of external manipulation upon it could be discovered.

But the surname of the individual was still wanting; and Mr. Foster suggested that I should take a strip of paper and write upon it, at appropriate distances, some half dozen surnames, containing amongst them the name required. I wrote seven, and handed him the strip. He tore off the names in separate slips, and a blank slip in addition, thereby making eight, and rolled them up into small pellets. Mr. Coleman requested that all these pellets might be placed in his hand, which was at once agreed to, and he rolled them still closer. As soon as this was done, Mr. Foster seized a piece of paper and a small pencil from the table, and after having held them a second or two below, produced the name "Haughton," correctly written backwards. The eight pellets were now laid on the table by Mr. Coleman, who, keeping them by his side, took a pencil with which to select the one containing the same name. He proceeded, "Is it this?" "No," "Is it this?" "No;" until he came to the fourth, which was answered (the responses were by raps) with a "Yes," and on being unfolded it presented the same name.

Nothing could have been more clearly and completely brought out: and I certainly never witnessed anything more free from all appearance of trick or legerdemain. In short, I have no hesitation in affirming my entire belief in the genuineness of Mr. Foster's manifestations; and I doubt not Mr. Coleman will confirm the preceding facts, and join in a similar expression of confidence in Mr. Foster's probity.

Mr. F.'s rôle as a medium, may be limited, and the nature of the manifestations received through him may, to some persons, be less interesting than manifestations of a different kind, but as to the reality of his mediumship and the very extraordinary and demonstrative character of some of the phenomena he exhibits, there can, I think, be no question. I feel that in him a real

desideratum is, to some extent, supplied. Private mediums are seldom accessible to outside inquirers, and cannot in general be subjected to the criticism and particular tests often considered essential by investigators of these phenomena. A frank, intelligent, reliable, and competent medium, therefore, to whom such persons may unhesitatingly be referred, will, I am sure, be considered by many Spiritualists a great gain to the cause. In Mr. F. I am fain to think such a medium has been found. I have reason to believe that several persons of scientific eminence have already had sittings with him with satisfactory results, and I shall be disappointed if, soon, a new impetus shall not have been given to their investigations by the singular physiological phenomena which he presents, as well as by the more common pneumatic manifestations occurring through his mediumship.

It may be added that Mr. Foster is what in America is technically termed a "*test*" medium. Visitors going to him, therefore, with the design of testing both himself and the truths he professes to demonstrate, simply accept his own terms, and may do so without fear and without favour, so that they are governed purely by the consideration how best to elicit the truth. I believe all such persons will be, as we were, frankly and fairly met. Of course it should be understood that Mr. F. receives payment, as he is entitled to do, for the devotion of his time and faculties to the service of those who call upon him.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

ANDREW LEIGHTON.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—The statements made in the foregoing letter by my friend, Mr. Leighton, are strictly accurate. Mr. Foster brought letters of introduction to me from gentlemen of the highest respectability, resident in Boston. They say, "Mr. Foster is one of the most remarkable mediums in this country. We have tested him in every conceivable way, &c., &c."

When I was in America, almost every medium I met asked me if I had seen Mr. Foster. "His manifestations were very striking—you should see him." I had not the opportunity, and I only know him since his arrival in London. Within the last week or two I have sat with him, at his own house twice, and once at my house, and I am bound to say that I am quite satisfied with the genuineness of the manifestations which I witnessed. If he ever does descend to practise a trick upon his visitors, as I have heard it asserted he does, he is, in my opinion, a fool for his pains. That he should be suspected of doing so, is only the common fate of all mediums. Mr. Home, whose manifestations are so marvellous, and who gives his time without pay for the good of the cause, does not escape. I have heard the most cruel aspersions made upon him. I know nothing of them. I am not bound to believe every scandal and unkind thing that is said of such men, and even, if true, they would not invalidate *my facts*—derived through their mediumship.

Let us be charitable. Let us examine as closely as we can, but always with patience, and in a calm and fair spirit. The result will be, in the majority of cases, that we shall find we are not such clever, sharp-sighted fellows as we thought ourselves.

Your obedient servant,

BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

Dec. 20, 1861.

The following letter is from a gentleman in a high official position and whose special studies render him an accurate and entirely reliable observer:—

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

20th December, 1861.

SIR,—On last Saturday evening (the 14th December), I had the pleasure of availing myself of an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Howitt, and of meeting Mr. Foster. The manifestations which I there witnessed, were of so very clear and convincing a character, that any qualified and candid investigator must at once have owned the reality of spirit communication. I pass over the usual phenomena of raps on various parts of the table, and of the vibration, as

it were, of the air around me, as these have so often been described in your pages, and I will confine myself simply to three "tests" which were given me. Before the arrival of Mr. Foster, I mentally asked that the spirit of a friend, who had died some months past in India, might, if possible, give me some intimation of his presence. After this thought, I would not allow the idea of my friend to cross my mind. Soon after, Mr. Foster arrived; we sat down to a table, and shortly after Mr. F., turning to me, said, "Here is a spirit between us wanting to speak to you." I demanded the name of the spirit, when Mr. Foster took from his pocket a printed alphabet, and asked me to point to each letter, when the spirit would indicate his name. Observing that the letters could be seen *through* the card, I did not point regularly at the letters, being aware of the objection, that sometimes one *dwells* on those letters which indicate the names of an expected spirit, I, therefore, pointed at random, and rather avoided than dwelt on the first letters of the name of that spirit whom I had thought of. As I expected, there was some confusion about the name; yet, in spite of this, *the first letter of the name was given*. I, however informed Mr. Foster that there was not sufficient evidence to identify the spirit. He then bared his left arm, and asked if the spirit could give its initials on his arm. The arm exposed was about eighteen inches from my eyes, and there was a bright light in the room. Upon the arm there was no sign or scratch, and it remained quite white for several seconds. Suddenly, however, there rose some thin red streaks, which came out as though produced by a blister, and I observed distinctly the initials of my friend, who had died in India, and whilst I was looking they came out more distinctly, and then disappeared. I again remarked that I should like to have the name of my friend as well as his initials, when Mr. Foster seized a pencil and piece of paper, and wrote the full name of my friend, whose spiritual presence I had requested.

Yet another test was required. Some weeks previous to the death of this friend having been known in England, I had an interview with a medium, who told me of the presence of a strange spirit, who announced his name, and intimated that he was dead. It was the name of my friend. He then gave to the medium a message for me which began as follows: "I wish much to communicate with you, as I take great interest in your affairs," &c. I therefore asked Mr. Foster whether the spirit *had been* or *would be* able to communicate with me, Mr. F. again wrote with great rapidity the following: "I have; [three dashes under have] I am with you very often; and I take much interest in your affairs." It will be seen that this portion of the message was nearly word for word the same as that given to me by another medium several months before, who had never seen or communicated with Mr. Foster to my certain knowledge.

The above was one test which I submitted on Saturday night last; the following was another. A friend in Australia (last heard from at Ballarat) had been dreamed of by a friend in England, and it was supposed that he was either dead or ill. I put the question to Mr. Foster, "Is there any spirit who can tell me whether the friend about whom the 'impression' exists, is dead or alive?" Mr. Foster said, "He is alive, but has been ill and in trouble." I then asked, as a test, whether the same spirit could tell me where this friend was, not even intimating that he was out of England. Mr. Foster spoke, and said, as though listening to a mysterious unseen visitor, "What? what? Gold! where there is gold! It must be California, then! no, not California: you say Melbourne." Then, turning to me, he said, "He is at Melbourne." Whether he is at Melbourne or not remains to be proved, but Mr. Foster's informant is so far right that the person when last heard of, (some months since) was at Ballarat. These are the bare facts that happened to myself, but I was witness of many more singular proofs, which were given to other sitters at the table. It may be unnecessary to add that I was a close observer during the whole time. Those who know me may perhaps give a guarantee that I am not very easily deceived, and those who do not, would not have their confidence increased by any assurances of mine, that I was capable of the investigation. It is merely by an accumulation of evidence that any unusual facts can be proved, and thus I give my testimony, as one witness amongst many.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

C.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. III.]

FEBRUARY, 1862.

[No. 2.]

PHRENOGRAPHY.

By DR. COLLYER.

THE embodiment of thought, or the formation of mental pictures, as a consequence of mental operations, is corroborated by many curious phenomena which are seen to accompany the diseased functions of the brain. The nervous element, which plays so important a part with us, is fashioned into positive forms, representing all the varied impressions received during life through the medium of the senses. The brain is a compound organ, or a congeries of organs, each adapted to a particular function of mentality. Of this fact we require no further proof than the gradual development of the cerebral mass from the lowest orders of animal life, always exhibiting an increased relation with surrounding creation as the organs of the brain become more numerous. It is thus by the successive increase of new organs that from reptiles and fishes the animal chain is elevated to man himself.

The nervous mass is, on examination by a powerful microscope, found to consist of minute globules. These, during every mental act, vibrate, or are put into motion—in fine, motion must accompany every thought. Most of us know the wonderful delicacy with which the auditory apparatus recognises the least discordance in musical sounds, especially when educated to this detection.

The eye obeys the same law only in a much higher degree, each idea having its proper representative in certain vibrations of the nervous mass. In order to illustrate this peculiar function of the forms or images of vibration of the nervous molecules, a case will suffice:—Three persons were sleeping in one room. One of them dreamt that he had fallen into a well; the next woke, and said he had seen him fall into the well; the third had seen the other two drowning. Here is a transfer of thought during the comparatively negative condition of the brain. To explain this, we must resort to the proposition that the vibratory action ex-

tended beyond the immediate scope of the individuals. In the ordinary normal or healthy state this vibratory nervous atmosphere is limited, though much more extended in some persons than in others, depending on the activity of their vital functions. In the highly sensitive, or where there is an increased activity of the nervous system, the functions assume a character which are attended with phenomena the most startling, as seen from the ordinary point of view.

The ear now becomes susceptible of an exaltation, which is not rivalled by that of the antelope, or the most timid of the herbivorous animals. The eye sees objects with a power of penetration far excelling the vulture or the eagle. In fine, this medium or nervous principle is so ethereal that it permeates all things. Magnetism, being a gross element when brought into comparison with this agency, which embraces all the functions of life. If such a thing were possible, would not an accumulation of this, so to call it, organised vital force produce an infinitude of results, and more particularly, should it be capable of direction or guidance?

We have already seen that the image of an object powerfully impressed on the brain, through the senses, may be projected on another surface, so as to leave an indelible picture, as is exemplified in the case of a woman, who, during pregnancy, received so strong an impression as to destroy for the moment all antagonistic thoughts. The swooning which supervened ensured this necessary condition, so that the impressed image alone monopolised the brain, which was thus found transferred to the body of the child. Now, if this projection from the brain of *an embodied idea*, without the immediate connection of nervous matter, be recognized, where is the limit? Why should it not be able to project these ideas—or, as some might call them, things—beyond itself, under particular conditions, which may only exist under circumstances not under our control? It is certain that etherealized matter has shape. In this connexion, why should not a spiritual existence be recognised, that is if the surface is visually sensitive to that recognition? If the plate had not been prepared to receive and retain the image, the photographic process would not have followed—or, in other words, the recipient must be adequately sensitive or in a condition to receive impressions. When the brain is surcharged with the vital element, and is subjected to the action of concentrated *embodiment of thought* by a second person, such image is at once recognized, being transferred from the brain of the operator to that of the recipient. Nor is this confined to a mere reflex of the impressions received, for the exaltation or increased sensitive state may, as is often the case, enable the recipient to

extend the sphere of recognition far beyond the limits of the immediate locality.

The report of a lecture and experiments some twenty years since, in the *Boston Daily Mail*, of June 16, 1841, are so corroborative of the action of a brain in the positive or active state, and of two brains in the negative or subjective state, that it must be given in its entirety:—

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

DR. COLLYER'S LECTURES AND INVESTIGATIONS AT THE TEMPLE.

“Dr. Collyer's first lecture at the Temple, on Monday evening, was attended by a large and fashionable audience, and the results produced upon the magnetic subjects, were truly surprising. Six or eight experienced physicians were present, and examined the subjects while in the somnambulant condition, and all of them agreed in the opinion that it was an abnormal state. One of these gentlemen said to the audience, ‘The boy is in a strange condition—I am unable to explain it.’ Another said, ‘It is very strange.’ Dr. Flint, of Boston, by the particular request of the audience examined the physiological condition of the boy, and declared that in his opinion, ‘he was in an unnatural state, and perfectly insensible.’ Another physician, without the knowledge of Dr. Collyer, thrust a needle three or four times through the fleshy part of the boy's hand, without producing the least feeling or motion, and afterwards informed the audience of this fact, and said he was satisfied that the boy's arms were paralysed and devoid of feeling.

“The boy had been in the magnetic state only a few minutes when he was seized with violent spasms; the Doctor lost all control over his mind, and was unable to perform any experiments with him, or even to bring him out of the magnetic state. This strange phenomenon seemed to prove more conclusively than anything else, the reality of Animal Magnetism, and to convince every beholder of the impossibility of collusion between the magnetiser and the magnetised, as has been so frequently suggested. Several eminent and well-known physicians examined the boy both while quiet and while in the spasms, and declared to the audience that the phenomenon exhibited was new, strange and unnatural. Indeed, so violent were the convulsions, that some of the gentlemen themselves, as well as a large portion of the audience, became alarmed for the safety of the boy, and even the assurance given by the Doctor that these spasms were in his opinion perfectly harmless, did not entirely quiet their apprehensions. After laboring nearly half an hour, the Doctor found himself unable to restore the boy to his natural senses, and he was taken from the stage, and laid in an adjoining room.

“The lady was then put into the magnetic condition, and some fine results were produced. She moved her hands and arms as requested by the audience (in writing) and silently willed by the Doctor standing behind her back. She folded both hands upon her chest, moved one or the other hand to her head, &c., &c. The Doctor asked her various questions, which she answered with remarkable accuracy. All this time, the boy in the adjoining apartment—down one flight of stairs and at least a hundred feet distant—obeyed the Doctor's will, precisely as the lady did; he performed the same movements, and gave similar answers to every question, at the same time. Doctor Flint stood near the boy, during these experiments, and afterwards came in and informed the audience himself of the wonderful correspondence of action exhibited by the boy. Disinterested persons were kept constantly passing from the lady to the boy, as the Doctor progressed with his experiments, and the similarity of the results were thus ascertained on the instant.—The unbelievers in Magnetism were utterly confounded by these stubborn and undeniable facts. One gentleman who has been outrageously sceptical, on this mysterious subject, declared that these extraordinary proofs had (to use his own language) ‘struck him deeply.’ Another person—a cool-headed surgeon—said repeatedly, ‘these things are most astonishing.’

"The Doctor next tried some experiments with the lady, in *tasting*. He first (by request) imagined cordial. The lady said she tasted 'spirit.' The boy at the same moment, in the other room, beyond the reach of a person's voice, unless raised to a high pitch, smacked his lips and said it was 'not good.' Dr. Flint, who was watching the boy, did not even know that Dr. Collyer was then trying an experiment in tasting. Dr. Collyer then, by request, imagined the taste of mustard. The lady said it was 'sour and bitter;' and the boy also indicated the character of the taste as near as one could well imagine it, without really tasting the article itself. The Doctor also imagined the taste of molasses: and the lady said it was 'very sweet like tea.'

"Dr. Collyer then opened the lady's eyes by an effort of will, and exhibited them to the audience. They were both much dilated, strongly fixed, and very glassy. It was found impossible to move them the least particle, by touching the lids, striking at them, or any other movements of a similar character. Everybody appeared to be satisfied that the young lady was truly paralysed in all her exterior senses.

"The Doctor closed his investigation by an experiment more remarkable, perhaps, than any yet exhibited in this city. He raised the lady's left arm to her shoulder, *fixed* and *paralysed* it in that position. Several physicians examined it, and found that the muscles, which in their natural condition should be *rigid*, were *relaxed*, and those which should be *relaxed*, were *rigid*. It was impossible to bring the arm down, from the position mentioned, without breaking the very muscles themselves! The Doctor then brought the lady out of the magnetic condition all but the left arm, which still remained *fixed* and *paralysed*, nor could she move it an inch, any more than if the limb was really dead! A slight effort of the Doctor's will, however, restored it immediately to life! And what is more astonishing than all, the boy who was lying in a state of perfect insensibility in the next room, had his arm raised and paralysed, the same as the lady had, and was brought out of the magnetic state at the same instant, with his arm fixed and lifeless. The arm was also restored at the same time that the lady's was. Dr. Flint stood by the side of the boy all the time; witnessed these wonderful effects, and stated the result himself to the audience. Remember that the boy was out of Dr. Collyer's sight and hearing, in another room below stairs.

"These things are certainly 'passing strange!' We cannot say that we have any positive belief with regard to their character. We consider them more astounding than any phenomena that science has ever exhibited to the world. It impresses deeply upon the mind the solemn truth inculcated in the Scriptures that 'we are fearfully and wonderfully made.' How far man may be permitted to investigate the essence of the immortal soul, and look into the invisible world, we pretend not to say. We are not aware that any bounds have been set to human inquiry."

The great value of these experiments consists in their being unanticipated, and, indeed, the result of the accidental unmanageable condition of the boy. The transfer must have been from the recipient under the writer's control to the one removed at a distance. Of one fact, no mental direction was *consciously* given to the boy, though the nervous communication remained perfect. Another instance equally remarkable and unanticipated occurred before the Boston Committee, composed of the following gentlemen:—Messrs. the Reverend Stowe, Gannett, Greenwood, Murry, Adams, Chapin, Neale, Turnbull, and Jones; Messrs. (Bar.) James, Power, Williams, Denny, Tolman, and Peabody; Doctors of Medicine, Storer, Lane, Morrill, Flint, Dana, Strong, Ingalls, Lewis, Steadman, Adams, and Stone.

June 25th, 1841.—Dr. Collyer performed the customary manipulations on his boy Frederick—which were followed by the usual appearances. Many attempts

were made by the members of the committee to arouse him, such as stretching him upon the floor, and firing two pistols suddenly near his head, but without eliciting any symptoms of consciousness unless it were a spasm of the arm (tetanus), the like of which had been occurring for a quarter of an hour previous, and which happened at one of the discharges. At this time a lad was introduced who was suffering from a severe attack of chorea or St. Vitus's dance. In answer to inquiries if any one knew him, the Rev. M. Stowe said he was a member of his church, and had been for several years, was most exemplary; and moreover—he knew there could be no collusion between him and Dr. Collyer who never had seen him before now. Dr. Collyer having performed the passes for about fifteen minutes, there was a general quiet of the whole system—which before was continually writhed with violent involuntary twitchings and convulsions. It is worthy of remark that while these processes were going on—the first subject, Frederick, who was still asleep, and had been removed to the further end of the platform, *was thrown into strong spasms*. In fine, the chorea had been transferred to him, a distance of some 25 feet! though when brought to his normal state it disappeared.

The nervous emanation must have connected the two persons mesmerised, as in the former instance, where the boy obeyed the will, though directed to another brain. In our ordinary intercourse we influence each other much more than is imagined, merely by the character of the nervo-vital emanation which exists as an atmosphere in every individual;—this extending to a greater or less distance, according to the particular activity, for the time being, of the nervous system. If spiritual intelligent existences make themselves manifest to our physical senses, they must of necessity do so though the medium of vitalised nervous force, which obeys all the laws attendant on etherealised matter, otherwise no manifestation could be effected. The great difficulty which necessarily accompanies these psychical investigations arises from our nearly total ignorance of the conditions most favourable for their production. This information, however, can only be obtained by years of untiring research and comparison of the facts presented. With one fact we are at least acquainted, that the manifestations become faint and indistinct with the exhaustion of the recipient or medium, nor is the state for the development of the highest class of the phenomena of long duration, even under the most favourable circumstances.

The case mentioned in the May number of the Magazine, of my brother who was suddenly killed, appearing at the moment of his death to my mother, at a distance of over fifteen hundred miles, may thus have been an embodied thought at the last moment of existence, projected to the recipient, under favourable conditions, which then happened to exist. The vital element is more subtle than light or magnetism, which travel at the rate of over 150,000 miles in a second of time. In fine, this ethereal principle cannot be analyzed except by phenomena which have been recognized from the earliest periods of man's history under various phases. The development of the "spiritual manifestations" has now, as it were, put the whole subject in a much more

tangible shape than heretofore. The hypothesis advanced however can only in part account for facts of the above kind, and for those which occur in the investigations and experiments in mesmerism, for in these, phenomena occur which transcend all known laws, and all material laws which the most penetrating reason can suggest.

One of the most remarkable conditions which accompany some of the highest and most complete manifestations of spiritual power is the presence of a *cold* current of air. This circumstance arrested my attention above twenty years since, when investigating the mesmeric phenomena. The coldness of "the magnetized" always occurred, and so great was this loss of heat, in some cases, that except in the immediate region of the heart, the surface appeared like that of a body many hours a corpse. Too much emphasis cannot be placed on this abnormal state—one which could not be brought about at will. It is at least a guarantee, if such were required, of the genuineness of the condition induced. The physiologist should not neglect the opportunity of investigating the relation which these cold currents, whether nervous, magnetic, odic, or of some even more ethereal atmosphere, bear to the phenomena. That the functions of life are maintained through the medium of such a force or agency, and that it also plays a most important part in all the varied phenomena of mind is highly probable. It is, however, only during peculiar sensitive states of the system that results are produced, as it were, in bold relief. When the Egyptian magician was asked as to the class of persons who were susceptible of seeing in the mirror of ink, he replied, "A boy under puberty, a virgin, a black female slave, and a pregnant woman." Of these, the last at certain stages of gestation is wonderfully sensitive to any impression, which, if produced alone and in sufficient power, without the interposition or neutralization caused by another thought or impression, and especially if the image of the object has produced a strong mental emotion, then such impression will be conveyed to the most sensitive surface, which is the future offspring. Every thought has its corresponding mental image; not that the process is consciously recognised, though in the first stages of childhood no doubt this recognition exists to a much greater extent than we are aware of. In after years, the accommodation between the act of thinking and other operations of the brain are so rapid that they evade detection. The image of every object is painted, as it were, on the retina, and is so conveyed to the grand receptacle, the brain, which is composed of hundreds of millions of globules of nervous matter. These oscillate and vibrate in correspondence to the impression received. The re-production

of thought or memory is the re-vibration of the class of globules which originally received the impression. This vibratory or undulatory action of the minute rotund particles of matter which constitute the nervous system is in perfect harmony with the rest of the material universe, as man in common with the rest of the animal portion of creation must necessarily hold intercourse in conformity to the laws which surround him. In the ordinary normal state of existence, the functions of the brain are limited to the immediate sphere of the individual; but once derange, or render the nervous functions more sensitive, and then phenomena occur which are recognisable by their apparently marvellous character. In the case of the sensitive pregnant female, the mental photograph is transferred to the child, and although no nervous connection exists between them, the image has been *projected* beyond her nervous system to, and is indelibly fixed upon the child. A few cases will suffice to exemplify this.

General G., whom I met in Nevada county, California, in 1852, shewed me the exact counterpart of a large greenish snake which encircled his body. He informed me that in the Spring of the year the mark gradually became swollen and the colour more vivid, and that during the winter, the period of hybernation, there was hardly any mark left. The cause of this arose from a man who had killed a large snake having, in bravado, tied it round his body, and coming in presence of General G.'s mother during her pregnancy, produced such a powerful emotion as to cause her to faint at the sight.

It may be said, how is it that women do not convey more frequently these images to the bodies of their children? This arises from the antagonism of other impressions, for whenever it happens that the cause is *isolated* and uninterrupted by other impressions, this effect follows, not otherwise.

Another case occurred on the Island of Jersey. A pregnant woman saw a dog destroy a lamb, and she also fainted, so powerful was the impression on her. Her child had a full crop of wool on its back, with a countenance resembling that of a sheep. No doubt many similar cases will suggest themselves to the reader, since probably not less than forty have come within the writer's own observation, the history of each corroborating the view that the impression had been mentally photographed, to the exclusion of all other impressions for the moment, otherwise none, or only a confused result has followed.

The following extracts are made from publications in 1843,* though the experiments had been made for years previously. In reviewing the feats of the Egyptian Magicians, I remarked:—

* *Psychography, or Embodiment of Thought*, by R. H. COLLYER, M.D.

A pure seer, to wit a maiden or a boy under ten years of age, was required; these are constitutionally more sensitive to the narcotic fumes—I find that with little trouble they are easily subdued by the nervous agency,—whereas strong men and old women are seldom found to be so influenced—are never such good recipients or capable of manifesting such lucid powers as those of younger or more susceptible constitutions. The possibility of mental transfer is established beyond a doubt. In New York, February, 1841, I magnetised Miss — found her condition one of the most exalted; at the request of her father (who is one of the most eminent artists in the country) I brought before her spiritual vision the shade of Napoleon, whom she recognised at once, and with whom she entered into a conversation in French on topics which have since been singularly verified)—the spirit of Byron, and of Alexander the Great. The experiments were made with such care as precluded her knowing our intention. The impression produced was similar to that of the photographic process of Daguerre. The only difference between my experiments and those of the Egyptians consisted in one being rendered unconscious—and the brain sentient to the mental image by the nervous agency; while the other was induced by inhaling narcotic fumes—producing in both instances an identical state of brain. The state of the atmosphere has a most potent influence on the condition induced—during a thunderstorm all the manifestations have ceased. There is little doubt in my mind that electricity in some modified form assimilated to the animal economy is the main instrument or medium for producing these extraordinary phenomena—I have often taken a person out of the deepest state by the contact of steel points—have passed through the recipient over 2,000 square inches of frictional electricity without inconvenience—the effect of this on a person in the normal state would be fatal.

In these latter experiments I was assisted by Dr. Hare; and in the experiment, where the spirit of Napoleon was communed with, Professor Mapes, a gentleman of the highest intellectual and scientific attainments, was present.

In a conversation on Dr. Möser's experiments which took place at the British Association, Sir John Herschel called particular attention to the reproducibility of pictures—confirming the fact by drawing one from his pocket, which was then invisible, but might be made visible by being placed over the vapour of muriatic acid. After which he said the image would again vanish, but a re-application of the vapour would bring it back to sight. He observed that it is a remarkable fact that the vapour was perfectly colourless. He then added—“*Might not the retina itself be affected in a somewhat similar manner?*” The impressions made on it were gone in a moment—might not these impressions on the retina be produced by a sort of photographic apparatus? Sir D. Brewster considered the remark of Sir John Herschel as having a most important bearing on the philosophy of the senses. The moment it was mentioned in the hearing of anyone acquainted with the physiological action of the retina, he would see a crowd of facts referrible to it. He should mention one fact which appeared to be explained by it. After being present at a few meetings of the Association—the number of the *élite* was so great as to become impressed on his Sir David Brewster's retina. Each face had three black spots on it, two for the eyes, and one for the mouth. For two days these objects flitted before his eyes. He could not distinguish the whitest face in the company from the darkest. Here was a picture continuing longer than usual, in consequence of the retina being longer impressed. In some cases he had been able to tear off the mask, and fill up these black faces with individual likenesses. These views have since been found to coincide with those entertained by Dr. Möser. That the impressions on the retina are photographic processes is by no means unlikely. Many phenomena—long known—perfectly accord with such an hypothesis. The sixth of a moment is, we believe, sufficient to produce an impression in the ordinary state of health; hence we may remind our readers that a lighted stick, when revolved, produces a fiery circle. A series of revolving figures—though each representing the different positions—still produces but one image on the

retina. Dr. Abercromby says—"A friend of mine had been one day intently looking at a small picture of the Virgin and Child, and had sat bending over it for some time, on raising his head he was startled by perceiving at the further end of the apartment a female figure of the size of life with a child in her arms. The first feeling of surprise having subsided, he at once traced the source of the illusion, and remarked that the figure corresponded exactly with that which he had contemplated—being what painters call a kit-cat figure, in which the lower parts of the body are not represented. The illusion continued for over two minutes. But is it upon the retina—or the retina alone that the impression lingers? In regard to an ocular spectra—says Dr. Abercromby—"another fact of a very singular nature appears to have been first observed by Sir Isaac Newton, namely, that when he produced a spectrum of the sun by looking at it with the right eye, the left being covered, upon uncovering the left and looking upon a white ground, a spectrum of the sun was seen with it also. He likewise acquired the power of re-calling the spectra after they had ceased—by going into the dark and directing his mind intensely, as when a man looks earnestly to see a thing which it is difficult to be seen. By repeating these experiments frequently, such an effect was produced on the nervous portion of the eye, and I may add upon the brain; that he says 'for months after the spectrum of the sun began to return as often as I began to meditate upon the phenomena, even though I lay in bed at midnight with curtains drawn.'" Does not this seem to imply that the impression was made beyond the retina on the substance of the brain itself? There are certainly many psychological phenomena which seem to bear a curious relationship to these images—producing properties of light. The distinct recollection of a fact is generally in proportion to the attention, or the intensity with which it has been contemplated. Suppose *attention* to a greater direction of the electric action of the brain—how closely allied to the photographic phenomena! When attention is languid—or something is said by a neighbour when one is in a state of reverie; you are only conscious that some one has spoken; but in a few seconds or minutes by an effort the words are re-called. May not this be simply an electrical evolution—upon some impressible medium within, before the photographic impression had faded—as it were catching up the shrinking tints.

All the varied phenomena, which are manifested in dreams, exemplify the picture-producing power of the brain. It is a well-known fact, that persons born blind, never dream of things as they appear to others, for their brains cannot reproduce what they have never received. The account which lately appeared in the Magazine of the picture produced by Mrs. French may have some relation to the foregoing physiological facts. But the further elucidation of this subject I must reserve until a future occasion

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS AT FLORENCE.

MR. SEYMOUR KIRKUP, who has resided for many years at Florence, and who has had much spiritual experience, gives us an account of some singular manifestations which have happened in his house. A young woman in his house, Emilia, about 22 years of age, a simple ignorant girl, is a trance and writing medium, and, in the magnetic state, sees and describes aloud beautiful visions. In one of her trances she saw a high altar surrounded by nuns, all looking very serious, excepting one who

smiled at her, and promised often to come to her. She gave her name as Maria Giovanna, and said she was then living in the Dominican Convent. She had frequent conversations with her, and in one of them, Maria asked Emilia "for a portrait of herself, with the hair loose, like a Magdalen, on account of the convent." She said that she could only visit Emilia whilst she, Maria, was asleep, and that it was without the knowledge of the abbess or her confessor. Giovanni, the spirit who was frequently with Emilia, was to convey the portrait to the convent. The portrait was painted by Mr. Kirkup, and when it was ready to be sent, Emilia, in a trance, saw her friend the nun on a sick bed constantly attended by the spirit Giovanni. Her illness lasted long, and as she was recovering, Emilia in her turn had a long illness, during which the portrait was forgotten. At last Giovanni told Emilia that he had quarrelled with Maria, and he refused to take the portrait to her. Mr. Kirkup begged him then and subsequently to remove it, if it were only to satisfy him of his power, and which he promised to do. A short time ago, Mr. Kirkup placed it in a small room with only one small window, and no window in the story over or under it, nor beyond it, for his is a corner house. The side of the house, in which the room is, is a perpendicular height of 60 feet above the river Arno, so that all access to it on that side is impossible. The drawing, in a frame, was placed on a chair in the middle of the room. The door, the only other opening into the room, was then double-locked and sealed, and with twigs put imperceptibly in the hinge, so that it could not be opened without their falling. The key, the seal and the coloured wax were hidden in a secret drawer in Mr. Kirkup's writing desk, which he locked, and of which no one but himself knew. The security of the room, physically, was thus, Mr. Kirkup says, perfect; but when he opened the room, finding the seals and the locks and the twigs as he had left them, *the picture was gone*. Through Emilia in her trance, he asked Giovanni where he had taken it: "I have given it to the nun." "What to another than Maria?"—"Yes." "In the same convent?"—"Yes." Owing to the difficulty of ascertaining what goes on in convents, it has not been possible yet to know what would be so satisfactory, that the picture is there. Perhaps that may yet be found out. In the meantime, this incident may throw some light on the similar fact in Mr. H.'s narrative of the removal of a picture, and also on that in the narrative of Mr. L., of New York, where it is said that material things were for a time "hidden in the atmosphere of the medium." There had been, Mr. Kirkup says, "many previous similar removals of articles, such as pictures, rings, and lockets, and all under the same precautions, from the room from which the picture was taken, as described above.

REASONS FOR BELIEVING THAT SPIRITS COMMUNICATE WITH MEN IN THE BODY.

By Doctor JOHN F. GRAY.

I.

PHENOMENA of a physical nature, not referrible to the laws of physical relation, such as the moving of ponderable bodies independent of earthly mechanics; the production of a great variety of sounds in our midst, also independent of any known or conceivable mechanical apparatus; the production of lights of various colors, sizes, shapes, degrees of brilliancy, and duration of incandescence, in every case without the presence of any chemical agents or apparatus known to or usable by man; and lastly, the reproduction of living material bodies, through which extemporaneous, but real and tangible physical organizations, the spirits have reappeared to their friends on earth, expressing their peculiarities of physical form and movement, and likewise their peculiar and distinctive modes of apprehension, feeling and intellection. Through these temporarily organized effigies of their former earth bodies, they have (as I know from several instances of recent date) spoken to and sung with their relatives here, and have given many other equally palpable proofs of their ability to reconstruct and inhabit a physical form.

II.

Phenomena of a mental nature not referrible to earthly volition and intelligence; such as the contrivance and production of the physical phenomena above cited; the production of writings in various ancient and modern languages, wholly unknown to those in whose presence they have been executed; the utterance of prophecy; the narration of events, and the recital of mental facts that are transpiring in distant places—often across broad oceans; the improvisation and incredibly rapid production of symbolic drawings and elaborate pictures by persons not versed in the pictorial art, and unable to explain the symbols they have executed and combined in such a way as to convey a good lesson of life, or renew a long-buried personal reminiscence; lastly, the felicitous and accurate impersonation of persons long departed this life, and who were wholly unknown to and unheard of by the personators.

The philosophy of spirit-intercourse sheds a mellow light over human history and human science. It finds a positive psychology and teaches where to look for wellsprings of invention and progress; and it reconciles us to the hard ministry of sin and sorrow, of ignorance and suffering.—*Herald of Progress.*

INTERNAL RESPIRATION.

GROWTHS AND DEVELOPMENTS.

"ANATOMY teaches that the heart is in the enjoyment of vital motion before the lungs. This experience teaches from cases of swooning and of suffocated persons; also from the foetus in the womb, and from the chick in the egg. Anatomy also teaches that the heart while it acts alone forms the lungs, and so adapts them as to operate in them respiration; and that it so forms the other viscera and organs that it may act—and the rest of the body that it may produce uses corresponding to the affections of love."—This is an important reference to anatomy, and may serve as the basis of reflections touching the philosophy of internal respiration; for it may be looked at from a psychological point of view. All growths and developments are from centre to circumference—from heart to extremities. The beating of the heart, by the warm current of arterial life, is before, and necessary to, the breathing of the lungs. This analogy is very apparent when we contemplate God as the fountain of existence.

All things in the universe are but emanations from Him who is life itself. Again, in the degree to which created forms are removed from the central source of life, they are in coldness, and in proportion as they are in coldness, their respiratory organs are correspondingly affected. The fish, the inhabitant of the water, the emblematic element of natural life, is our illustration here. It is cold-blooded, and has corresponding feebleness of respiration, finding a difficulty of air for these organs, in the water. Those creatures that are both aerial and aqueous, increase in the warmth of their arterial fluids, and have correspondingly increased powers of respiration. Ascend we higher in the creative scale in the aerial world, and we find with warmth of blood, an increase of strength in the respiral phenomena, with capacity to inhale the life-supplying, heat-generating oxygen. This development increases as we rise from fish to bird, from bird to beast. It has also its analogue in the vegetable as compared with the animal. All nature breathes by inspiration from God, according to forms of life. Plants and trees have their respiratory functions in their leaves. This is respiration in its rudimental state, but full of suggestion and ground for analogy; proceed on, and upwards, in organization, and we will find respiral organs and offices, in keeping with degrees of organic life. A corresponding growth and development mark man's progress, from naturalistic states of thought and feeling, to completeness in the regenerate life, for there is a respiration of spirit as well as of body. Swedenborg says, "Man

has a two-fold respiration, one of body and another of spirit. These two respirations can be either separated or conjoined.”—*A. W.*, 417. On the lowest plane of scientific life, man, in his spirit-respirations, is the fish. In spiritual thought and affection, he is the bird and the animal, but when he rises to the celestial he becomes ethereal, and electric, in the respirations of his spirit, and it is in this state, in which the two respirations find their conjunction. The spirit then breathes with and into the body. In the first state man is both the fish and the fisherman, diving with inhaled respiration in the ocean of naturalistic speculation. In the last, natural respiration often relapses into quiescence—the spirit has returned to God who gave it—tranced away in supernal breathings above the air, among the substantial varieties of God’s ethereal universe,—like the eagle, which cleaves the aerial regions in his flight, and looks into the very eye of day. He has completed the circle of his breathing powers, and finds them expended and sublimated as he reaches the life sources of his spirit. The vital heat of the regenerated heart enables him to breathe from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth again. Man has become an image of the Lord—God’s breath fills all things.

The angel feels the inbreathing of his life-giving spirit, and the tiny leaf of the plant, inhales and exhales, in the order of its life, in the breath of God. So the regenerating man rises from one degree of spiritual respiration to another, until having reached the climax of ethereal, or eternal respiration, he breathes from the highest to the lowest degree of his spirit—yea, to the ultimates of his body, and the body itself, like the bursting buds of Spring, begins to feel the expansion and development of a redeemed existence from all its centres, even to its extremities. The quality and degree of respiration is determined by the renewed will. Its vital motion expands the spiritual lungs, and inflates them with the breath of heaven, and the whole man, even to externals, responds to the resurrection-call of the new spring, and heart epoch of the new church, in change and development.

There is an inseparable relation between the action of the heart and the action of the lungs, as anatomists tell us. There is a similar relation between the play of the lungs and the intellectual faculties in man. We are absolutely dependant for natural thinking, on the kind and degree of natural breathing.

Swedenborg had his attention called at an early period to this fact. He says: “If we carefully attend to profound thoughts, we shall find that *when we draw* a long breath, a host of ideas rush from beneath as through an open door into a sphere of thought; whereas, when we *hold our breath*, and slowly let it out, we deeply keep the while in the tenor of our thought, and communicate with the higher faculty of the soul, as I have observed in my own

person times out of number. Retaining, or holding the breath, is equivalent to holding intercourse with the soul; attracting, or drawing it, amounts to intercourse with the body."—*Spiritual Diary*, 3-464.

Any one may obtain proof of this from experience or observation. He will find himself taking a long breath after a time of suspended thought or attention. We observe the same thing in public assemblies. During an oration, the thought of the entire audience is entranced, and the breath suspended, or rendered still and tranquil; so that, in common *parlance*, you might hear a pin fall; but at the close of the peroration, they take a long deep inspiration in concert, as if the spirit of the congregation, after holding intercourse with the intellectual heaven of the speaker's mind, had fallen back to find relief in having communion with the earth again. Or observe, when any storm of passion rushes across the strings of the heart, how quick, short, and full of gusts is the breathing, tearing the thoughts to pieces in the utterance. This is the reason why the language of the passions is so ejaculatory and sententious—full of exclamation and interjection. Not only is the breathing affected by the condition of the feelings, but the whole body also, from head to foot. Dr. Wilkinson, in his admirable work on *The Human Body*, where this whole subject of the natural breathing, is physiologically, and psychologically discussed, says: "His whole frame heaves and subsides at the time, face, chest, stomach, and limbs are all actuated by the respiration. His sense is that, not only his lungs, but his entire body breathes." As the bodies of men become sensitive, and more highly nervously organized, they will respire from centre to extremities.

Such being the intimate relation between the feeling, thought, and *natural* respiration, need we wonder, that the higher degrees of thought and affection, should have correspondingly their own peculiar respirations. It must be so—peculiar respirations are incidental to every kind and degree of thought and affection. The experience of seership is prolific with proof on this point. Swedenborg says: "My respiration was so formed by the Lord, as to enable me to breathe inwardly, for a long period of time without the aid of the external air, my respiration being directed within, and my outward senses as well as my actions continuing in their vigour." Furthermore, he says: "My breathing was so directed, without my being aware of it, in order to enable me to be with spirits, and to speak with them." This took place, he affirms, "not in any state of mind asleep, but in a state of full wakefulness."

We could adduce many other instances, some of them very wonderful, of peculiarities in the mode of breathing, induced by

interior loves: but those already cited in the *Spiritual Magazine* may suffice.*

We are in possession of knowledge, which utterly prevents us calling in question, the physical developments in these cases. There is experience of this nature occurring in others which cannot, at the present time, be told. It is thus that regeneration, from descending influx, vitalizes the heart, and reconstructs the organs of the understanding, blending the respiration of body and spirit in one, thereby to effect the regeneration of the external man, literally healing our diseases, and cleansing the physical from the plague-spot of evil, so that to the very *heel* of humanity, the effect of the Divine breath is to be felt in health and life-importing inspirations. The new church descends to reconstitute the entire man, in spirit, in will, in intellect, and *in body*. The life-giving current will flow, from centres to the uttermost extremity, of organic existence. Man is the microcosm, in whom is to be developed the grand possibilities of the original conception of his Divine Creator, when God's tabernacle shall be with man, for man himself will be that tabernacle. His inner eye, and ear, and tongue, and speech, blending in harmony with these natural functions, will bring him into proper relations with nature and with nature's God, *a full-grown man*. But such developments are, in appearance, sudden and instantaneous. Only in *appearance* are they so. They are, in fact, the result of growth in the cause world of the spirit. All unobserved, the change has been going steadily onward to a climax, like the Spring with its foliage and flowers, encased in buds in the lingering grip of winter, waiting for the call of the south wind and the ascending sun. So they come. The warm breath wanders over field and forest, sounding the Spring angel's resurrection-trumpet, and, as if by magic, the buds, wrested from the reluctant grasp of Winter, give forth their leafy treasures, and like a dissolving view, the landscape merges at once from gloom, and shade, and sterility, into gladness, verdure and far-spreading life. Spring, hindered so long in her issue, springs at a bound from the womb of nature, adorned with a mantle of leaves, all jubilant with the cry of an existence, unduly staid in its manifestations.

Continuing our figure, those cases of respiration opening which we have mentioned may be regarded as early Spring birds, on the wing as it were prematurely, but sure harbingers of approaching Summer, when the balmy air will be full of wing, and vocal with solar joy.

RESPIRO.

* Vol. II, Nos. 5 and 6.

TESTIMONY OF MR. HUTCHINSON.

WE extract the following important letter from the recent work of the Rev. Granville Forbes, reviewed in our last number. Mr. Forbes, having seen a former letter of Mr. Hutchinson, (who was for many years the chairman of the London Stock Exchange, and who is as extensively respected as known through the City of London) in the last volume of the Magazine, wrote to Mr. Hutchinson to have his personal testimony of its truth. The following is his answer:—

“ Dear Sir,—The statement which you have seen in the *Spiritual Magazine* relates *some* only of the wondrous things I witnessed with Mr. Home on that occasion, but the others were of so private (and to me) sacred a character, that I cannot publish them. In your printed letter you seem to suppose that what is called Spiritualism, like mesmerism, is produced by an effort of the will.

“ This is not the case, as the medium is perfectly passive and quite ignorant as to what phenomena may occur, and it sometimes happens that all power seems taken from the medium, and that no, or very weak, manifestations take place. This sometimes, though I believe rarely, happens to Mr. Home, by far the most powerful medium that I have seen.

“ You are quite at liberty to mention my name as one who has witnessed what are termed spiritual manifestations; the facts of their occurrence are now beyond dispute.

“ I have no doubt that they are caused by the spirits of the departed; on this point, I am aware there is great difference of opinion, but the communications which have been made to me do not permit me to question it.

“ I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,
“ JAS. HUTCHINSON.”

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

A DISTINGUISHING feature in the mediumship of Mr. Foster is the remarkable readiness with which he gets the relationship and names of persons present. Dr. Ashburner communicates the following incident:—

A gentleman called on him, and, apologizing for the intrusion on his time, begged to have from the Doctor's own lips a corroboration of some of the marvellous phenomena in Spiritualism said to have been witnessed by him. The Doctor satisfied the stranger, who then requested to know where he could obtain a proof of this

extraordinary power. Dr. Ashburner gave him Mr. Foster's address. At that moment a friend of Dr. Ashburner (Mr. M——) entered the room and joined in the conversation, and said he was on his way to pay a second visit to the American medium. The stranger begged permission to accompany Mr. M——, which being agreed to, they at once proceeded to Mr. Foster's residence, but before leaving, Dr. Ashburner told his friend that this gentleman was a stranger to him, that he had asked him many questions, but had not given him the satisfaction of knowing his name. "I hope," said the stranger, "you will excuse me; I have a special reason for withholding my name." "I have no objection," said the Doctor, with characteristic candour; "I care nothing about your name, but I wish my friend to understand that you are a stranger to me." On arriving at Mr. Foster's rooms, Mr. M—— said, "My friend and I desire to have a sitting with you." "Your friend!" exclaimed Mr. Foster, "there is nothing, I think, in common between you; why, you don't even know his name. But," continued he, "I can introduce him to you; his father's spirit stands beside him, whose name was William, and this gentleman's name is R. Ward Jackson." The gentleman took up his hat, expressed himself satisfied, and without asking for further evidence, hastily departed. Some of our sceptical friends will exclaim, "Good guessing!" We respond, "Very!"

SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.

CONTINUATION OF MR. L.'S NARRATIVE.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Since my last communication to your journal I have received the following accounts from my friend, Mr. L., of New York, of further manifestations witnessed by him. It will be seen that the promises made to him by the spirits are being gradually fulfilled. Hitherto he and the medium were the only two witnesses; there is now a third, and, doubtless, we shall have, in a little time others, whose united testimony, *with their names*, will remove all suspicion of these marvellous statements being the result merely of over-wrought imagination. Upon this point, however, for the reasons I have already given, I require no additional testimony. I have in my possession some of the identical cards which were seen to be written by spirit-hands, and they at least are not illusions.

My friend still desires to preserve his *incognito*, until the facts of which he speaks can be supported by a number of witnesses.

This reserve has its advantage. Mr. L. is at the present time engaged as an agent of the Government in conducting large financial operations. Whenever he shall proclaim himself as the individual who has witnessed these extraordinary manifestations, it will be too late for those with whom he has been in constant commercial intercourse to say, as they would now no doubt do, that he is the victim of a disordered brain, and fitted only for a lunatic asylum.

I am, &c.,

BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

"*Friday Evening, November 29th, 1861.*—My brother and I and the medium present,—conditions unfavourable,—heavy rain storm. Darkened the room, and immediately afterwards a spirit light rose from the floor. I put on my glove, and my brother did the same. The light soon came in my hand, when I felt that it contained a female hand. It was frequently placed in mine and by me grasped tightly, so that I felt every part of it, both the medium's hands being at the time held by me. The spirit of my brother's deceased child also placed his hand in mine, and a large man's hand, purporting to be that of Dr. Franklin, was placed in mine, seizing and shaking it so violently, that it shook my whole frame, and also the table. My brother also had each of these hands placed in his. Thus three distinct and different sized hands were within a few minutes placed in each of ours, and recognized unmistakeably as, first, a female hand; second, a child's; third, that of a full-sized man; each with its characteristic weakness or strength. At my request, the folding doors of the room were opened and shut with great force repeatedly.

"*Saturday Evening, November 30th, 1861.*—At home in my own house—carefully locked the door—conditions favourable—weather clear and cold. Soon after darkening the room, heavy knocks came upon the table with the electric rattle, but without any light. By raps, the encouraging 'No failure to-night' was communicated. My cane and hat and a glass of water were called for. A vacant chair by the table moved and got into position without being touched by us. A request was made 'to close eyes,' when a sound like drawing a match was heard several times repeated upon the table, with no result. Matches were then asked for; I procured a number of wax vestas, and holding one over the table, it was instantly taken by a spirit-hand, drawn across the table, and ignited at the third attempt. We opened our eyes—the room was illuminated by the burning match, and Dr. Franklin was before us, kneeling, the top of his head about a foot above the table. We looked at him as long as the match burned, and he became invisible as it expired. He was then as perfect, to all appearance, as in life, but *emphatically* spiritual,

though divested of the actual spiritual splendour visible with the spirit or electric lights. He was dressed precisely as before, but the colours in this instance were perfectly brought out—the brown coat in particular, with the white cravat and grey hair. He thus appeared ten or twelve times, the third time wearing my hat, which had been lying upon the table. The hat was afterwards by him placed upon my head. Considerable delay was experienced with the matches, which ignited with difficulty, and frequently failed to burn. The last time he appeared, the spirit of a female stood leaning upon his shoulder, but the medium made an exclamation of surprise, which disturbed them; the match was dropped, and thus we saw no more.” Soon after the male figure first appeared, the following was communicated by raps:—‘ Now, dear son, can the world ever doubt. This is what we have so long laboured to accomplish.—B. F.’ Also, ‘ My dear, now I am satisfied.—ESTELLE.’ Upon cards there was subsequently written by the spirit, as follows:—‘ This meeting is the most important we have ever had. Long have we tried to accomplish this manifestation, and success has crowned our efforts. You saw that I had only to light the match to shew you that I was as naturally in form as you are. I have long tried to come in an earthly light, and have at last succeeded. The light of your earth diminishes our beauty greatly, and prevents you from seeing the holiness which surrounds us when enveloped in our own spiritual halo. The light of the match, together with the odour, forbade our coming in the sanctity which we wear in our immortal spheres. Still we will come so once more, that you may have another great proof. You can say now that you have seen me with your naked eye, and with the light of earth. When you meet again, have all prepared; your delay takes away our power; your exclamations disturb our coming, and we are obliged to leave before completing all we desire.—B. F.’

“ *Thursday Evening, December 12th, 1861.*—In my own house. I had, by direction of the spirits, procured a dark lantern, and covered it with a cloth to prevent the too free escape of light, and placed the same upon the table lighted. After a time the lantern was taken by a spirit, and the cloth partially displaced, so that scattering rays of light escaped, and we were requested to follow, which we did, across the room, preceded by a spirit carrying the lantern, the outlines of the spirit-form being visible, with the white-robe falling to the floor. After having traversed the room for about 12 feet, the lantern was placed upon one end of a marble-topped bureau, and we seated ourselves before a window between the bureau and a wardrobe faced with a mirror. We were requested to stand still, upon which the lantern was taken from

its position, and being held by the spirit midway between the wardrobe and bureau, about five feet from the floor, its light was thrown upon the figure of Dr. Franklin, who was now discovered sitting in a chair in the window, directly in front of and against the dark curtain, *the light being reflected in the mirror*. His face was fleshly, his hair white and real, and the light striking full in his eyes gave them a life-like reality, even the whites being visible; but I noticed that his whole appearance, was deadened by the natural light, and lacked the life which is so replete under the illumination of the spirit-light. By raps we were informed—‘Dear Estelle holds the light.’ I was surprised at the length of time during which the lantern was held suspended. It was fully ten minutes before it was replaced upon the bureau, and during this time we were carefully examining the face and figure of Dr. Franklin, who sat in full view before us. Much difficulty was experienced with the lantern, which being so closely enveloped was frequently suffocated for want of air, and had to be relighted some eight or ten times. Occasionally, while being taken up, too much light would escape, when it was immediately placed again upon the bureau, as the light apparently neutralized the force by which the lantern was held. While it remained suspended I adjusted the cloth several times, so as to allow a small quantity of light to escape. The following was written upon cards—‘My son, this is for the benefit of the world. You can now say that you have seen me in an earthly light, and in your own room.—B. F.’ ‘I cannot come so, I can only come in my spiritual light.—ESTELLE.’

MR. RUSSELL, “THE TIMES” CORRESPONDENT.

It is now generally known that the modern Xenophon, unlike the first of the name, is not to be entirely depended upon for his facts—in fact that his powers for writing history, are not so great as for his imaginative descriptions. He appears to have been designed by nature, rather for a novelist than an historian. We hear that amongst his more intimate friends certain poetical departures from fact, are called “Russells,” rather than by the shorter, and more common name. Not knowing so much of this peculiarity, when we met with his description of “healing mediums” and of Spiritualism, in one of his letters to the *Times*, we entered into a somewhat serious discussion with him on those subjects, hoping that his opinions, which it was not likely were taken up at random, might thereby be reformed, by a more careful study of the authorities to whom we referred him. Judge of our surprise, when a few days afterwards, we met in a mixed company, the very gentleman

with whom Mr. Russell was residing when he penned his solemn judgment on Spiritualism, which enlightened the world in the *Times* newspaper. We found that this gentleman had invited Mr. Russell to stay with him on a visit at Racine, and that after exhausting the shooting and other out-door amusements of the neighbourhood, there was an unfortunate rainy day, on which his friend, who is a firm believer, threw down a copy of the *Banner of Light* for the amusement of his guest. From this solitary incident, having previously pronounced Spiritualism to be "a confounded humbug," and upon this trifling stock of information, Mr. Russell allowed himself to mislead the readers of the *Times* into the belief that he was capable of giving them decided results of his careful inquiry into Spiritualism. We have a small opinion of the honesty and thoroughness of the general press in dealing with any unfashionable subject, and we look upon it as a piece of rare good fortune, to have met with Mr. Russell's friend in England, and to have been able to show by his testimony the slender information on which Mr. Russell is content to rely for his opinions.

SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION.

By A. E. NEWTON.

[*From an Address delivered in Lamartine Hall, New York, on Sunday Evening, December 15th, 1861.*]

ONE great need of humanity is deliverance from theological error and from external authority in religious belief; with the establishment of true religion, and a true church as its embodiment. A vast work has been accomplished in this direction since the advent of modern Spiritualism, but a greater still remains to be done. No more unyielding obstacle does the progress of humanity encounter than is to be found in the tenacity with which mankind cling to religious errors. Nor is this trait to be altogether deplored. It grows out of the innate love of truth and right in the heart of humanity. What men have learned as religious truth, however erroneous, becomes so associated and interwoven with the sense of right and duty, that most minds are slow to distinguish between them. Hence bigotry is often but an intense love of truth, with a narrow intellectual perception of it, coupled with a fear lest the introduction of a new idea may lead to the rejection of some cherished truth.

This tenacity, therefore, should be dealt with tenderly, though firmly. It is the great conservative element of our mental constitutions, as useful on the side of truth as it is harmful on the side

of error. Let us not, then, deal too harshly with the earnest religious convictions of any class of men. Let us not be mere iconoclasts—destroyers of sacred things. Let us not rush to the extreme folly of some new-fledged “progressives,” who can see no truth in the theologies, and no use in the religious institutions of the Past. As if the sun of truth never began to shine until *we* awoke to see it ! As if cradles, and small-clothes, and primary schools are and have been of no use to anybody, because *we* may have outgrown them !

Nay, rather let us learn to discriminate, with loyal and reverent minds, between what is eternally true and what is incidentally false. Let us acknowledge the religious nature and needs, aspirations and inspirations, of humanity, to be just as legitimate and imperative as anything else that pertains to the race. And let us seek, through the deepening, broadening, and heightening of our own spiritual experience, to set forth Truth in her wholeness—in the full-orbed splendour of completeness—confident that men will prefer sunlight to flickering tapers, when once it dawns upon them.

But each person must be taught to use his own powers of discernment. The assumption of external authority in religious belief is a mill-stone around the neck of humanity. So long as it prevails, the masses of mankind lie manacled and helpless at the mercy of the priesthood, or the “authorized” interpreters of “the Book.” Nor will their condition be much improved by merely transferring authority in these matters from priest, or book, to some favourite “medium,” seer, spirit, or to the “spirit-world” in general, as many Spiritualists incline to do. The harm that is done by authoritarian teaching results not alone from the positive error that may be taught. It would be scarcely less were nothing but absolute truth inculcated. The harm consists in *the suspension or non-exercise of the learner’s own truth-determining powers*. The consequence is, he becomes dwarfed ; his powers of discrimination are left weak, because unused ; he becomes destitute of individual inspiration, of self-reliance, and of true manhood—an imbecile and a slave. Men and women must be taught to exercise *their own* God-given powers of ascertaining truth, even at the peril of making some, or even many mistakes—as the child is taught to walk on its own feet, though it catches many a fall. Only as people turn from reliance on external authorities, will they seek inward and upwards to the INFINITE SOURCE of Truth, whose fountains are ready to be unsealed in the inmost of all souls. Thus only can they know what it is to have within themselves “a well of water springing up unto everlasting life.”

And here let it be noted that freedom *in* religion is a very different thing from freedom *from* religion. The rejection of

unreasoning authority by no means requires the rejection of any *truth* which may have been taught by such authority. Religious intuition is a faculty in the human constitution co-ordinate with intellectual perception, and worthy of, at least, equal respect. Both should go hand-in-hand in the search for, and scrutiny of truth. It is a great mistake to suppose that the mental freedom which Spiritualism tends to promote leads necessarily to irreligion, or to a rejection even of the leading doctrines of Christianity. True, the examples and teachings of many prominent Spiritualists, so called, have done much to give currency to such a mistake. Many have imagined that the revelations of spirits in our day have wholly superseded and set aside, as worn-out superstitions, the leading ideas of the Christian teachings. I am obliged to dissent from this view. I deem it a hasty and superficial conclusion, indicating a lack of any deep experience of the spiritual needs of the soul, or perception of the profound significance of those teachings. The religious element of man's nature is as inexpugnable as any other, and the Christian writings contain some of the profoundest expressions of that element, from the intuitive side, which the world has yet received.

So far, then, from setting aside the essential ideas of Christianity, I affirm that modern Spiritualism has furnished illustration and rational proof of them—*such as can be had from no other source*, and such as should elicit the interest and joy of every professed believer in Christianity. Not only do the facts of Spiritualism demonstrate the reality of a future life, of inspiration and spiritual interpositions (miracles, so-called), which are basic facts of Christianity,—but it also gives us the *philosophy* and *uses* of many of the peculiar rites and practices of the Church—such, for example, as baptism, the laying on of hands, the Eucharistic supper, the customs of singing and prayer in public assemblies, of fastings, of invocations of saints and angels, and many others, which have been observed for the most part traditionally and blindly.

More: the facts of Spiritualism and the laws of our spiritual constitutions, which it has brought to light, illustrate and rationally confirm many of the more abstruse doctrines of the Christian system, which have been stumbling-blocks to many minds, both in and out of the Church;—such as mediation, atonement, vicarious sufferings, sacrifices, salvation and justification by faith in Christ, regeneration or spiritual birth, self-renunciation or dying to live, the doctrine of the Cross, the resurrection, the judgment, the divine incarnation, the divine humanity, and hence the divinity of the Christ, the divine trinity, and the existence and agency of the Holy Spirit.

I cannot now undertake to explain these things, but I affirm

that these rites and truths of the Christian religion, and the truths and ceremonials of all other religions, so far as adapted to the needs of the present age, must be conserved, rationally explained, and intelligently applied to uses. In short, a NEW CATHOLIC or UNIVERSAL CHURCH must be instituted, embracing ALL TRUTH, tolerating all honest differences, and wisely fostering all the interests, temporal as well as spiritual, of humanity.

This universal church already exists, invisible, in the hearts of all truly spiritual men and women. *It consists of those, in every sect and persuasion, throughout the world, in whom the love of goodness and truth predominates over selfishness and evil.* It must become visible, by the voluntary coalescing of purified and consecrated men and women into a nucleus or centre of power, for the practical redemption of the earth from its many miseries. This work the churches of the past have failed to accomplish. It is, therefore, a part—in fact, the first and most indispensable part—of the work before us as Spiritual Reformers. * * * *

The religious or spiritual element in man is that from which outflow all true beneficence, all love of right and justice, all pure devotion to use and good. It is, moreover, the only element in which *oneness* or *unity* is possible. The selfish instincts necessarily sever individuals, making each antagonistic to all others. The intellectual activities tend equally to division and disputation. Where either of these predominate, conflict must exist; but where the spiritual are in the ascendant, peace and goodwill must prevail.

Within the limits of this brief essay, I cannot set forth the details of such an improved social state as must grow out of a truly catholic and vital church. I can only indicate the essential dispositions of mind and spirit necessary in those who would participate in the work of re-construction.

No one can be expected to enter upon this work, except such as are ready to resign all plans and hopes of self-aggrandizement, selfish ease, or enjoyment, and all possession held for merely personal ends. They must literally die to self, and live to universal ends, or “live unto God,” as the old formula has it. They must become possessed and moved by a divine enthusiasm, which shall prompt to the employment of every power, faculty, and possession, for ends of the highest use and good—must be ready and forward to perform any kind of service that may be required—to sacrifice reputation, friends, the dearest relations, if need be, and to submit to any privations that may be required at the outset, for the sake of the good that may be achieved for humanity in the end.

This life of unselfish devotion to use and good, I need not say, is the angelic life—*angelic*, as distinguished from mere *spirit*

life, which may be as base as any grade of life on earth. As the angelic life is introduced into human society, so will the "kingdom of heaven come on earth,"—and only so. In such a society, each caring for others instead of self, all are cared for; and society thus becomes a providence over all its members. In this way is justified the superior practical wisdom of the Christian precept, "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's welfare," over the selfish maxim of the world, "Look out for number one!" The latter always and necessarily defeats its own end, as in our present society. The former must secure universal plenty and blessedness—for all know that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Under its reign the whole atmosphere in a community becomes one of love and of life—an atmosphere in which angels can walk with man, and all things lovely can flourish and bloom for ever.

A HINT ON THE LAW OF SPHERES.

THE more important practical results of Spiritualism have been gained, not through the verbal announcements of spirits (which I consider of less consequence *per se*, than those of mortals, because, in the former case, we do not know precisely *who* is working at the other end of the telegraphic wires), but by regarding the manifestations from the same simply *scientific* point of view with any ordinary physical phenomena, and judging, just as the natural philosopher judges concerning the latter, of the nature of the forces involved, their relations and bearings on life. If I have learned anything from Spiritualism, it has been by considering it solely in this light. Let us now, for example, consider one of its phenomena. You have all noticed how particular the spirits are in arranging individuals around a table. It may not be till after many changes of position among them that the circle is pronounced so far harmonized. Then its members are directed to recal wandering thoughts, and, perhaps, to join in singing a hymn—and, when all the poles of mind become, so to speak, fused into one, manifestations take place, with, probably, very curious results. But if anything occurs to disturb this harmony, as, for instance, the intrusion of an unauthorized person into the circle, they will cease, and perhaps no others will take place at that sitting.

This is because the spheres of the individual members must harmonize, coalesce and combine, to form a unit, or else the action and reaction between opposing forces will prevent any manifesta-

tion. If this be so in reference to spiritual circles, do you not see it must necessarily obtain, to some extent, in *every* social gathering? It is not, for instance, a matter of indifference where each of you takes his seat in this congregation, for I take for granted that it has a oneness, by virtue of its sphere; and it follows, that each gathering of people, each circumscribed locality, whether in city or country, has its specific polarity. This general proposition may be illustrated by the familiar fact that at a Methodist camp-meeting there is what may be called a charmed circle of praying devotees, from which emanates a mysterious influence, that changes a person brought up to the "altar" in a moment, and seems to transform his whole moral being. One practical deduction from this psychological fact is, that each individual who is in the habit of attending stated public meetings, should be particular to observe the influence he experiences in different portions of the room, and to select and retain that position which is most in harmony with the general sphere of the assembly. The same rule may be extended to the fixing of our places of abode, whether in city or country; and its importance is shown in the phenomena of the disease known in medicine as nostalgia, or home-sickness, which has proved absolutely fatal in not a few instances. The hint of this law of spheres was taken from the mere organization of the spiritual circle; and it is a subject which every Spiritualist should have begun to study, long ago.—REV. WM. FISHBOUGH.

MR. ROBERT DALE OWEN.

WE extract the following paragraph from the *Herald of Progress*:

"The Honorable Robert Dale Owen has written to the *Philadelphia Inquirer* denying a story that a medium had deceived him through the agency of phosphorus. He is not busying himself with spiritual researches at present, as his time is entirely occupied in making large purchases of arms and warlike munitions for Indiana, but he intimates that when the war is closed the public may look for a sequel to his *Footfalls on the Boundary of another World*."

Our readers will regret that he too is so taken up with the deplorable war fever, that he cannot find time for an occasional promised article on what is surely a more congenial and Christian subject for his thoughts.

MANIFESTATIONS ON THE CONTINENT.

FROM the *Revue Spiritualiste* we learn that Mr. Squire continues the exercise of his mediumship in Paris. His *séances* are attended by many of the scientific and literary there.

M. Debray writes from Nocé (Orne) that he has witnessed, with a circle of five, together with some striking physical manifestations, some direct spirit-writing. "Three sheets of paper," writes M. Debray, "were placed under the table, after being examined and marked by all of the circle, the room being well lighted. In two minutes the papers were taken up; upon one of the sheets, a communication of a dozen words, addressed to one of the company, was found written, as if in ink. On another occasion a communication was written as if by a pencil. Both these writings are almost inimitable from the singular form of the letters.

A M. Spedalieri has made a tour in Calabria (South Italy). He was there invited to attend a *séance* at the house of some relatives of his. A paper and pencil were laid on the table. The medium touched the table's margin with his fingers, and in a few minutes the table began to balance and turn. By this means a prediction was alphabetically made, with respect to an event about coming off in a local court of justice, and which prediction was verified two months after.

Our old friend, M. Jobard of Brussels, writes from Metz—"I cautiously sounded my host as to whether there were any in Metz who gave themselves to table-talking? 'Certainly,' was the answer, 'Metz is a second Paris for novelties. We have here le Comte —, a fine fellow nevertheless, le Vicomte —, le Colonel —, le Professeur de —, le Capitaine de —, and several other honourable and well-informed people, who are so unfortunate as to be believers in such follies; even old pupils of the Ecole Polytechnique, finished mathematicians, married persons even, who had never before shown any signs of mental derangement, who have turned religious, and think they have souls which will be punished or rewarded in another life. It is hardly to be believed what is said about their meetings, where they pray God, like imbeciles, to send them good spirits. What are we coming to? What are we coming to?'"

"As soon as I found out one of these," says M. Jobard, "he told others, and presently measures were taken to get up a banquet in honour of the new visitor. I had already been at two *séances*, held at the very functionary's who is charged with looking after secret societies, guarding morals, and locking up the mad.

"The spirit of Lamennais came, and gave them a rap of the knuckles with respect to this banquet—'Is it thus that the early Christians celebrated their first gatherings? Leave to modern

Pagans these absurd feasts, where in one day is devoured subsistence enough for a hundred families. Fie! You ought to be ashamed of imitating such!

"A collection of communications received by these Metz Spiritualists is just published. Spirits, it seems, adapt their teachings to the intelligence of their questioners; no matter what great or fine questions are put to spirits, if they perceive that the medium is incapable of comprehending the answer, they limit themselves to Scripture exhortation—'*Follow the path of virtue; do good; flee from evil,*' &c. The tract I speak of will give you an elevated idea of the mediums here.

"I have just passed an evening with a noble and, at the same time, religious family, who for a long time have had communications with spirits. The conversation was entirely on this subject. Among us was the tutor of the family, an abbé. From information received there, I should say that Spiritualism has made great progress in this corner of France. Two communications upon prayer by the spirit of Lamennais having been sent to a curé of the town, who thought them so good and orthodox that he read them from the desk, saying that they could not be the work of a man. You will judge of them in the tract already mentioned, entitled *Spiritualisme à Metz*.

"Spiritualism has made an opening at Havre, the medium being a young American lady. In Belgium we have two excellent mediums now—one French, the other English."

Among other interesting particulars in the correspondence of the *Revue* is the following:—

"Phenomena of an eminently spiritual order have been long observed in the religious community of La Souterraine (Creuse). Madame Dubourg, the venerable superior, while at prayer, is often raised above a foot from her *Prie Dieu*, remaining suspended in an ecstatic state and unconscious for several minutes. She was raised in this way one day while receiving the communion, to the dismay of the priest, who could not, for his agitation, finish the celebration of the office. Other facts of a similar character take place in this establishment, but they are kept concealed as much as possible, so as not to attract a crowd of curious to the place.

"At la Châtre (Indre), in the Ursuline community, one of the sisters was disabled with hip disease, in which there was dislocation from disorganization of the joint. She has long been laid up, under the care of Dr. Vergne and others. Given up by them, the lady superior had recourse to prayer. A *neuvaine* was commenced; on the last of the nine days, the patient, worn out with her long suffering and prolonged recumbent position, was carried on her couch into the chapel. There, in the presence of

the statue of St. Joseph, and after prayer, the superior cried out in an inspired tone—"In the name of St. Joseph, arise and walk!" The sister arose and walked perfectly healed.

"Dr. Vergne first denied the possibility; but upon seeing that the girl *is* well, he attributes the necessary healing and reduction to—*emotion!*"

THE CHILD'S WARNING.

THE stars are out, the city sleeps, the houses each a grave—
 May saints and angels watch above!—may Christ the sleepers save!
 The mother dreams a dream of peace, her children two between—
 The boy in crib, the girl by her—sweet slumber hers I ween.
 Till Lina starts, with shrill, wild cry—"Wake, mother! bid them go,
 The lord that holds my brother's hand—the lady white as snow.
 Quick, mother, save! Ah! now they're gone, those two grand strangers there;
 I know not how they came—I heard no footstep on the stair.
 The latch was turned without a sound—I'm sure I was awake;
 I saw the lamp just as it is—the flame I noticed shake
 As with a gust, when they went by toward the crib, and drew
 The covering from my brother's head—it seemed he something knew;
 For in his sleep he stirred and smiled, and smiling too she swept
 Past us to him, that lady bright, and kissed him as he slept.
 I was not all afraid, and yet to speak I did not dare;
 And would I speak I somehow felt it ought to be a prayer.
 I did not cry at first, mother, till in my heart I knew—
 I can't tell how—they came for him; and, oh! what should I do?
 What should we do without him, though he's too young to play?—
 What should I do without him if he were ta'en away?"
 "Nay, nay, my child, it was a dream, be hushed upon my breast!"—
 The mother cries, but her dim eyes will close no more in rest.
 She lulls her Lina off, and then slides down and trembling creeps,
 With heaving breast and moan suppress, to where her infant sleeps;
 She marks his holy slumbering face, heaven's impress lingering still:
 To paint the living death of sleep what painter hath the skill?
 His soft round arms above his head are crossed in holy sign,
 One waxen finger points above as though in trance divine.
 He saw the land we cannot see—dreamed dreams we may not dream;
 Had caught of Jesus' voice a tone, of Mary's smile a gleam.
 A year has past; the stream rolls fast below the churchyard green;
 Where lilies bloom round many a tomb a new-dug grave is seen—
 A little grave, and all so fresh, its flowers scarce rooted lie,
 And droop as though to mourn for one, one thought too young to die.
 Gleam sharp and high against the bright noon-sky the snowy hills;
 High in the blue, far out of view, the lark her heaven-song trills;
 With lusty throat his double note the cuckoo peaeth clear;
 Through rank grass deep cicalas leap—the month of June is near.
 The mother stands with clasped hands beneath the happy sky,
 The mother weeps when all doth smile, and bitter is her cry—
 "My babe, why sent, one summer lent to us, the next to die?
 Cold earth give back to me, and light, and summer's golden prime,
 The life within that grave, for sin the doom—what was his crime?"
 Hush, sinful fear! he is not here; I know now why they came;
 With them above he dwells in love, spared trial, loss, and blame.
 It was no dream what Lina saw—it was no dream I felt,
 When in vain prayer beside him there, to Christ all night I knelt.
 We must not pray with us to stay, exiled from holier bliss,
 Whom angels, or it may be more than angels, stoop to kiss."

PRESENTIMENT.

A GOOD many sensible people (among whom I take the liberty to rank myself) profess a thorough belief in this somewhat mysterious doctrine, and were I ambitious of such distinction, many respectable names might here be quoted in proof of my claims to general credence and respectful consideration; but I seek not popularity, and neither ask nor expect any one to adopt my opinions, but on the most unquestionable evidence of his own senses. As for those who deprecate the doctrine altogether, as partaking too much of the mysterious and miraculous for serious belief, I would only remind them that we are surrounded with mysteries and miracles in this world, as hard to be accounted for by any reasoning faculties we possess, as those I now propound for their belief; and I would, moreover, recommend to them, before they attempt to limit the operations of Divine Providence, to mark more narrowly the voice that speaks from heaven to the soul of man in his common intercourse with the world, and particularly on occasions of extreme emergency. As for those more simple and unlearned objectors, who consider presentiment as some way or other connected with the wild and fabulous science of astrology, I have only to say, that they identify two principles as opposite in their nature and results as truth and error. The constellations have nothing to do with the matter. Neither is it on the tales of tradition, nor yet on the testimony of living witnesses, that I ground my belief, but solely on the conviction of my own individual experience of facts. None of us are without the most unequivocal proofs of these facts; and could I only get people to listen I could such wonderful instances of these facts record, as would extort belief even from the most sceptical. But such is the unaccountable prejudice against this beautiful and sublime doctrine, that whenever any lengthened detail on the subject is ventured on, I commonly observe the auditor beginning to compose himself in his chair as if prepared to fall asleep. This is provoking enough, and has sometimes led to disagreeable consequences.

Now, although I admit of no uncertainty respecting the actual existence of presentiment, yet, in accounting for it, I profess no infallibility of opinion. My theory is a very simple one, and, as I think, exceedingly rational, being borne out by Scripture in all its principal lineaments. I believe that this world is peopled by invisible agencies both good and bad—the first, angelic spirits, the ministers of grace, whose office it is to watch over the sons of men, suggest to them the will and purpose of the Great Author of their being, in all his various dealings with

them in this life, and often, in cases of extremity, to warn them of approaching danger, and not only to forewarn, but to restrain, overrule and withhold them, even against the bent of their own wills, from impending mischief. I believe that every individual is accompanied through life by one of these ministering angels; and that no evil whatever can possibly happen to any of the human race but through the malign agency of those satanic spirits who maintain a perpetual contest with the others for the soul thus subjected to their influences. I believe there is no moment in a man's life in which he is not acted upon by one or other of these opposing agencies, and often by both at the same time. But I assign to the guardian angel an overruling influence and right of ascendancy, particularly over man's spiritual nature, which often captivates the will, even when the grosser nature is held in subjection to the power of his common enemy. It is this good angel, I believe, who speaks to them in their nightly dreams, and in all their serious musings—it is he who suggests the good purpose and restrains the froward impulse—who points the way to heaven, and repels the downward tendency of their vitiated nature. I also believe that he is the minister of chastisement, and that it is his rebukes which some are wont to call the stings of conscience. And finally, that he is commissioned to abide with men to the last; forewarn them of their approaching dissolution, and animate their fainting spirits with the glorious anticipation of eternal felicity. Such is briefly my creed; but some go so far as to think that almost every important event of their lives is discernible to the attentive mind before it happens; and that it is only because they do not listen to the still small voice of their guardian angel that they are left unprepared to meet the various contingencies of life. This internal monitor speaks in a language which none are at a loss to understand when disposed to give it a hearing. All find themselves impelled or repelled by an invisible power, and that so strongly on some occasions, as to resist and effectually overcome their most determined purposes.

I shall content myself at present with specifying only two instances of the actual operation of this power, in my own experience—the first a complete triumph of this inward monitor over my will and inclination; the second an unhappy failure—with the consequences of both on my life and worldly circumstances.

While stopping on the banks of one of those smaller lakes in Upper Canada whose waters communicate with the Huron, I was invited by a small party to join them in a water excursion across a magnificent bay about six miles broad. It was lovely autumn weather—the lake was as still as a duck pond—the excursion promised much pleasure, and I was ready enough to partake in

it; indeed, I could then assign no reason for not doing so, although it was Sunday morning. But a sudden presentiment of evil at that moment flashed upon my mind, and, in spite of every objection I could oppose, arrested my purpose. In vain I was urged to go; the fine bark canoe lay at my landing-place, in the management of which I knew some of the company to be expert. I had no apology to offer, yet I was inflexible. I felt my inclination restrained by an internal influence for which I could not account. I saw the party leave the shore in high spirits; but none of that party, save one (a young Englishman, who swam three miles for his life), was ever destined to see that shore again. The story told by the survivor was especially interesting to me, whose life, I saw, had been thus miraculously preserved. They had been somewhat merry at the house of their entertainer, and on their return had contrived to upset the canoe. The able swimmers succeeded in righting the canoe, but in attempting to get into it, the less expert had capsized it a second time. The best swimmer was seized with cramp and went down; two others got on the top of the canoe, but how long they continued in that perilous situation was never known: only two bodies were found.

The other instance I alluded to, was attended with very disastrous consequences to me, from which I have not yet recovered. It is briefly as follows: I was still residing in the same premises I occupied when the former event took place. My house stood on an eminence overlooking the lake. I had been invited to dine at a friend's house in the vicinity, on the approaching Christmas-eve, and had promised to go. On the appointed day I happened to be at some distance in the woods, and, on my return, found I had left myself barely time to change my dress. Already my hand was on the apparel, when I found myself irresistibly withheld by a powerful impression on my mind that told me I should not go. I involuntarily drew back, quietly lighted my pipe, and sat down by the fire. I felt that I should not go. I had not sat long ere the blast of a distant trumpet told me the company had assembled at my friend's house. I started, buttoned my old frieze coat, and rushed out of the house; but I had not gone many paces when I was seized with an irrepressible desire to return. I obeyed this impulse, almost without knowing what I was about, and presently found myself standing once more on my hearth, and gazing with most unaccountable anxiety at my nearly exhausted fire. Again the trumpet, ringing through the woods, admonished me that the company were waiting for me, and again I started off, and soon lost sight of that pleasant home I was never to see again. It was a merry meeting; everyone seemed happy but myself; I

was sad, though I could not tell why. About seven o'clock a flickering light was observed playing on the outside of the windows. One of the party went out, and instantly returned, exclaiming, 'Oh, Mr. —, your house in flames!' I rushed out, and beheld a bright column of flame ascending high above the woods, through the dark wintry sky. A heap of smoking ashes was all that met my view on Christmas-morning. All I possessed was gone. The snow lay two feet thick on the ground, and I was in the midst of a wild and homeless wilderness.

Such are the two instances I have selected from the memory of my own experience, of the actual existence and astonishing power of this mysterious agency. Leaving the reader to form his own opinion of them, I shall probably follow them up in another paper, with some instances of the wonderful interposition of Divine Providence manifested in the preservation of life under circumstances of most critical emergency, and where no intimation of danger was apparent.—*Hogg's Instructor*.

[We shall give the other paper referred to, probably, in our next number.]

SPIRITUALISM IN THE PAST GENERATION.

[From the *Herald of Progress*.]

I WISH to give your readers a recital of some events in the life history of my revered grandmother. I can assure them that what I write is perfectly true, and there are many persons still living who can attest to the correctness of every statement.

My grandmother was married at eighteen years of age, and immediately after her marriage removed to Illinois, where my grandfather had purchased an immense tract of land. They inhabited a small log cabin, my grandfather having had no time to provide any better residence for his bride. Illinois was then almost a wilderness.

A few days after taking possession of their isolated home, my grandfather found it requisite to take a journey of fifty miles on horseback, to procure workmen to build him a suitable home. On leaving his bride, he said—"Now, Kate, do not get frightened while I am gone. I will return as soon as I can possibly do so; and although I know you will be lonely, you have enough to eat and drink, and plenty of housework to employ your mind." My grandmother bade him be under no uneasiness concerning her, and said she would get along well enough while he was absent; and so she bid him God speed and a safe return. She did not dare own, even to herself, what a coward she was when alone, and indeed did not realise how terrible it was to feel

herself utterly alone in the wilderness, fifty miles distant from a human being, until her husband had passed from her sight. When she had watched him as far as she could gaze upon his receding form, she turned into the lonely cabin with a sinking, trembling heart. Still she tried to encourage her fainting, sinking spirits, by saying to herself—"Why should I fear? God will protect me here as well as elsewhere."

So thinking, she employed the day attending to her household duties, and half forgot her fears; but when night came on, she again gave way to her feelings, and imagined every breath of wind that stirred the leaves of the trees some wild animal about to spring upon her. So, closing the doors and barring them tightly, she knelt down by her lonely bedside, and prayed God to protect her from all harm; then, stirring up the fire in the huge fireplace, she at once retired. She said she lay with her head covered up, trembling with terrible fear, for she heard wolves howling around the house, as if in search of human prey. Sleep was utterly impossible. Perspiration, cold as ice, rolled down her face in streams like water; but all at once *a voice spoke aloud* and said plainly—"Catherine, are you afraid when I am with you?"

She at once ceased trembling; her fears all fled, and she arose from her bed to replenish the fire, which was very nearly extinguished. Finding she had no wood, she fearlessly opened the door, and went out to procure some. As she reached the wood pile, a wolf fled around the corner of the house. She took as much as she could carry, returned to the house, replenished her fire, went to bed, and slept without the least fear until the next morning. When her husband returned, three days after, and she related these circumstances to him, he at once said—"My dear Kate, it was the voice of God himself, and we should both be thankful; we can feel ourselves safe under His kind and protecting care."

From that day my grandmother never feared *anything in her life*. Often, when I was a child, I have known her to get up in the middle of the night, call for the buggy, and start *alone* to go a distance sometimes of fifteen miles to visit the sick. She invariably on these occasions heard that same voice that spoke to her the first time, though no one else could hear it. The voice would say, "Get up and go to such a place; Mr. or Mrs. — is very ill, and will die if you do not assist her or him; give them such or such a medicine." The voice often named the disease of the sick person.

Many times she has been known to get up and start off alone on foot, if the distance was less than five miles, without arousing any one. Her fame became so great that she was often sent

for by strangers, but before they would go half way to her home, they met her invariably on her way to the house of sickness. By the same voice, she always knew if any friend or relative at a distance was dead. I remember distinctly when I was once visiting her—being myself but a child of ten years—she arose one morning weeping. I asked her what she was crying for. She answered me, “My dear sister, and the only living one I had, is dead.” I again asked, “How do you know, grandma?” “God told me,” she replied. I looked ever after on her with the greatest reverence, as one who could converse with God. But it was years before I knew all the circumstances of her benevolent life. The morning she was told of her sister’s death, she sent a servant to the village post-office for a letter which she said was there, giving all the particulars of her sister’s illness. She also told my uncle, with whom she then resided, the date of her decease, her disease, and some other minor particulars. On the return of the servant with the letter, every word was confirmed.

Thus it was all through her life, and she was nearly seventy years of age at the time of her decease. Still, till within two weeks of that time, she went as often as before to attend the sick or dying. No matter how poor and humble one might be, she never refused to attend, and in visiting such she never went empty handed. When taken sick, previous to her death, she remarked:—“This is to be my last of mortal pain or illness; I shall never be able to leave my bed again until the end comes but *one time*—that will be the day before my death, the 9th of next month; then I wish you to carry me out to the door, that I may show you the spot where I wish to be buried.”

Her words proved true. On the afternoon of the 9th, she requested to be carried to the door, and when her wish had been complied with, she pointed to a little hill facing the door, where she was held up in the arms of her weeping children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. A large tree grew on the top of this little hill. Pointing to it, she said:—“I picked out that as my resting place long ago; I wish that tree to shade my grave; and you can rest well satisfied, my beloved children, that by this time to-morrow I shall be with Him who has kindly protected me all my life long. You will miss me I know, but you cannot wish to keep me here when my soul longs to soar among the angels. I shall be with them as the clock strikes ten to-morrow morning.”

All the country around had heard of her illness, and none doubted that she would die at the hour she stated. There were dozens of families there next morning, rich and poor, whom she had attended and benefited. The whole house was one scene of mourning and weeping; many were unable to get into the house

until others came out and gave them a chance to bid her a last farewell. She spoke calmly to all, and had kissed her last grandchild as the clock commenced striking ten. She looked up towards the skies, and, with a beautiful smile clasped her hands together, and so gently and softly did she depart, that none could say at what moment the breath left her mortal body. But when the clock had finished striking, her eyes closed of themselves—she was with the angels.

On account of so many, whom she had benefited, wishing to see her after death, her body was kept four days before they laid her in the spot she herself selected. There had never in those days been such a funeral in that part of the country, and, to this day, those who are still living in that vicinity will tell you of the “blessed woman to whom God talked.” She died twenty-two years ago, but her deeds and name are still fresh in the memory of hundreds.

What is this but Spiritualism of the most convincing kind? Were she on earth now, she would be called one of the greatest living mediums. Many sceptical persons say Spiritualism is a *new invention of modern sensationists*. The above facts prove, at least, that *it is no new thing*, and were many other life-histories brought to light, as this one of my revered ancestor, we could find sufficient evidence to prove that so-called *Modern Spiritualism* was a fact in religion so far back that none living can tell when or how it first commenced. I say “religion,” for I cannot for a moment think that one who is well versed in the opinions of “Spiritualists” can be anything else but charitable, pure, and good in every way, and such an one must be truly religious.

M. A. G. W.

Notices of Books.

HEALTH OF BODY AND MIND.*

THE only man who is omniscient is an editor, and it is but a small part of his business, that he must never be at a loss on any subject. This is our only excuse for reviewing a medical work, and pronouncing a decided opinion in its favour, and thereby recommending it to our readers. It is a small matter to us, that in doing this, we infer that the present orthodox system of medicine is not a true system of Hygiene, and that a man of common

* *The Harbinger of Health; containing Medical Prescriptions for the Human Body and Mind.* By ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. New York: A. J. Davis and Co.; and Bailliere, Regent-street, London. Price 7s.

sense and observation, and more especially a woman, who always possesses these two great essentials, is after all the best household physician. Of course we do not mean that "every man at 40 is either a fool or a physician," though we have known some who, at that age, answered to both those appellations. But there is a broad common sense and eclecticism in healing, which the faculty is more likely than a layman to drop out of his researches. Medicine, like the other sciences, has been regarded too much as an abstract and special study of drugs and chemicals, and of their action on health and disease, and for the purpose of experimenting, the poor patients have been the laboratory, and have severely suffered the penalty. It has been to the patient's intuitions, and not to those of the doctor, that the world is now indebted for the smaller dosing of drugs, and for the disuse of the lancet, and still again the public mind is in advance of the profession, for while each school of medicine is busy in proclaiming its own infallibility, and the quackery of all the rest, our wise world is quietly taking note of the silent tread of the bills of mortality, which the doctors have not yet succeeded in obliterating, and is taking from each system all the common sense it can find in it.

Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis can greatly help them in this good endeavour, and to us it seems, as if each man and woman would better comprehend for themselves the laws of health, and by consequence, those of disease, by a perusal of his *Harbinger of Health*. We are no believers in any occult system of medicine or of theology, which permits of an infallible doctorhood or priesthood, for the medicine being for our proper bodies, and the theology for our own individual proper souls, we claim the privilege of knowing something about it for ourselves, and of telling whether or not it does us good. In saying this, however, we draw a distinction between priests and pastors, and between the dogmatic and the reasoning doctor. It leaves an ample space for the true physician, both of body and mind, and the more he can combine the study of both the higher is his rank in the family of man.

We do not know to what extent the peculiar psychological powers of Mr. Davis were used in the production of the present work, nor for the purpose of pronouncing on its use, is it necessary to settle its origin and genesis. It is enough that here we have it before us. The tone of medical works seldom attracts the general reader. Their language is so technical that it is not often one can gain much definite knowledge from them. But Mr. Davis gives us food of quite a different flavour. Every page of his volume is not only readable but attractive, and there is such a quaintness and humour in his mode of imparting knowledge, and withal he is so hearty and healthy in his tone, that we catch in-

voluntarily his quiet philosophic strain. There is much more than medicine in his work. His first chapter admits you through "the pearly gates of science" to "the philosophy of disease." He tells us there are "no infallible remedies," and that "self-healing energies are better than medicines." We are introduced to "physiological virtue" to "the philosophy of human magnetism," and we are told in another chapter, most difficult of all, "how to do good." Then come "diagnoses and prescriptions" embracing a wide field. It was said of Bishop Berkeley that he began with tar water, and ended with the Trinity. Mr. Davis begins with "spring-time diseases," and ends with "intuitive glimpses of truth." He tells us "how to exert the will," speaks of "man's telegraphic powers," and of "nature's progressive energies," and of "spiritual briars and thorns," "of the cause and cure of impatience," the "marriage of the temperaments," "exhausted primates in man," and "how to balance the system." We find an excellent paragraph on "an orange before breakfast," soon followed by one on the "food of vampires," from which a digestible moral is educed, on "food as a medicine," "magnetic disturbances," "Do infants grow up in heaven?" "treatment for epileptic fits," "remedy for weakness and pain," and "remedy for a multitude of sins." There is "a cure for sick headache," and for an "inveterate dyspepsia;" there is "medicine for a weak stomach," and a "cure for a sour stomach;" "a magnetic treatment of intoxication" is decidedly worth a trial, and "Matilda's objections to deep breathing," should be considered by the few young ladies who are to be found amongst our readers.

We could travel through 300 titles such as these, of which we have only room for the above as a sample, taken almost at random. There is strong good sense in most of them, for Mr. Davis has not rejected truth, whatever school of medicine or of thought it came from. We dare say that there are some crudities amongst his paragraphs, and some that may be at once rejected as founded in error; but although of course we could point out every one of such, in our editorial wisdom, we decline to do it, and prefer that each reader should do it for himself.

THE CONCENTRATION OF ORGANIC NERVE-FORCE.*

IN this lively and elegantly-written essay the author attempts to solve "the mystery of the spirits," not in a new way, but under new words, and by substituting as a nomenclature the

* *A Gleam of the Spirit Mystery*, by WALTER COOPER DENDY. Bickers and Bush, Leicester-square. 6d.

words which we have introduced as our heading. It is a common failing, in our ignorance of a subject, to mistake words for things. As Job says of a similar habit in those olden days, "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" Let our readers ask themselves, after all the phenomena of spiritual forces which are known to them, what is the precise value to them of the following explanation of the essential causation of such phenomena:—"Yet the secret of all this may be simply the concentration of organic force, and the instinctive effort to relieve congestion of blood by intense and often unconscious action." If this be not fully enough to enable you to give a lucid and conclusive explanation of your views of causation, refer again to our author, who enlarges his words, though not our ideas, by the following:—"But how will the light of physiology bear on this most subtle subject? Listen; for you have not studied with me the secret of the nerve and its potent endowment of the muscle, but if you will believe that the nerve-force, before diffused through the system, may be intensely concentrated in one sense or organ, you will learn the secret. You will discover qualities in these organs that were *latent* or in *abeyance*, until, by some special excitement, they have become so highly exalted as to burst forth in the semblance of a *new faculty*. With the credulous this is, of course, the working of a spirit; and it is astounding, EVEN TO THOSE WHO CAN EXPLAIN IT." Certainly, if this is the whole explanation, it is astounding enough, in the sense in which everything is astounding which is inexplicable, but what we are principally concerned in, is to notice the complacency of the author, who on the strength of these "words without knowledge," speaks of himself as one of "those who can explain it." To us, we frankly confess that, if we had to describe to a friend the author's theory, we should be unable even to say what it is. Is it our old friend the old force under a new name? Is it the unconscious cerebration theory of Dr. Carpenter? Is it the reflex action of the mind of Mr. J. D. Morell? or is it, as Dr. Elliotson says, that the brain *secretes mind* as the liver secretes bile? But whichever or whatever it may be, what does it mean? It conveys no idea to our mind which we can communicate to our readers. We know nothing of a nerve-force which can do, or has ever been detected in doing, the wonderful things attributed to spirit. What and where are the qualities, and in which organ or organs are they resident, which were latent and in abeyance until they shewed the new faculty of which the author speaks? Has the author taken the shoes from off his feet at the door of the temple, and reverently and with bated breath, on tiptoe, stolen inside to watch nature in her divine workshop. Did he see the wondrous processes of her work, and

all the essential forces, and holy mechanisms of the man made in the image of his God, and did he then return, and promise to himself that he would disclose the problem to his fellow-man? Ah! how sadly he has lost the great secret of humanity. Like Agassiz, who thrice saw so clearly in his dream the vertebrated process in the fossil, and thrice forgot it when he woke, he can only darken our counsel by words without knowledge. One touchstone which we apply to all these theories, and from which we observe that they intuitively shrink, is the Bible, which is the oldest and fullest record extant of spiritual experiences. We are glad to find that analogies, however remote in degree, are daily more and more clearly traced, between the forms of spiritual power at this day, and those which we find recorded in the Bible, and to pass over the instances which the author himself quotes, of modern manifestations, such as that of the ecstatic girl near Bedford-row, whom we also saw, and which his theory of nerve-force can in no degree account for, we would ask him to apply this latest-born nomenclature to the miracles of our Saviour, to the visions of Peter and of Paul, and to such instances as are collected from the Old and New Testaments, in the article in our last number. "*With the credulous*, these are of course the working of a spirit, and they are indeed astounding, *even to those who can explain them.*"

The great fault of Mr. Dendy, as of all the other small discoverers, is, that they take a part for the whole. Man is in himself an universe, extending through all the degrees of matter, and through the degrees of spirit, and round, and in, and through him, play all the forces of the universe, obedient to his high behests. Extending into this world of sense as to his natural body, as to his spirit or spiritual body, he is even now a denizen of the inner world, and under the necessary conditions he can draw from that inner, into this outer world, his inspirations and intuitions. This is the prophetic gift, or seership, and when analysed, is not difficult either to comprehend or to believe. When looked at in this larger and more philosophic view, one is sorry to find studious microscopic minds resting in the discovery of some one of the links in this infinite chain of causation, and fastening the whole upon that part only. There is a reflex action in the mind. There is automatic and unconscious cerebration. There is the od force. There is the nerve-force. There is magnetism. There is electricity. There is the will power. There is faith. There are spirits. There is a spiritual world. There is a God and Father. We will have no less than all. We will not take one link instead of the whole chain. But let us still welcome the more minute labours of such as Mr. Dendy, for there is in them all the use of the workman, who perfects each link, for the master mind to put together.

Correspondence.

MR. S. C. HALL AND MR. FOSTER.

SIR,—May I consider myself free to offer a few remarks in reference to Mr. Foster? to whom, I must say, you have not given a cordial greeting on his arrival among us.

I perceive, every now and then, with extreme regret, that Spiritualism does not infer that considerate sympathy which is true "charity," which Spiritualists themselves so essentially require; and it is to be lamented that your Magazine is frequently more prone to irritate than to conciliate. While, however, you do not yourself assail Mr. Foster, you undoubtedly lead to an inference that those who do so are justified in their suspicions, and the charges that thence arise.

If Mr. Foster is in part a dissembler, he is altogether a cheat; but this you do not believe,—although some of your friends suspect, and some of your correspondents proclaim him to be one, and you have given currency to the sentiments of both.

Now, Sir, if it be desirable to make known the marvels of Spiritualism, it is above all things necessary that we should obtain the aid and co-operation of competent "mediums." Unfortunately, there are but few. It is out of the question to send "enquirers," either half-believers, doubters, or sceptics, to persons who, not receiving payments, cannot be intruded on often, or without scrupulous nicety: the very fact of being an invited guest, stills enquiry, forbids searching remarks, and, therefore, rarely convinces or satisfies. Mr. Home is, in the estimation of many, thus circumstanced:—his means are sufficiently ample—he is a gentleman of exceedingly courteous manners: having always mixed in good society, and improved his natural faculties by study and travel, there will be always a reluctance to imply doubt and hint fraud at any *séance* in which he is the prime mover. Of the hundreds, I presume thousands, who are known to you as desiring to enquire concerning Spiritualism, how few there are who can receive instruction! simply because the means are so very limited for sustaining assertion by proof.

It was on that account I rejoiced when I heard that Mr. Foster was coming among us, and it is on that account I lament the innuendoes conveyed through you to his prejudice.

I will therefore ask you to state, that Mr. Foster passed an evening at my house, in the presence of my own family only, excepting one old and dear friend. Mr. Foster was not accompanied by any one. He came alone. I need not intrude upon your space to describe what took place. It has been already

described in your Magazine—although one or two incidents occurred more remarkable than those I have read of there.

I desire to convey to you my entire conviction as to the truth of Mr. Foster's mediumship, and as to its wonderful power. It would have been as utterly impossible for him to have fraudulently done that which he did do, as to convert a diamond ring into an ink-stand; and I presume to say the persons present were such as must have detected fraud in any one who dared to practise it—persons who are at all times watchful rather than confiding—who can sift evidence, and are quick to detect, and ready to expose wrong.

The manifestations granted to Mr. Foster's mediumship are as astonishing and convincing as any I have yet seen; and will, I am sure, do very much to confirm and create belief in Spiritualism as a new power.

I will only add that I found in Mr. Foster a gentleman of very agreeable manners, his personal appearance greatly in his favour; of mind, however, more stern and resolute than yielding or conciliating. He seemed however fully aware that all who see him have a right to disbelieve or to doubt and to question; and appeared entirely free from self-sufficiency and arrogance, ready and willing to allow for suspicion, and to respond to all reasonable enquiries fairly and fully, as he undoubtedly ought to be.

Why he did not like the "Doctor Fell" who visited him, I cannot say, and perhaps he cannot tell: probably just now, as an American, he may be peculiarly sensitive. At all events, he is free to do as he pleases. If he had refused a sitting to some man of science or of public repute, suspicion might have more justly attached to him than by his declining to sit with avowed spiritualists, who perhaps did not take the most delicate way in the world of implying their wishes and their doubts.

I must apologise for this letter—so much longer than I intended it to be; but I have felt it my duty to do an act of justice to one, who, if a stranger in England, ought not to be considered a stranger by Spiritualists; and whom I fervently believe to be an honest and upright man, as incapable of fraud as any gentleman in England.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Jan. 18, 1862.

S. C. HALL, F.S.A.

[We are happy to be able to present to our readers the personal testimony of so eminent a writer and so keen an observer as Mr. S. C. Hall, to the truth of the phenomena of Spiritualism. In these days of denial and ridicule of the facts, it is important to add so honoured a name to our list of believers, and it must make the *Saturday Reviewers*, and *Critics*, and *All the Year Rounds* look on with astonishment, to find that gentlemen better known than themselves do not fear to investigate the

phenomena, and to proclaim their truth. We do not complain of Mr. S. C. Hall's strictures on our frequent want of charity, and on our proneness to irritate rather than to conciliate our opponents. We feel that the charge is true, and our only excuse is that we cannot help it sometimes—*Humanum est errare*; and we find it so very easy, that we cannot resist the temptation. We are not however conscious of doing Mr. Foster less than justice, by our remarks in the last number. We were anxious to explain the position of "a test medium" for two reasons—firstly, because Mr. Foster himself, by his refusal to satisfy the just requirements of the two gentlemen who called on him for a *séance*, seemed to stand in need of our explanation; and secondly, because, as he was the first public test-medium who was likely to attract the notice of large numbers of the scientific and educated classes in this country, we did not wish that Spiritualists should have a less positive and demonstrative method of observation, than would surely be applied by outsiders. It was for these reasons that we insisted on a rigorous and scientific meaning for the word test, and we hope it will be applied by all who intend to draw conclusions, either favourable or unfavourable, from what they may observe. By doing so alone can they give a reason for the faith that is in them. As to Mr. Hall himself, he appears intuitively to have adopted our formula, when he states that "it would have been as utterly impossible for Mr. Foster to have fraudulently done that which he did do, as to have converted a diamond ring into an inkstand." Let each manifestation be investigated, so that the observer may be able to make the same declaration, and then it can be said that the medium is a tested medium. We felt no want of charity, when we asked for this to be done, nor do we think that any can be fairly charged upon us. We should indeed be prepared to argue that in such a test investigation, charity, or its opposite, would be out of place, neither would it be necessary to go into any question of Mr. Foster's character, in order to form a scientific conclusion. It is well known that the physical manifestations in no degree depend on the good or bad character of the medium. We do not agree with Mr. Hall, that Spiritualism is a *new* power, nor that "if Mr. Foster were in part a dissembler, he is altogether a cheat," because we believe it to be lamentably common that real mediums will occasionally "help the Spirits." For the rest of our incriminated remarks, we have only to say that having filled several pages with laudatory testimonies to Mr. Foster's mediumship, it would have been dishonest to omit a few lines of an opposite kind. Both sets of writers were equally respectable and truthful, and from our position as Editor, equally entitled to a hearing in an impartial journal.—ED.]

A NEW NATURAL HYPOTHESIS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

DEAR SIR,—No intelligent Spiritualist desires to hold opinions that will not bear the most rigid investigation. Any theory, natural or spiritual, that is mundane or super-mundane which will the most satisfactorily account for the now well established and mysterious phenomena, designated Modern Spiritual Manifestations, will, I am sure, be received by every mind that has been fairly opened to receive truth in this matter.

I write as a believer in the spiritual hypothesis, and cannot therefore be charged with any special bias in the direction of naturalism, and yet, if natural mundane laws can fairly be shown to account more satisfactorily, than the interposition of disembodied spiritual agencies, for the phenomena, I am prepared to lay aside the latter, and adopt the former. As the matter at present stands, I believe spiritual interposition alone fully accounts for the phenomena, but I desire, in order to elicit truth, to lay before your readers a natural theory which occurred to me a few days ago, and which I have never before seen referred to or defended. It is a theory based upon the phenomena of sleep and dreams.

The phenomena of sleep and dreams have long been and are yet a vexed and open question with natural and psychological philosophers. What becomes of consciousness in deep sleep? Does the soul sleep as well as the body? Have we a double consciousness, a sleeping and waking one, and do the two consciousnesses trench upon each other's domains? Are dreams the result of partial wakefulness of the cerebrum, when there is great spiritual, mental, or emotional activity?—of the cerebellum when there is great muscular exaltation, as in the cases of somnambulists? Are dreams the mere vagaries of the fancy or are they realities to the spiritual man or soul? Does the spirit or soul in sleep or dreaming, project itself to distant places, and has it power if so projected to produce distant mechanical and psychological effects? Correct answers to all these questions, and many more, are of great importance in the solution of the question respecting the origin of Modern Spiritual Manifestations. Are these manifestations not produced by embodied spirits, when the material organisms to which they belong are locked in sleep?

One thing is tolerably clear,—we do not know what becomes of the soul or spiritual body during the sleep of its envelope, the natural body. It is also clear, if any reliance is to be placed upon the records contained in Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature*, that not only immediately before and after death, but frequently when neither death is imminent, nor illness of any kind obtains, persons in a state of sleep visit their relatives and friends at very distant places, and often produce mechanical effects, such for example as opening doors, and making noises in passages and rooms during their transit through them.

If these statements are correct—and few will deny them who have read much on the occult sciences, and the psychological phenomena recorded in such works as those of Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Johnson, Richard Baxter, John Wesley, Mrs. Crowe, and others—may not many, or all the physical and psychological phenomena produced in spiritual circles be the result of unconscious interference of embodied spirits, who have temporarily left their material home during sleep? It is further to be remembered that only one half of the earth is at the same time bathed in sunlight, and that half the inhabitants are generally asleep while the others are awake. May not the sleeping half be unconsciously producing all the effects that the waking half have recently been ascribing to disembodied spirits, the inhabitants of another sphere.

If this theory be added to those based upon the facts of the physical and psychological phenomena which occurred through the instrumentality of Angelelique Cottin, Frederika Hauffe, the Electric Girls of Smyrna, Cazonet, and other peculiarly constituted individuals, may not the greater portion of the modern spiritual phenomena be accounted for on merely natural laws? I broach this hypothesis more for the purpose of eliciting opinions than as an expression of my own sentiments, as to its merits as a somewhat near approach to a satisfactory natural theory.

I am, yours truly,

Newcastle-on-Tyne, Dec. 28, 1861.

T. P. BARKAS.

[The very important questions suggested in this letter receive a partial answer in our short notice of Mr. Dendy's book, and of the nerve-force to which he attributes the manifestations. The suggestion as to dreams is well raised in the recent work of the Rev. Granville Forbes. Such cases as those of Angelique Cottin and Frederika Hauffe, it is much more easy to speak of, as spiritual than as natural, for they have in them, particularly in that of Frederika Hauffe, nearly every phase of modern developments. Why should we call them natural, and having so limited them, measure all the phenomena of Spiritualism by them, and then pronounce these latter also to be natural. It is better to reverse the operation, and thus to get a consistent hypothesis. So with sleep and dreams. We consider the state of the mind during sleep to be eminently spiritual, and to furnish one of the strongest evidences in favour of a spiritual body, and of its living in a spiritual atmosphere, and in a spiritual world. There is abundant evidence of the occasional partial separation of this spiritual body from the natural body during life, of its being seen by others at distant places, and even of its having so much reality about it, as to exercise a dynamic action upon material objects. If this be so, it is easy to concede that, after being relieved by the death of the natural body, the spiritual body should be even more active, and have still greater powers of communion with other spirits, both in and out of the body. Dreams, which are usually the imperfect action of the spiritual body through the partially closed cerebrum, are a strong proof of a spiritual existence and power, which one may call natural, because it is common, and another may call spiritual, because he sees that it is so in its essence. There has in all ages of the race been recognised a spiritual causation in dreams. There is even something holy and of awe in looking at a person asleep, as if we knew that the sleeper was in another land. Many prophetic dreams are recorded both in sacred and profane history, and God is said to speak to men in dreams and visions. Dream-land is a spiritual state, and its visions and teachings are therefore enigmatical to the natural or waking mind. Could we truly read the symbolism and corresponding essence of dreams, could we translate the spiritual into the natural, even the most incongruous dreams might be found to have a meaning. Even if the ingenious theory which Mr. Barkas has so well suggested were true, that we get when we are awake the unconscious dream-life of the other hemisphere, we should fail to see in it anything but the most wonderful spiritual action, and nothing at all that was natural, as pertaining to the known laws of matter. We should get Chinese and Madagascar dreams, with an occasional touch of the Patagonian and the Esquimaux. It

would be further very strange to find that each hemisphere, as it once within the twenty-four hours gave its dream-life to the other, told consistently the childish lie in good English, that it was somebody else who was doing it all, and that to prove this, it communicated to us facts known to no one in either hemisphere, but only to the spirit who professed to be speaking with us. We will conclude with the following paraphrase: "Dreams and Spiritualism are very much alike, particularly dreams."—Ed.]

SPIRITUALISM IN PARIS.

To the Editor of the "*Spiritual Magazine*."

London, December, 1861.

SIR,—The readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* after the interesting and remarkable papers of Mr. Coleman, respecting the progress of Spiritualism in America, may perhaps receive with indulgence a brief sketch of the condition of spiritual studies in Paris, as perceived by me in a recent visit. Although I have no wonders to relate, I have, at any rate, to report the steady onward march of investigation in France.

The principle advocates of spiritual science in Paris are MM. Allan Kardec and Pierart, and, as may be expected, they each adopt their own peculiar construction of the great problem. M. Kardec has published a series of interesting works, and, in point of date as well as enthusiasm, is entitled to priority. During my visit to Paris I did myself the pleasure of calling upon him, and found him an agreeable and thoughtful man, very strenuous in the advocacy of the doctrine of ultra-mundane communications. In stature he is above the middle height, and his eye is bright and full of playful intelligence, with evident sincerity. On my first call, early in the morning, he was going out, so that we had but time to appoint another occasion for a further conversation. On the next day, being Wednesday, the 4th December, at three in the afternoon, I accordingly visited M. Kardec, and found that a kind of *conversazione* was in progress, at which a few believers in spiritual science were present. As I entered the room, a gentleman who had some three days before, satisfactorily developed himself as a writing medium, was reading to the assembled company, three fluent and well-conceived communications which had been written through his hand. Upon their conclusion he stated that he was convinced that his own will had no share (so far as he could tell) in the production of the messages. He expressed the usual satisfaction which all mediums feel at the fact of having within his power a means of communicating with departed persons, and his determination to proceed in the study of the subject. I should mention that M. Kardec always insists upon the *scientific* rather than the *religious* study of Spiritualism, or as he calls it, Spiritism. After the newly developed medium had concluded his speech, M. Kardec addressed to him a few words of encouragement, commenting in general upon the nature of the communication. A conversation ensued upon the faculty of writing mediumship, which seems to be the method usually employed by the French Spiritualists, although on some occasions they have recourse to rapping spirits, and to trance mediumship. M. Kardec then addressed me and asked very cordially after the condition of Spiritualism in England, and expressed his satisfaction at the increasing attention bestowed upon it both by friend and foe. In reply I gave him as succinct an account as I could of the progress it is making on this side of the Channel, and then proceeded to explain that method of communication with the spirit-world which my opportunities led me to adopt, and my subsequent experience to prefer; the mode of communication by crystals, mirrors, and water vessels. In this subject M. Kardec and his friends exhibited a lively interest and asked me many eager questions; it seems to them quite a novel and desirable method of communion, although they ranked it on the same footing as the rest of the modes known to them. I learnt from M. Kardec that the Spiritists of France are very numerous, and exist wide-spread over the whole area of the

country, and that his correspondence is continually on the increase. He now receives persons desirous to know the state of the subject from 3 P.M. to 5 P.M. on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at the office of the *Revue Spirite* in the Rue St. Anne, where the Society for the Investigation of Spiritism also holds its meeting. I was sorry that the urgency of my return to England prevented my accepting M. Kardec's invitation to be present at the meeting on Friday, the 6th December. Although the general method is that of writing-mediumship, the speaking and seeing-mediumships are sometimes used. Books have thus been dictated to very youthful persons, and of these I purchased and brought with me, the History of Joan D'Arc (*Histoire de Jeanne D'Arc*) dictated by herself to Mdlle. Ermance Dufaux, a medium aged only 14 years. This work consists of 382 pages and gives an interesting history of the life and acts of the Maid of Orleans, together with the facts in connection with her own intercourse with ultra-mundane beings. It is written in a simple, straight-forward, attractive style, and well repays perusal.

I also purchased a work purporting to emanate from a spiritual source, and entitled *Histoire des Premiers Hommes, ou La Fin des Malentendus* (History of the First Men or the End of Misunderstanding) a revelation written under the dictation of a spirit by Benjamin Mazel. This work is a singular cosmogony, comprising the creation of the universe, the promotion of man, the struggle of the dark angels, and their final fall, narrated in wise and forcible language. M. Allan Kardec is also on the point of publishing several new works, of which I beg to add the titles:—

Le Spiritisme à sa plus Simple Expression, a pamphlet intended to popularise the element of Spiritist doctrine. Price a quarter of a franc.

Réfutation des Critiques contre le Spiritisme au point de vue du Materialisme de la Science et de la Religion. An answer to a pamphlet of M. the Curé Marouzeau.

Several other works are to be issued in the course of 1862, one of which is stated to be of great importance.

While in the shop of M. Ledoyen the publisher in the Palais Royale, I conversed with him respecting Spiritualism. I found him a firm adherent to the doctrine, and vehement in his expression of his belief in it, and his satisfaction at being acquainted with it. Several other gentlemen present joined with him in their praises of the doctrine, and in the assertion of the comfort they derived from it. One gentleman especially, emphatically exclaimed, "*Je me ferai couper en trente-six pièces pour la vérité de la Spiritisme!*" ("I would have myself cut into thirty-six pieces for the truth of Spiritism.") Therefore, we may justly conclude that, were it necessary, the disciples of our growing faith would not hesitate to become martyrs in person, as well as in reputation, for the cause. I communicate this short sketch of what I learnt on my visit, as I think it is likely to show to English Spiritualists that they are in considerable advance, in point of variety of means in communicating, of our Gallic brethren.

Yours truly,

KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, F.S.A.

SPIRIT-POWER.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

15, Basinghall Street, E.C.

SIR,—During the discussion in the *Star* and *Dial* newspaper, in August last, I received a number of letters from persons interested in the subject, urging me to allow them to be present at a sitting to witness the phenomena of Spirit-power. My reply was,—if I were to neglect my profession, and cease to eat, drink, and sleep, there would not be time enough for me to devote to those persons who are desirous for me to oblige them in that way. That, as the Father of us all loved us all, He would send his angels to make us certain of their existence by visible signs, if we were in earnest and would take the proper means to receive evidence. Let the members of the family sit round a good-sized lloo table, in a calm but cheerful spirit, and, in a child-like manner, ask the privilege of witnessing the phenomena—agree to sit at a certain hour, three

times a week for a month or two, and I was sure that in 95 cases out of 100 the result would be, the occurrence of spirit-action in their own families.

Yesterday, I received a letter from one of those I had so written to, and I give an extract from it, with this advice to talkers but non-workers—"Go thou and do likewise."

30th December, 1861.

I am, yours truly,
JOHN JONES.

Bayswater, 28th December, 1861.

SIR,—I wrote to you some time since respecting a séance, as I wished to be present at one; and you replied, that by perseverance at home, the various phenomena would be developed, &c.

Acting on your suggestion, I, with my sister and brother-in-law, commenced trying what could be done for about two months—but nothing particular happened—and getting rather tired of it, we gave it up; but resumed the sittings in about a fortnight, and directly we did so, the desired manifestations took place. We have held five stances from the latter period, beginning on December 15th; each being in advance of the preceding. The phenomena being raps in great numbers on the floor, chairs, and table—intelligent replies by them to questions; table tipping, moving, and the leg of the table rapping on the floor in reply to questions, &c.

It seems my sister is the medium, the raps being heard both day and night, at intervals, wherever she may be.

I take the liberty to be thus diffuse, as having read your work on the "Natural and Supernatural," which work I cannot too much commend, I know I am writing to one who looks at these things from a utilitarian and scientific point of view. . . . My wish is to assist in taking the Spirit-rapping movement out of the domain of mere diversion or curiosity, and give it that position in the popular mind, which its results fully warrant, and which invest it with an importance second to no subject whatever.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
J. M.....

To J. Jones, Esq.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Southport, 15th January, 1862.

SIR,—The reviewer of Mr. Coleman's *Spiritualism in America*, in the *Saturday Review*, says, "It is one of the tests of an historical fact, that it was not contradicted on its first announcement; but Mr. Coleman's facts are denied—that alone is fatal." The reviewer would probably think himself insulted if his being a Christian was questioned; and yet, to be consistent, he must deny the cardinal point of Christianity, viz., the Resurrection, for that was a fact that was contradicted on its first announcement (see Matt. xxviii. 12–15); and to the reviewer's mind, "that alone is fatal." How then can the reviewer believe the Resurrection, or be a Christian? This shows how far such denial of facts will carry a man.

I am Sir, yours faithfully,

H. B.

ANSWER TO QUESTION.

WE are favoured with the following answer through the Planchette, by Mr. Kyd, to one of the questions asked in the December number of the Magazine, page 571:—

"The Planchette is of no use whatever to those who are *not* mediums, as these latter can obtain nothing through it by the imposition of the hands. One might as well ask 'Is a pen of any use to a baby of two months old?' The Planchette must have mediums, as it is the mere mouth-piece of the spirit or spirits, and the mediums the channel through which they manifest themselves."

THE Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. III.]

MARCH, 1862.

[No. 3.

DIVINING RODS AND HAZEL WANDS.

It is grateful to us to have to quote again from the pages of *All the Year Round*, some excellent remarks by Mr. Dickens' great collaborateur, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, on this subject. Neither divining rods nor hazel wands have been much heard of as forming part of the modern manifestations. As for divining rods, they are, with the exception of those mentioned in the Bible, almost entirely connected in our minds with the magical arts of the earlier and middle ages, and they have disappeared from amongst us, who are seeking rather to develop Spiritualism as an incident of higher laws, than to cultivate the supposed relations of the magician. Hazel wands, on the contrary, have been more heard of, for no such uncanny ideas attach to them, for they have been carried to advantage in the hands of sickly girls, and others of the magnetic temperament in searching successfully for mines and springs of water. The hazel wand performed wonders in the hands of Angelique Cottin. Indeed, its use has been occasional for many years in England also. We know that the well-known Mr. Cookworthy, the Swedenborgian, and the father of English pottery, used it with remarkable success in prospecting for the celebrated china clay found by him in Cornwall. We also know a lady now in London who has a somewhat analogous though more spiritual power, and who, while in London on one occasion, without the hazel wand, detected, by merely passing her hand over the plan of an estate situate near Reigate, the exact spot on which water would be found, stating at the same time that the sinking then being made was in the wrong place. Both her statements were found to be true. Water was found within twelve feet of the surface where she indicated it, after a large expenditure had been made in continuing the other sinking to a great depth without success.

There is no doubt also that, as in the case of the planchette, some woods and materials are better adapted than others for collecting and retaining the magnetic properties, communicated through the human spirit. For the planchette, sandal wood has

been mentioned as the best. How it has come to select the hazel we know not, excepting that the wood is common and handy for the purpose, or that its use is like much of our wisdom, the result of tradition, the origin of which is lost.

Sir Bulwer Lytton is able to quote Bacon, the great Master of Philosophy, on this interesting subject. It is not long since Sir W. Page Wood, in delivering a lecture at Exeter Hall, introduced the subject of the spiritual phenomena, and with the most contemptuous sneer, asked "Could such things be in the country of Bacon, and in the nineteenth century?" "Yes," we say to the Vice-Chancellor, "such things can be, and are in the country of Bacon; and if you had known Bacon better, you would have found that his belief and his philosophy were both in favour of what you denied." We have shewn this in quotations from the works of the great philosopher in our very first number, and we agree with Sir Bulwer Lytton, who says for the benefit of Sir W. Page Wood, Mr. Dickens, and others of that stamp, "Lord Bacon, were he now living, *would be the man to solve the mysteries that branch out of mesmerism, or (so called) spiritual manifestation, for he would not pretend to despise their phenomena for fear of hurting his reputation for good sense;*" and Bacon is quoted by Sir Bulwer Lytton, suggesting "that there be many things, some of them inanimate, that operate upon the spirits of men by secret sympathy and antipathy," and to which Bacon gives the quaint name of "imaginants;" and Sir Bulwer adds, "so even that wand, of which I have described to you the magic-like effects, may have had properties communicated to it, by which it performs the work of the magician, as mesmerists pretend that some substance mesmerized by them, can act on the patient as sensibly as if it were the mesmerizer himself." "And," says Bacon earnestly, in a very different spirit from that which dictates to the sages of our time the philosophy of rejecting without trial that which belongs to the marvellous—"and whatsoever is of this kind, should be thoroughly enquired into;" and this great founder or renovator of the sober inductive system of investigation, even so far leaves it a matter of speculative enquiry, whether imagination may not be so powerful that it can actually operate upon a plant, that he says, "This likewise should be made upon plants, and that diligently, as if you should tell a man that such a tree would die this year, and *will* him, at these and these times, to go unto it and see how it thriveth." I presume that no philosopher has followed such recommendations. Had some real philosopher done so, possibly we should by this time know all the secrets of what is popularly called witchcraft.

Sir Bulwer Lytton proceeds:

"May it not be possible, apart from the doubtful question

whether a man can communicate to an inanimate material substance, a power to act upon the mind or imagination of another man—may it not, I say, be possible that such a substance may contain in itself such a virtue or property, potent over certain constitutions, though not over all? For instance, it is in my experience that the common hazel-wood will strongly affect some nervous temperaments, though wholly without effects on others. I remember a young girl who, having taken up a hazel stick freshly cut, could not relax her hold of it; and when it was wrenched away from her by force, was irresistibly attracted towards it, repossessed herself of it, and, after holding it a few minutes, was cast into a kind of trance in which she beheld phantasmal visions. Mentioning this curious case, which I supposed unique, to a learned brother of our profession, he told me that he had known other instances of the effect of the hazel, upon nervous temperaments in persons of both sexes. Possibly it was some such peculiar property in the hazel that made it the wood selected for the old divining rod. Again, we know that the bay-tree or laurel was dedicated to the oracular Pythian Apollo. Now wherever, in the old world, we find that the learning of the priests enabled them to exhibit exceptional phenomena, which imposed upon popular credulity, there was a something or other which it is worth a philosopher's while to explore. And, accordingly, I always suspected that there was in the laurel, some property favourable to ecstatic vision, in highly impressionable temperaments. My suspicion, a few years ago, was justified by the experience of a German physician, who had under his care a cataleptic or ecstatic patient, and who assured me, that he found nothing in this patient, so stimulated the state of 'sleep-waking,' or so disposed that state to indulge in the hallucinations of previsions, as the berry of the laurel.* Well, we do not know what this wand, that produced a seemingly magical effect upon you, was really composed of. You did not notice the metal employed in the wire, which you say communicated a thrill to the sensitive nerves in the palm of the hand. You cannot tell, how far it might have been the vehicle, of some fluid force in nature. Or still more probably, whether the pores of your hand insensibly imbibed, and communicated to the brain, some of those powerful narcotics, from which the Budhists and the Arabs make unguents that induce visionary hallucinations, and in which substances undetected in the hollow of the wand, or the handle of the wand itself, might be steeped.† One thing we do know, *viz.*, that

* I may add that Dr. Kerner instances the effect of laurel-berries on the Seeress of Prevorst, corresponding with that asserted by Julius Faber in the text.

† See for these unguents the work of M. Maury *La Magie et l'Astrologie*, &c., p. 417.

amongst the ancients, and especially in the East, the construction of wands for magical purposes, was no common-place mechanical craft, but a special and secret art appropriated to men, who cultivated with assiduity all that was then known of natural science, in order to extract from it agencies that might appear supernatural. Possibly, then, the rods or wands of the East, and of which Scripture makes mention, were framed upon some principles, of which we in our day are very naturally ignorant, since we do not ransack science for the same secrets. And thus in the selection or preparation of the material employed, mainly consisted, whatever may be referrible to natural philosophical causes, in the antique science of Rhabdomancy, or divination and enchantment by wands. The staff or wand of which you tell me, was, you say, made of iron or steel and tipped with crystal. Possibly iron and crystal do really contain some properties, not hitherto scientifically analyzed, and only, indeed, potential over exceptional temperaments, which may account for the fact that iron and crystal have been favourites with all professed mystics, ancient and modern. The Delphic Pythoness had her iron tripod, Mesmer his iron bed; and many persons, indisputably honest, cannot gaze long upon a ball of crystal, but what they begin to see visions. I suspect that a philosophical cause for such seemingly preternatural effects of crystal and iron, will be found in connexion with the extreme impressionability to changes in temperature, which is the characteristic both of crystal and iron. But if these materials do contain certain powers over exceptional constitutions, we do not arrive at a supernatural, but at a natural phenomenon."

The following article, on the same subject, is from the pen of Professor Buchanan, and has recently appeared in the *Herald of Progress*. It contains the most philosophical explanation yet given of a wonderful fact, long observed, but to which little scientific attention has hitherto been given:—

WATER WITCHERY EXPLAINED.

"ONE of the most remarkable facts which have been neglected by the scientific, is that which has been expressed by the term Bletonism, or Water Witchery. The familiar practice in Europe and America of determining the proper location for a well, and the probable depth at which a stream of water will be found, has not received the proper attention of scientific men.

"When we examine the process by which the discovery is made, we do not observe anything very rational or scientific. The water finder proceeds over the ground, holding in his hand a forked twig

of witch hazel, peach, or some appropriate tree, which it is believed will turn down with considerable force and point toward the subterranean stream, whenever he stands directly over it. Such is the general opinion of water finders; and some of them even declare that the twig turns down with sufficient force to twist it in their hands, breaking the bark. It is also believed that by holding a switch or rod in the hand by the smaller end, leaving it in a position free to move, it will adapt its direction to the course of a subterranean stream, and thus become a guide by which the stream may be traced. It is believed that on the water finder holding a small rod or twig in his hand above the site of the subterranean stream, it will soon be thrown into motion by a mysterious attraction, and begin to vibrate vertically to and from the water.

“In these opinions, although they may appear ridiculous to the man of science, we observe the form in which a familiar fact presents itself and is received by the unscientific mind. As to any attraction between the twigs and the subterranean stream of water, when no human being interferes, we have not the slightest evidence of its existence. The whole cause, therefore, of the facts and phenomena, must be found in the constitution, capacities, and peculiarities of the individuals who make the experiment. The forked twig or divining rod is held in such a manner, compressed by the hand, as to be very liable, if the pressure is not carefully made, to be thrown down by the force used. Hence its turning down, even with apparent violence, is not at all surprising. But the water finder tells us, sincerely, no doubt, that he makes no effort to cause the twig to turn down, on the contrary, wishes to prevent it. Nevertheless, we know that the twig can be maintained in its erect position only by the judiciously balanced force which he applies to it, and that whenever, from any cause, his force is improperly applied, it must descend, whether he wills such a result or not.

“So in the case of following the guidance of an elastic switch, it is very easy, when it is held almost balanced from one extremity, swinging to and fro in an elastic manner, to change its direction by the unconscious movement of the hand of the holder; it is obvious that a very slight movement, however communicated, even the slight movements which are always experienced from the impulse of the heart, and from the movements of respiration, will be sufficient to produce a gentle vibration of the twig. By these means we can explain the movements of the divining rod of the water finder, as being entirely caused by the action of his own muscular system, independent of any anticipation on his part, or any design to produce such results.

“This reasoning, however, does not explain the wonderful fact, which has been verified in thousands of instances, that the

true situation of subterranean streams may be thus pointed out, and even the depth at which the water lies correctly indicated. To explain this fact we must refer to the wonderful powers of the nervous system, which recognize the influence of a medicine enveloped in a paper, or hermetically sealed in a bottle. The powers by which we recognize the influence of a medicine through solid media—by which we recognize the mental influence belonging to the contents of an unopened letter, and by which we recognize the pathological properties—are powers of a similar character to that which is concerned in water finding. It is a consequence of an impressible nervous system, that all substances around us, and at various distances, are capable of exerting an influence upon us. Sensitive persons may be powerfully affected by a magnet at fifteen or twenty feet distance. That so simple and harmless a fluid as water, should exert a distinct influence upon the human constitution, at a considerable distance, is not incredible when we have witnessed parallel facts as to the operation of other agents.

“In order to explain the mysteries of Bletonism, I have selected persons of a high impressibility, with a view of determining, by the excitement of their organs, in what portion of the brain the power of the Bletonist could be located. Knowing that it was a perceptive power, I discovered that any highly impressible person might be endued with the power of the Bletonist, by exciting sufficiently the sensitive and perceptive organs. In the greater number of highly impressible persons, these organs are spontaneously sufficiently active for our purpose, and such persons are capable of becoming water-finders if they exercise their power.

“I discovered, in my first examination of the subject, that any impressible person might be sensibly affected by proximity to a body of water, and that, by exciting his intuitive perceptive organs, he would be able to recognize its presence whenever he approached it. Thus, by placing a large bowl or pitcher of water upon the table, and causing the individual to pass around the room with his eyes closed, holding his hand extended horizontally, I observed that whenever his hand passed over the bowl of water, not knowing where it was, it would slightly descend as though attracted towards it. After a little experience he would be enabled, by passing his hand around the room, to recognize the spot at which he experienced the action of the water. Thus, if a bowl of water should be placed under a chair, he would be able, by placing his hand, with his eyes closed, upon each chair, to distinguish the one beneath which the water was situated. After placing his hand over a bowl of water several times, and observing a descent of his hand at each passage, it was observed that if he stood still, holding his hand in the same position, it

would gradually be attracted towards the water and descend, as if compelled by an increasing force, the muscles of the arm appearing to undergo a peculiar contractile and benumbing influence.

"Having observed these facts, I sought an opportunity to apply the principle to the case of a somewhat noted water finder. The old gentleman was brought to my office. I gave him a hint of my views as to his peculiar powers, which he received with considerable scepticism. Nevertheless, I proposed to test the water experiment, and to show him that the whole mystery of water-finding consisted not in any peculiar virtue of the divining rod, but in a peculiar influence exerted by water over the human system. By the experiment of holding his arm extended in different parts of the room over a bucket of water, and elsewhere, I endeavoured to convince him of the truth of the principle. He found that whenever his arm was held over the water, it was strongly disposed to descend; yet, it was not till repeated trials, in other portions of the apartment that he could be convinced that the water exerted any peculiar influence, although his arm did not exhibit the same disposition to descend in other places. Finally, however, resolved that he would not be convinced if he could help it, he determined to hold his arm above a bucket of water, and not allow any influence from that source to effect it. He accordingly held out his hand, and steadily resisted the influence, which, nevertheless, was visibly operating and causing its descent. He continued this struggle until his arm was spasmodically agitated by his effort, and yielded the point only when he found himself unable to resist any longer.

"After giving him this demonstration of his impressibility, I informed him that the same principles were applicable to other influences as well as that of water, and placed upon his forehead, in succession, the letters of Judge S., General Jackson, Mr. Calhoun, &c., from each of which he derived a striking and characteristic impression corresponding to the characters of the writers and the mode in which he was accustomed to regard them. Thus we learn that the phenomena of Bletonism are nothing more than a popular and universal mode of displaying the impressibility of the nervous system, which Neurology has demonstrated. The rod or twig, or any other apparatus for the exercise of this power, is a convenient method for its exhibition, as the muscles of the operator, while holding the twig, are affected by the influence of the subterranean stream. But in truth, no such apparatus is necessary. The impressible Bletonist may go forth with his hand alone—may recognize subterranean streams, indicate their course and depth; and I believe may not only indicate the course of the subterranean streams, but may also determine the position of mineral strata."

An interesting account is given by our own Dr. Mayo of some experiments made by him in Germany, as follows :

“ In the spring of 1847, being then at Weilbach, in Nassau, a region teeming with underground sources of water, I requested the son of the proprietor of the bathing establishment—a tall, thin, pale, white-haired youth, by name Edward Seebold—to walk in my presence up and down a promising spot of ground, holding a divining fork of hazel, with the accessories recommended by M. de Tristran to beginners—that is to say, he held in his right hand three pieces of silver, besides one handle of the rod, while the handle which he held in his left hand was covered with thin silk. The lad had not made five steps, when the point of the divining fork began to ascend. He laughed with astonishment at the event, which was totally unexpected by him ; and he said that he experienced a tickling or thrilling sensation in his hands. He continued to walk up and down before me. The fork had soon described a complete circle ; then it described another ; and so it continued to do as long as he walked thus, and as often as, after stopping, he resumed his walk. The experiment was repeated by him in my presence, with like success, several times during the ensuing month. Then the lad fell into ill health, and I rarely saw him. However, one day I sent for him, and begged him to do me the favour of making another trial with the divining fork. He did so, but the instrument moved slowly and sluggishly ; and when, having completed a semicircle, it pointed backwards towards the pit of his stomach, it stopped, and would go no farther. At the same time the lad said he felt an uneasy sensation, which quickly increased to pain, at the pit of the stomach, and he became alarmed, when I bade him quit hold of one handle of the divining rod, and the pain ceased. Ten minutes afterwards I induced him to make another trial : the results were the same. A few days later, when the lad seemed still more out of health, I induced him to repeat the experiment. Now, however, the divining fork would not move at all. I entertain little doubt that the above performances of Edward Seebold were genuine. I thought the same of the performances of three English gentlemen, and of a German, in whose hands, however, the divining rod never moved through an entire circle. In the hands of one of them its motion was retrograde, or abnormal : that is to say, it began by descending. But I met with other cases, which were less satisfactory, though not uninteresting. I should observe that, in the hands of several who tried to use it in my presence, the divining fork would not move an inch. But there were two younger brothers of Edward Seebold, and a bath-maid, and my own man, in whose hands the rod played new pranks. When these parties walked *forwards*,

the instrument ascended, or moved normally; but when, by my desire, they walked *backwards*, the instrument immediately went the other way. I should observe that, in the hands of Edward Seebold, the instrument moved in the same direction whether he walked forwards or backwards; and I have mentioned that at first it described in his hands a complete circle. But with the four parties I have just been speaking of, the motion of the fork was always limited in extent. When it moved normally at starting, it stopped after describing an arc of about 225° ; in the same way when it moved abnormally at starting, it would stop after describing an arc of about 135° ; that is to say, there was one spot the same for the two cases, beyond which it could not get. Then I found that, in the hands of my man, the divining rod would move even when he was standing still, although with a less lively action; still it stopped as before, nearly at the same point. Sometimes it ascended, sometimes descended. Then I tried some experiments, touching the point with a magnetic needle. I found, in the course of them, that when my man knew which way I expected the fork to move, it invariably answered my expectations; but when I had the man blindfolded, the results were uncertain and contradictory. The end of all this was, that I became certain that several of those in whose hands the divining rod moves, set it in motion and directed its motion by the pressure of their fingers, and by carrying their hands nearer to, or farther apart. In walking forward, the hands are unconsciously borne towards each other; in walking backwards, the reverse is the case. Therefore, I recommend no one to prosecute these experiments unless he can execute them himself, and unless the divining rod describes a complete circle in his hands; and even then he should be on his guard against self-deception."

In that most interesting work, *The Autobiography of Heinrich Zschokke*,* the celebrated author bears his personal testimony to the power of discovering metals and fossils as well as subterranean waters in the following sentence:—

"My connexion with mining operations, brought me the acquaintance of many persons with whom I was much interested. The operations themselves were unimportant, for the interior of the Jura is mostly poor in metals, but an alabaster quarry which I discovered brought me into a friendly correspondence with the venerable Prince Primate, Karl von Dalberg, and my search after salt and coal to the acquaintance of a young Rhabdomantin of twenty years old, who was sent to me by the well-known geologist, Dr. Ebel, of Zurich. In almost every canton of Switzerland are

* Chapman and Hall, 1845, page 143.

found persons endowed with the mysterious natural gift of discovering, by a peculiar sensation, the existence of subterranean waters, metals, or fossils. I have known many of them, and often put their marvellous talent to the proof. One of these was the Abbot of the Convent of St. Urban in the canton of Lucerne, a man of learning and science: and another a young woman who excelled all I have ever known. I carried her and her companion with me through several districts entirely unknown to her, but with the geological formation of which, and the position of its salt and sweet waters, I was quite familiar, and I never once found her deceived. The results of the most careful observation, have compelled me at length to renounce the obstinate suspicion and incredulity I at first felt on this subject, and have presented me with a new phase of nature, although one still involved in enigmatical obscurity. To detail circumstantially every experiment I made, to satisfy myself on the point, would take up too much space at present, but I think it right to mention some of the causes which led me occasionally to vary from others in my views of Nature and of God."

Another branch of this subject is mentioned in the following passage, which we find quoted in Mr. Howitt's translation of *Ennemoser* :

"Rhabdomancy was an ancient method of divination performed by means of rods or staves. St. Jerome mentions this kind of divination in his commentary on Hosea, chap. vi. 12, where the prophet says, in the name of God, *My people ask counsel at their stocks ; and their staff declareth unto them* : which passage that father understands of the Grecian *Rhabdomancy*. The same is met with again in Ezekiel, xxi. 21, 22, where the prophet says, *For the king of Babylon stood at the parting of the way, at the head of the two ways, to use divination : he made his arrows bright ; or, as St. Jerome renders it, he mixed his arrows ; he consulted with images ; he looked in the liver*. If it be the same kind of divination that is alluded to in these two passages, *Rhabdomancy* must be the same kind of superstition with *Belomancy* : these two, in fact, are generally confounded. So much, however, is certain, that the instruments of divination mentioned by Hosea are different from those of Ezekiel: though it is possible they might use rods or arrows indifferently; or the military men might use arrows, and the rest rods. By the laws of the Frisones, it appears that the ancient inhabitants of Germany practised *Rhabdomancy*. The Scythians were likewise acquainted with the use of it; and Herodotus observes (lib. vi.) that the women among the Alani sought and gathered together fine straight wands or rods, and used them for the same superstitious purposes. All these kinds of divination have been condemned by the fathers

of the Church, and Councils, as supposing some compact with the devil. Fludd has written several treatises on divination and its different species; and Cicero has two books on the divination of the ancients, in which he confutes the whole system. Cardan also, in his 4th book, *De Sapientia*, describes every species of them."

There are several other very interesting facts which we wish to bring together on this subject, especially one from the pen of the late Lady Byron, who had herself this curious faculty of using the wand. We shall, therefore, resume the subject in the next number.

INTERNAL RESPIRATION.—ITS NATURE AND CAUSE.

IN a recent number of the *Spiritual Magazine* it is asked, "Can any direction be given for inducing what is termed Internal Respiration?" As I have introduced the subject to the notice of the readers of the Magazine in a former article, it may be well that I should endeavour to answer this very interesting and vastly important question. Before proceeding to do so, however, it will be necessary to answer a previous question—*viz.*, "What is Internal Respiration?" Swedenborg was the first to bring it before the consideration of the world, not from any historic record, but purely in his capacity as a seer, as a matter of revelation. He declares that it was a mode of breathing exercised by the inhabitants of our planet previous to the Flood. He informs us that he was not permitted to say much concerning the Internal Respiration of these antediluvian people, for reasons hereafter to be stated. What he does say, however, is in the highest degree interesting and important.

It is remarkable that Swedenborgians have been so silent concerning this wonderful phenomena of Internal Respiration. As far as the writer is aware, not a pen has moved among them to explain its nature, cause, or consequences. They have ominously ignored the subject, for reasons best known to themselves. Perhaps it is in the order of Divine Providence that they have been thus entirely silent—Swedenborg does not say much about it himself. He says, "concerning Internal Respiration nothing can as yet be said, inasmuch as at this day it is a subject altogether unknown." In another place he says, "There is not a single person on the earth at all acquainted with it." And again, "It is not expedient to expatiate much on this subject at the present

time." From these statements we may gather that Swedenborg had the conviction that the time would come when much more would be known about Internal Respiration, and when it might be expedient to "expatiate" upon the subject. As it is from his writings, that our knowledge of this most ancient mode of breathing is derived, it will be necessary to go into an examination of what he says concerning it. In introducing the subject he says, "What has been unknown to the world, and will, perhaps, appear incredible, the man of the most ancient church had Internal Respiration."—*Arcana Celestia*, par. 607. But it would appear that this mode of breathing was not peculiar to these original inhabitants of our earth. He declares that the inhabitants of the planet Mars are of a genius similar to these most ancient people, and breathe as they breathed. He testifies to a most important truth—a truth to which some of our best philosophic minds are turned, namely, that modes of breathing are determined by, and vary according to, spiritual conditions. Need it be a matter of surprise, that man, being so much out of the order of his being, spiritually, should also be found to be perverted in his breathing functions—yea, as to his whole physical nature, whereby "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now!"

But to return to our question, "What is Internal Respiration?" Let Swedenborg answer. He says, in relation to the antediluvians, "It was given me to perceive the nature of their Internal Respiration; it proceeded from the navel towards the heart, and thus through the lips without anything sonorous; and it did not enter the ear of another by an external way, and strike what is called the drum of the ear, but by a certain way within the mouth, in fact, by the passage called at this day the Eustachian tube."*—*Arcana Celestia*, par. 118. It would, therefore, appear that Internal Respiration is accompanied by certain physical conditions, and that, indeed, it produces those conditions. This is further seen from what Swedenborg says in describing the way in which Internal Respiration was changed in the posterity of this race. He says, "It retired toward the region of the back and towards the abdomen, and thus proceeding in a more outward and downward direction."—*Arcana Celestia*, par. 1,120.

He declares that in the posterity of these most ancient people, Internal Respiration ceased altogether, and that such were the physical results consequent upon the change, that the greater portion of the race perished, being unable to pass through the crisis from internal to external breathing. There were some, however, who were able to endure the process of this organic

* Our physiologists have no idea of such use for the Eustachian tube.

change, and who, having survived the ordeal, began to breathe in the external manner we now do, the atmospheric air. With these, "Internal Respiration was annihilated in the breast." I wish to call special attention to these things for various reasons:—

1. Because it is shown, that though Internal Respiration is a Spiritual phenomenon, it is nevertheless attended with certain physical conditions, and with the awakening of functions still extant in the human system, though at present out of use.
2. Because it is shown that when Internal Respiration is spoken of, we are to understand that it is not the breathing of man's spirit, simply, that is referred to, but the breathing of the spirit, *continued in the body*, and that it is, therefore, to be contradistinguished from merely natural breathing on the one hand, and from simple spirit-breathing on the other. In other words, that there is in those who have Internal Respiration, no longer a discreet degree between the breathing of the body and the breathing of the spirit, but, as in the case of the most ancient people, the breathing of the spirit is ultimated, *perceptibly*, and *consciously*, *through bodily organs*, no longer dormant, but active. The spirit of man never ceases to breathe—but this is not what is meant by Internal Respiration. What is meant by it, is the union of two degrees of breathing—one of the body, and another of the spirit, the one involved within the other.
3. Another reason for taking special notice of these circumstances, is, because when we understand *what* Internal Respiration is, it will be more easy to see what means are required to induce it.

When we learn what induced Internal Respiration in the case of the antediluvians, and what caused it to cease in the post-diluvians, the question will be easily answered. To those who have given their attention to the higher principles of spiritual philosophy, Swedenborg's reason, showing why this race enjoyed Internal Respiration, will appear in the highest degree satisfactory. He says, "It was because as to their wills they were joined to the Lord and to the angels." These words deserve to be written in letters of gold. They furnish a brief but complete answer to the enquiry, "How is Internal Respiration to be restored as a condition of humanity?" Such was the condition of these inly-breathing men, as to their affections, that they respired with the angels, for, as we shall have occasion to see more fully in the sequel, the state of the breathing always is as the state of the affections, in relation to spiritual truth.

The whole passage in relation to this point is remarkable, and ought to be quoted entire. It is as follows:—"It was shown me to the life, how the Internal Respiration of the most ancient people, flowed tacitly into a kind of External Respiration, and thus into a tacit speech perceived by one in his internal man.

‘They said that respiration with them underwent variations according to the state of their love and faith towards the Lord ; the reason of which they stated to be because they had communication with heaven, and, therefore, it could not be otherwise, for they respired with the angels in whose company they were.’ ”—*Arcana Celestia*, par. 1,119. The quality of respiration is always as to the quality of affection. If the affection be interior, so will be the respiration, consequently, the love and faith of this people being of the most interior quality, opening them to the highest degree of their minds, they received instruction from the Lord in the spirit by direct and immediate revelation. Being one with the Lord as to their will, and, consequently, one with the angels, it could not be otherwise than that the state of their affections would give them interior respiration. Those who understand the nature of influx, will see at a glance, that such respiration is spiritual influx, and that, as in the case of these most ancient people, those who enjoy it, must have conscious and continuous revelation from heaven. “They were joined to angels by their veriest life,” says Swedenborg. They inhaled the *auras* of heaven in which angels breathe, and wonderful to the naturalistic men of our time, who can hardly think of any mode of breathing except the natural, these heavenly breaths flowed into their bodies in some manner tacitly, but still sensibly and perceptibly. The difference between their mode of breathing, and that of the men of this time, being this, that whereas men now breathe the external air consciously enough, and have no consciousness at all that their spirits breathe, their external respiration was tacit, but at the same time blended with a conscious breathing of the spirit through bodily organs, which, though now out of use, undoubtedly still exists in potency in the human system, and therefore, capable of being brought into exercise when man shall return to his primeval state of faith and love. The true Internal Respiration cannot, therefore, be superinduced, in an orderly manner, by any external mode of appliance. It is simply the result of a spiritual state, obtained through a life of utter self-abnegation, in the orderly performance of the uses of life and ardent love towards the Lord.

I have much more to say concerning the *results* of Internal Respiration, as illustrated by the experience of the men of the most ancient times, and by that of others in modern times, in the light of which several questions will be answered ; but the length of this communication reminds me that I must reserve my remarks for the present.

RESPIRO.

WRITING ON THE SKIN.

ON this subject Mr. N. Morgan, of Monkwearmouth, Sunderland, has addressed us a letter, from which we make the following extract, as to a fact recently witnessed by him at the house of Dr. Fenwick, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne :—

“ The writing as it is called upon a medium’s arms, is a fact for philosophers more versed in general science, physiological and psychological laws, than your humble servant ; yet I may be pardoned for stating that I require a better and surer foundation on which to rest my belief in modern Spiritualism. In the experiment which I witnessed, the medium laid bare his arm and requested us to witness the phenomenon, and we saw the letter A appear in faint red lines about two inches long across the fore arm, and in another instance D M came and disappeared under our inspection. There was no abrasion of the skin, or no appearance of any external application having been used by the medium. Dr. Fenwick examined the letters, he pressed his thumb upon them, and the part became white, but the letters returned on the removal of the pressure ; which fact indicated that whatever was the cause, the effects were produced through the arterial circulation. One drawback to a complete inspection of this remarkable feature of mediumship was, the short space of time which the writing remained upon his arm. Now supposing (as appearances warrant us in doing) that this novel method of departed spirits testing their presence, was effected through the medium of the arterial circulation ; the impulse must have been given through the brain and nervous system. Then the following hypothesis suggests itself : If a disembodied spirit can so act upon the circulation of a medium, why may we not suppose that the medium can by a strong effort of his will produce similar effects ? He evidently undergoes considerable mental emotion previous to the phenomena being manifested.”

We quite agree with our intelligent correspondent, that the fact of letters or drawings being seen on the flesh is of itself no proof that they are done by a spirit out of the body. That question would have to be settled by the intrinsic evidence of what was so written or drawn or by other means. So little is known of this newly observed fact, that it would be much better to multiply instances and subject them to the most careful analysis and observation, than at first to form theories upon them. In the meantime, there is perhaps as much reason for believing that they may be produced by the spirit in the body of the medium, as by the spirit of one who has left this world ; and supposing that the name to be written were known to the

medium, either by the ordinary process of clairvoyance, or by other means, it might be made to appear on the arm of the person having this peculiar faculty by some psychological process of his own spirit. The means by which this is done are as much removed from our ken as the means by which nature carries on her other operations. It may be that spirits are employed in doing it, or it may be from an inner cause within the boundary of our more external laws. Still, such laws are spiritual in the last resort, and the question would after all be between spiritual laws, and spiritual beings of another world. That is the problem to be solved by further experiment and observation.

We have another letter bearing on the subject from another correspondent eminent in the literary world, Mr. E. L. Blanchard, whose letter we regret that we cannot for other reasons print entire. It is written mainly as giving his experience, as distinguished from that of Mr. James Lowe, the editor of the *Critic*, an account of which recently appeared in that journal. We were sorry to find that Mr. Lowe and his two friends had invested so much money as £3 in their unsatisfactory search after truth, and we agree with them that the charge made was an imposition. On this subject of writing on the skin, Mr. Lowe and his friends evidently saw more than they expected, or can account for by any natural means.

Mr. Blanchard says, after narrating the facts, "I was quite satisfied, and I believe my friends were also. Of course I do not expect this hurried record of my own experiences will convince those who have had no corresponding ones of their own, nor do I write it in answer to the statement of Mr. James Lowe, but I merely claim for it the same attention, and I can equally guarantee its veracity. If it be conjuring, I will undertake to find a London manager who will give the medium more money to exhibit his legerdemain in public than he can ever get by his 'spiritual *séances*' in private. A theory seems wanted by Mr. Lowe for the explanation of the marks on the arm. Suppose we say the medium has a trained band of 'industrious fleas' to 'bite in' whatever names or initials are required. If this be thought an unlikely solution of the mystery, I must leave our medical friends to make the best of a blister alphabet concealed in the folds of a flannel shirt. If that again be thought improbable, let them try what amount of pressure will obtain red letters on a pale ground, by rubbing the left arm with some unguent beforehand, and applying a powerful irritant with the fingers of the right hand, when the alphabetical or numerical combinations are decided on. I see greater difficulties with all these than the simple explanation that Spiritualists offer. Leaving others among your correspondents to record the far more as-

tounding things that have taken place, I send you my small contribution to the Fund of Facts which you are collecting for the advancement of Spiritualism, and imitating the boldness of the editor of *The Critic* in disdaining the anonymous, I furnish my subscription with a name which you have my free permission to publish."

SOME ACCOUNT OF ELIZABETH SQUIRRELL.

My Battle for Life, the Autobiography of a Phrenologist, written by David George Goyder, a remarkable chronicle of the undaunted struggles of a God-fearing and earnest truth-seeker, amongst much matter of deep interest to all readers, contains the following account of the worthy author's acquaintance with Elizabeth Squirrell, and which to the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* will have especial interest:—

"In the year 1852," says the veteran Phrenologist, "the Suffolk newspapers recorded a most extraordinary case of abstinence from food for many weeks, the subject being a young girl, aged fourteen years, her name Elizabeth Squirrell. The parents belonged to the Baptist denomination, her grandfather having been a minister in that persuasion for many years.

"The interest I took in Phrenology induced in me an intense desire to visit this young girl, and investigate the case for myself. Her parents then resided in the village of Shottisham, about sixteen miles from Ipswich. I found her a most interesting child, as it respected physiognomical expression. The forehead was deep and square, the hair long, and flowing about the shoulders and neck; the face by no means emaciated, as any person might have imagined, by long abstinence from food, but on the contrary, presenting the appearance of comparative health, with a delicate roseate tint on the cheeks. I was informed that she had been ill two years; for the last twelve months had taken very little solid food, and for the last nine weeks neither solid or fluid nourishment of any kind. I stated to her parents that I had studied medicine, that I felt great interest in the extraordinary state of their daughter, and should feel obliged if they would allow me to make a medical examination. My request was at once granted, and in the presence of the child's mother, I commenced my investigations. She was quite deaf, was deficient in the sense of smell, laboured under amaurosis in one eye, while the pupil of the other was covered with a thick film, so that she could neither hear, see, nor smell. On examination of the mouth I found the œsophagus much contracted, indeed, so small as scarcely to admit a drop of water, without danger of suffocation ;

solid food was therefore quite out of the question. The abdominal muscles were contracted; there was also weakness of the spine, and the extremities were completely paralysed. I now requested permission to measure and manipulate the head, which was also acceded to with equal readiness."

Mr. Goyder then gives an analysis of the organism and probable character of Elizabeth Squirrell, which, in a somewhat abridged form, we present to our readers, ourselves firmly convinced that the study of the phrenological development of persons endowed with spiritual power will throw much light upon the varieties in the nature, reliability, quality and quantity of the occult phenomena given forth through their instrumentality. A writer, in a recent number of *The Dawn*, observes that "there can be no doubt that human character depends on human organization. Efflux is always according to form, and all form is according to quality." And even as are the size and cleanliness of the human vessel presented for the reception of the wine of the spirit, will be the quantity and flavour of that wine when it reaches the lips; even as are the size and colour and transparency of the window of the mind, the soul and the heart, will be the abundance of the glory and power of the Divine Light when they reach the eye.

Of Miss Squirrell's brain Mr. Goyder observes, "It is a brain of nearly average size, although she is yet little more than fourteen years of age. I was told that her education had been of the ordinary village kind.

"Her affection to her parents must be great, and her respect and reverence for them may be inferred from the combined power of Philoprogenitiveness and Veneration. She has a well-developed Inhabitiveness, and I should infer would feel strong attachment to home and country; but in consequence of Locality possessing greater functional energy than Inhabitiveness, she would, did circumstances permit, like to visit new scenes and new society. Her attachments are likely to be very devoted when formed, and whatever power she might possess she would use to serve her friend. There seems to me to be an entire absence of selfishness in her character; her disposition is likely to be very kind, amiable and sincere; she does not want for courage and determination, for her Combativeness and Destructiveness and Firmness are fully marked. But this part of her organization is so powerfully controlled by the moral and religious region that it will only tend to a noble moral dignity and uprightness, with an abhorrence of all that is evil. . . . The most perfect candour and openness are depicted on her countenance, and may be safely inferred from her large Conscientiousness. Her Secretiveness, which though well marked and indicative of great circumspection, will yet be

swallowed, so to speak, by the strong power of conscience. Her Acquisitiveness, which is barely average, seeks not worldly accumulation; and did she possess property, her desire would be to dispense it to those to whom it would be most useful. Her powers of invention are great, and were she blessed with health, notwithstanding that her sense of hearing and seeing are lost, I should expect her to devise many expedients by which her great deprivations might be mitigated. She has much self-respect and moral dignity of purpose; everything of a mean, sensual, or selfish nature will be abhorrent to her; yet I think she is much under the influence of Love of Approbation, has a strong desire to please, and feels acutely everything which has a tendency to disparage her in the estimation of others. Her disposition is essentially kind. She would suffer pain herself with comparative equanimity, rather than those she loves should be subjected to it. It would afford her the highest possible delight to be of use to others, and she would use her powers of persuasion to turn her friends into the paths of virtue. She has the deepest reverence for the Supreme Being—Veneration being one of the most powerfully developed organs in her head; and this, combined with the other religious sentiments, all of which are large, will induce a reverence for sacred subjects, and lead her with confidence to a belief in the wonders of the unseen world. What she sees to be just, she will maintain with steady determination. I believe her to be utterly incapable of uttering wilful falsehood; and nothing is likely to give her more pain than hearing that her word is questioned. Her powers of Ideality and Marvellousness are indeed the most powerfully developed organs in her brain; but I will not go to the extreme length of saying that they are affected by disease, though they may be. Still I am convinced that she sees what she describes; and I feel assured that the eye of the soul is as bright and penetrative as that of the body is dark. Her descriptions of celestial scenery are exceedingly beautiful, but she generally concludes with ‘they are indescribable, or ineffable.’ She has great poetic ability, and her language is likely to be polished, chaste and elegant. Altogether, the combination of Hope, Marvellousness, Ideality, Individuality, Order, Time and Tune, present such extraordinary development, that, were her health restored, they would render her a poetess of great power. Her perception is exceedingly minute and accurate. In argument she will be calm, but very observant. . . . Her ideas of form and proportion are very minute and precise. Her ideas of order are great, and she would like everything around her to be neat and even elegant, and arranged in the best taste. Her large Individuality, Form, Size, Colour, and Order will induce a love of flowers, and in truth of all beautiful things. She has the ability

for the acquisition of almost every kind of knowledge; but of course the loss of sight and hearing must prevent such acquisition. Her musical powers are beautifully developed. I have never seen so much beauty and sweetness of character, blended with so much meekness of wisdom, as in the case of this young girl. I am in no wise disposed to discredit her assertion that she is in communication with angels. I believe that I have been made better by being permitted to hold conversation with her, and by the confidence with which she speaks of the bright and glorious spirit-land.

"From the time of writing the above analysis up to the present moment (1857) I have enjoyed much of the society of this young person, and have also received many highly interesting communications from her. The following letter furnishes a concise statement of her case, which she has permitted me to publish:—

"October 26, 1855.

"My very dear Sir,—Sorrow enlightens, purifies, raises up, and more than all subdues the soul. And all whom sorrow blesses in this wise are blessed indeed, and are true sheep of that Good Shepherd, of whom, through all his journeyings onward to the perennially divine, it was truly said, 'He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.' But I fear you must think me rambling from my original purpose, which was to give you some account of my states, from the period when you first became acquainted with me and interested in my condition. I will, therefore, begin from your first visit to me, which occurred in July, 1852. I had then abstained entirely from food and drink for upwards of ten weeks. . . . At the time of this visit of yours to me, I was in a wonderfully etherealized condition, both physical and psychical. My body was scarcely more than a semi-transparent garment to my soul, and no impediment. Being fed with food essentially *atmospheric*, imbibing momentarily its finest and most subtle combinations, and not with the coarser aliment common to its ruder state, my whole physical being was made intensely clear and susceptible, and a thoroughfare for the continued entrance of the most exquisite mental enjoyments.

"During all this 'fasting' I was mentally and spiritually in a state of the highest felicity. . . . I had very little suffering of any kind during my abstinence, and never a single pain in the head. My brain was never even casually clouded, never for a moment listless, but was unceasingly clear, calm, and active. I had not the opportunity to grow recluse or fanatical, or to fancy myself set apart for the subjugation of the world to the spiritual, for all but a third part of my time was spent in conversing with my friends. And for this fact I ought to be truly thankful, for it

kept me faithful to the only really legitimate sources of happiness and improvement in this life, *i.e.*, human affections and sympathies, human endeavours and experiences. . . . We are not to fancy that an etherealized body and a spiritually perceptive mind make a gulf of separation between us and the mass of mankind.

“Very many who saw me during my abstinence looked upon me as a young fanatic, a devotee to some wild spiritual illusion; supposing that I considered myself an altogether supernatural person, that is, sustained by miracle, receiving especial spiritual benefits, and beyond the interchange of human affections. I could not disabuse these people of their impressions concerning me. My external appearance was with them, for my refined habit of body, together with my blindness and deafness, made me look white and appear peculiar, and so they persisted in making me out what I was not, and in imputing to me sayings and statements of which I was so far guiltless as to have never even dreamed them. And *now* even, when I have merged again into the usual substantial and evident method of eating and drinking, and have (God be thanked for it!) the use of the blessed senses of sight and hearing, I fear I am looked upon by the majority, if not as an impostor, yet as a something little better—a being with no heart, except for notoriety, and a mind vitiated by spiritual illusions and spiritual pride. But to return. During my abstinence, of course, the great mooted question with all was—*How was I sustained?* But to the supposition offered by many that it was probably by a miracle, I always returned the most unequivocal negation, because I trembled for the consequence of admitting such an hypothesis as that, when science ought to have done, and could have accounted for it to the satisfaction of all. To me it was clear, that I was sustained by the atmosphere surrounding me—the *air*. *In it was food exactly suited to my attenuated and delicate state of body, and I lived and thrived on this food*, until my body again resumed its former habits. At the time of my abstinence, the atmosphere was redolent with the odours of innumerable flowers and herbs, for it was the height of summer time, and so far from being starved, I was literally feasted, and no more abstained really than the plant does, because we do not feed it with meat and bread and cheese, and give it wine to drink.* I could not live on air now, because I am not in a condition of body to do so. Many secret atmospheric exhalations

* Esdras, before he beheld his wonderful vision of the Jewish Church under the appearance of a woman walking in a field, lamenting the sudden death of her only son, was commanded, after repeated fastings, by the angel who talked with him, “to go into a field of flowers and eat only the flowers of the field, taste no flesh, drink no wine, but eat flowers.”

tions pass by me unheeded now, whereas, in my abstinence, they were all noted; and not a breeze went by, but it brought with it something for me to eat. I delighted much during the fasting in water, not to drink, but to bathe my face, neck and arms in. I have made as many as twenty ablutions in a day.

“I did not begin to see spirits with the commencement of my abstinence. I had been in the habit of seeing spiritual objects (with my inner eye, of course) from almost the first few days of my attack, and I had been ill two years before I abstained. The first time I saw a spirit, or into the inner world, was on the afternoon of the third Sunday of my illness, when I had a vision, but of such glorious beauty and truth that I can render but a faint reflection. I was only twelve years old when this vision occurred. An hour before the vision, I had as little conception of what was awaiting me as if I had never even heard of existence beyond the natural one. I had always, however, considered intercourse with spiritual beings possible; but this was wholly an intuitive conviction. I will describe, as well as I am able, my first vision, and you will then have some idea of the nature of all my spirit-seeings. I have always looked upon that first vision as the truest and most beautiful of all the spiritual scenes I have witnessed. It came to me when I was in agony of mind consequent on a dread of death, which lay on me continually for many days like a nightmare. I thought I was a great sinner, and that because of it, God could not love me, and I imagined, whenever I thought of dying, hell with all its horrors yawning at my feet. On the afternoon of the day of my vision, I lay on my sick bed in unusual weariness and listlessness of body, but with the fullest and deepest tranquillity of mind. I was so peaceful that I could have fancied myself on the eve of an everlasting rest. There was no gloom of doubt hanging over my soul, no fears brooding within it, nothing came between it and its glorified Redeemer. Everything about me tended to enhance this pure, celestial joy. It was early evening, and within my room the sun shone, not with his most vivid glory, but with a gentle fervour. The part of the sky visible to me where I lay was of a stainless blue, while in strong relief to its thrilling clearness, stood ranged, as far as my eye could look, a long line of tall green poplars. By my bedside were seated my father and my brother. I had held a long conversation with my dear relatives, which had exhausted me, and I had lain quite calm and still for many minutes in order to recover myself. As I lay thus unmoving, with my eyes closed, my friends, thinking me asleep, suspended their talking, and throughout the apartment there was a dead silence. I was, however, thoroughly awake. I was so far from being in a dreamy unconsciousness as to be almost preternaturally

wakeful, and very painfully cognisant of all surrounding objects and motions.

“ ‘ While lying in this still and thoughtful position, my attention was suddenly arrested by distant sounds, as if of human voices singing. These voices were indescribably sweet and mellifluous, but carried to such ethereal heights as to induce in the listener a ‘ tremulous felicity of fear.’ I listened with my whole soul and sense absorbed in what I heard. The singing ceased not for many minutes ; and when it did cease, such an excessive brightness of light so filled and illumined the whole room that my friends were hidden from me, and I only saw one unspotted space of colourless brightness. A moment it remained full and fixed, and then it parted, and dissolved on either side of me, while I felt as if rapidly ascending upwards. Higher and higher I seemed to ascend, with full consciousness about me, until I felt as if finally leaving the earth, and winging my way to God, and with a mortal’s fear I shook with amazement and apprehension. As I faltered, my ascent was stopped, and I stood in a small enclosed space, with nothing remarkable about it save one very large window, which fronted the place in which I stood, and through which was pouring a flood of brilliancy utterly overwhelming. I seemed to wait here a long while, and feeling that I was in His hands, I prayed to God that if it were His will to shew me further of His mysteries, He would enable me to endure their presence without shrinking. Before I had ended praying, I was aware of a presence beside my own in the place, and looking up, I beheld a person of majestic mien and stature, gazing on me with looks of anxious and troubled tenderness. He did not speak until I asked Him fearfully and humbly, ‘ Where am I ? Tell me I beseech you, sir, to where am I brought ? ’ ‘ Ah, poor distrustful child,’ replied the spirit, ‘ can you not trust in Him, when your God is pleased for an instant to separate you from your earthly friends and habitations ? But, come with me, for I have much to show you ; *but if you fear, you cannot receive any truth aright.*’* I answered that I would have courage, and taking me by the hand, he led me up a long and narrow ascent, on the top of which stood a large mansion. A house it certainly was, though unlike those we inhabit here. It appeared reared of the choicest and fairest marble, was vast, but most exquisitely proportioned, and altogether lovely and pure in appearance. An extensive portico was supported on either side

* To be devoid of fear appears, from the experience of all persons enjoying spiritual communion, a condition of soul and body absolutely necessary for the reception of Divine truth. And are not “ the fearful ” mentioned with “ the unbelieving, the abominable, murderers,” and others who are debarred from entering the New Jerusalem ?

by four colossal pillars, each of which were thickly studded with what seemed diamonds; the entire top of the portico was wreathed about with white blossoms. As we neared this lovely palace, I grew too happy for containment, and cried out with rapture to my guide, 'Surely this is the house called 'Beautiful!' It must be angels alone who could dwell here!'

"On entering this lovely palace to which my spiritual guide had brought me, a scene burst on my bewildered gaze which could not be depicted so as to be realizable by any except with the pen and spiritual knowledge of an angel. Of its solemn grandeur, mighty vastness, and surpassing glory and beauty, I can give no adequate description whatever; did I make an attempt I should be only wasting words in vain speech. We were ushered into what seemed a temple, for an immense concourse of persons was assembled as if for worship. I can give you no idea of the space occupied by this assemblage, or of the number of the assembled. The former appeared to be illimitable, and yet to be travelled over at a glance; while the latter was so great that the mind could not calculate it. The persons of the assembled were all so perfect, pure and beautiful, that I felt assured I was in the midst of a company of that heavenly host we read of in Scripture as 'encamping around those that fear the Lord.' Every individual of this vast congregation was arrayed in a garment of purest white, while girdles of gold encircled their waists, crowns of gold their heads, and each held a book and a stringed instrument. On the latter they, with one accord, performed, accompanying the music with their voices. I, a poor frail child of earth, introduced into such hitherto unimagined glories and felicities, stood still, speechless and afraid, not daring to utter a word. My guide saw my amazement, and taking me aside, spoke unto me as follows: 'You are afraid,' said he in tones of great serenity.

"I dared not avoid a reply, and said, 'Forgive me, you are a spirit—perhaps, indeed, an Angel—and such scenes as these are your daily meat and drink. With me it is otherwise.' To this my guide replied, 'You ought, as a Christian, to possess unlimited confidence in the good providence of God, knowing that all things shall work together for good to those that fear Him. Not even a sparrow falls to the ground without our Heavenly Father's notice, and He has numbered the very hairs of our heads. But,' added he, 'come with me, we must give you spiritual instruction, and so help you to gain the necessary confidence in our Lord.' And again taking my hand, this spirit led me into an apartment, small, but the perfection of beauty and order. In this room a few persons were convened, bearing a close resemblance to those of the larger congregation. In the

centre of this group, and in the attitude of one who teaches, stood a man of most solemn and heavenly bearing. Before him lay an open book, apparently the Word of God; his right hand reverently grasped its leaves, while at intervals he stooped and touched it affectionately with his lips. The preacher, for such he evidently was, was descanting on the love and wisdom of God, as seen in the creation and preservation, and then in the redemption and regeneration of man. I listened breathlessly, for the words seemed as if spoken exclusively to me. I listened, and presently my terror had fled—my assurance was full and unbroken. Presently, the preacher ended his discourse, the assembly dispersed, and again taking my hand, my guide led me forth into a place or state, even more grand and glorious than I had yet seen. There were mingled young and old, all uniting in perfect peace and harmony, although variously employed. Some were formed into groups, where they sang and read together from the Word of God; some were dictating spiritual exercises and lessons, while others were instructing little children in the way and work of God. Every individual was beautiful, not one deformity of face or form was distinguishable, of all the myriads that were here convened together. Every face was a sure index of its possessor, and reflected back nothing but the light of a pure, holy and loving soul. None were unemployed; all were in happy, joyous activity. There were no bickerings, no angry contentions; here each acted towards the other with perfect charity and love, and with all meekness, patience and gentleness. Wisdom and intelligence, in their brightest array, beamed from every eye, and sate on every brow. There was no subject of a moral, spiritual, or celestial interest, of which they could not converse, and with the fullest understanding of what they uttered. I can still remember the substance of what they spoke; but to re-produce it in their own language, would be beyond a mortal's power. Whilst I waited in this heavenly abode, a company of spirits came around me, and conversing gently with me, gave me much spiritual counsel, and even temporal advice. They told me the nature of my illness, and what would be the best treatment for me to receive. They assured me of many strange conditions of body into which I should relapse, and of much persecution and contempt of which I should become the subject. 'But,' added they, '*Be assured that everything will ultimately tend to the glory of God, and to the progress of your own regeneration.*'

“‘This, my dear friend, is the plainest reflection I am able to give you of a spiritual scene, which was in itself too beautiful for any description to do it justice, and too spiritually hidden in some parts to be revealed by any other than a dweller in the

eternal world. This first vision was the type of all succeeding ones—each subsequent spiritual scene has borne some correspondence to this first. This first vision formed a centre for my spiritual experience, around which every diversity has revolved in order—reflecting back again in some degree the brightness of its truth and beauty. This first vision made an epoch in my little life, the greatest which I have known. From it I date my love for spiritual and elevated things, and the light which makes them clear. Ever since it occurred I have had a conscious love for God in my heart, which neither pain, nor persecution, nor sorrow, have ever been able to remove. If I have sometimes murmured at God's dispensations to me, I have never in my heart doubted Him, nor ever ceased to love Him. Since that vision I have always realized the whole spirit of that statement of the apostle, 'God is love.' He has always been essentially love to me. I will now, however, bid you a brief adieu. I need not particularize the events of the last two years of my life, you are in part familiar with them. It is sufficient to say that my bodily condition is not only ameliorated, but is made permanently better—that I am now able to see, hear, take food, and am only wanting the ability to stand and walk to make me comparatively well. I am altogether physically better, Spiritually, I am happy. Of mental food, I have, through kindness of friends, if in no other way, a plentiful supply. I have indeed much to be thankful for; and, dear Sir, I hope I may with truth subscribe myself,

“‘Your thankful and affectionate young friend,

“‘E. M. SQUIRRELL.’”

Mr. Goyder concludes his account of these interesting phenomena with a list of some twenty cases of *Adipsia*, or cases of those who have abstained from food for long periods of time, some even for many years together, taken from Martin Schwrig. *Chylogogia Historico Medica*, cap. iv.; *De Asitia et Adipsia*, p. 175—204, 4to., Dresdæ, 1752.

ON THE ETERNITY OF FUTURE PUNISHMENTS.

A SUGGESTIVE ESSAY.

THE duration of those sufferings which the Scriptures solemnly assure us will be the future lot of the impenitently wicked, is a subject that cannot be profitably discussed, without a far more intimate knowledge of Scriptural pneumatology, than prevails in the churches at the present day. The reader may probably start at the term Scriptural pneumatology, and be ready to ask whether

Moses and the Prophets of ante-Christian times, or the Apostles of our Lord, were in any way acquainted with that spiritual philosophy, which the wondrous facts and revelations of these latter days, are urging into a form visible to the rational mind. We can assure him that a little attention to the spirit and inner sense of Scripture, assisted by a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, just sufficient to enable him to avail himself of the labours of the linguist, will bring to light a very profound system of psychology which underlies the wondrous structure of the sacred writings.

Inspired penmen, whether sacred or profane, are always wiser than they know. Inspiration is of two kinds—the ordinary, commonly termed genius, by which the poet, the artist, and the musician produce, with such apparent ease, those enduring monuments that baffle all the elaborate plodding of the mere mechanic. It is a faculty which comes pure from the only source of all wisdom, however it may be perverted by the quality of the recipient. The paintings of Turner are rich in the elements of that symbolic poetry, by which all nature speaks such wondrous things to the awakened mind. But was the painter so well aware of this fact as his interpreter, Ruskin? Of Divine inspiration, our only written examples are the various books which compose the sacred volume, in which the spirits of the writers have been so elevated above the fallacies of the natural mind, as to become pure mediums of everlasting Divine truth. In either case, we may reasonably suppose, the mediums have been in a great degree unconscious of the vast depths of wisdom contained in their extatic utterances.

The first important matter bearing on the subject of our essay is the nice distinction which the sacred writers uniformly observe between the terms *soul* and *spirit*. Some confusion has been introduced by careless writers, translators in the use of these terms, but let us take soul (*psyche*) in its true Scriptural sense as signifying the principle of merely animal life, which we share with the lower creation. The natural mind is simply the thoughts and affections which belong to this low faculty. Spirit, *pneuma*, on the other hand, is that Divine germ which raises man above the lower creation, the faculty that can *love*, and, therefore, *know* God. Of this faculty eternal life is predicted in Scripture, and declared to consist in the knowledge of God, "This is life eternal to know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou has sent." To the mere soul *death* is attributed, and all who live a merely soulish or animal life are told that eternal death is a consequence. Even of our Saviour it is written that "He poured out his soul unto death." The soul, therefore, is essentially mortal unless vivified by its union with the spirit. A word has been coined which precisely expresses the meaning of the Greek term used by the Apostle Paul, and also by Jude, where he says

ψυχικοί, Πνευμα μὴ ἔχοντες xix. 25, *soulical*, not having the spirit. The authorized version gives the word sensual—a good term, but not so precisely the meaning of the Greek, soulical or animal. This distinction between soul and spirit once fixed in the mind, the numerous passages in the writings of Paul, especially based on the truth of such distinction are easily understood. As that the natural mind cannot apprehend the things of the spirit, for they are foolishness unto it. Also the Apostle's doctrine of a natural and a spiritual body. Concerning the former he exclaims, "Who shall deliver me from this body of death?" but the spiritual body he describes as that which shall rise again and live eternally. In strict conformity with this principle, Gen. ii. 7, "It is said that the Lord God formed man, &c., and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul," נפש חיה and the meaning of the word *nepesh* or soul is restricted to animal life by applying the same word to inferior animals, fishes, even reptiles; but in these cases, as in Gen. i, 24, it is erroneously translated "living creature" for living soul. From this example, the reader may see how important it is to refer to the original text in all controverted Scriptures, or how can he escape the perversions of that numerous class of ignorant or party writers who undertake to teach theology to the Bible, instead of learning their theology from the Bible. It is also important to observe in connexion with this dual structure of man, that two creations are mentioned in Genesis. In chapter 1st, man is created *like unto* the image of God, male and female, but he is not yet an inhabitant of this lower world. He exists in a higher sphere, even as every plant of the field was spiritually created before it assumed a *form* in material elements. In chapter II., we read of the *formation* of man or incarnation in the dust of the ground, and his reception of a natural in addition to his spiritual life. Here, in short, we have the origin of evil clearly attributed to the soul and sensual principle, for after the first transgression, death is denounced to Adam, but mitigated by the promise of a Redeemer. The Serpent alone is cursed. Of this Redeemer, it is written, that "He shall bruise the Serpent's head." Now this promise we think can hardly be entirely fulfilled unless the entire work of the serpent be at some future time, no matter how remote, entirely subverted, and every spirit rescued from his power. A contrary opinion is liable to the objection of ascribing infinity and eternal duration to somewhat which is neither Divine nor of Divine origin, namely, to sin. Infinity and eternity, we presume, can be absolutely predicated only of God himself. It is sometimes ignorantly asserted that if the eternity of hell is doubtful, so also is the eternity of heaven, for similar expressions of duration are applied to both. To argue thus is to be totally oblivious of the immense fundamental dif-

ference between the two states—heaven is the Divine order, and based upon the unchangeable laws of an eternal and unchangeable God; hell has its origin from man, and is simply the inversion of the holy laws of God. Professor Maurice in quoting the text—“Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell”—if we remember right, asks the reader, to whom does this *Him* the Greek (του) refer? What is it that destroys both soul and body in hell? Is it God, or is it *sin*? The answer we imagine may prove a pretty clear indication as to how far the reader is advanced in the spiritual knowledge of God.

But it is important to observe this word *destroy* in connexion with soul and body—for if soul and body be destroyed, there must be an end to both these principles, and these alone are chargeable with sin—and if they be destroyed, what remains but the original spiritual germ of Adam in his first creation? So again, in the verses following the teaching of our Saviour—“Agree with thine adversary quickly, &c., lest thou be cast into prison”—supposed to signify the prison of hell, our Lord says, “Verily thou shalt not come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.” May not this imply, since the uttermost farthing will be paid, no matter in how many ages, by the ultimate destruction of the sinful nature? In this sense it accords with the term “second death,” if it be a death, there must be somewhat that dies or terminates its existence. Moreover, it is declared in Revelations that Death and Hades (hell) were cast into the lake of fire, which is the second death. If this does not mean that death and hell are brought to an end by the consuming fire of the Divine nature, what does it mean? Those who advocate the eternity of sin and hell, will have to show how such a state of things can accord with the final and complete victory of Christ over Satan. We do not wish to decide either way, but to induce the reader to make for himself a fair examination of the whole question, not from the mere letter, but from the spirit and meaning of Divine revelation. On almost every question of this sort there are texts which, in the literal sense, seem positively to *affirm*, balanced by others of equal authority, which seem as positively to deny. It should also be remembered that the New Testament, though written in Greek, is in style, structure, and mode of thought essentially Hebrew. With that original most beautiful and spiritual language it has close affinity. To Pagan principles, modes of thought, perversity, pride, and self-worship, it is entirely antagonistic.

These expressions of our Lord—“The fire that never shall be quenched”—“The worm that never dies”—would, we apprehend, be applied with perfect truth to a fire that should not be quenched till the edifice was destroyed, or to a serpent that no one could

kill till it had destroyed its victim. The cities of Sodom and Gomorrah are said in Scripture to be suffering the vengeance of eternal fire (the fire of ages)—though that fire has long since been extinguished, and only the ashes remain. Though fire in its origin may be divine and properly termed *eternal*, yet its property is universally to destroy and utterly consume whatever is contrary to its own nature. Can it then fail ultimately to destroy sin? The ultimate doom of the wicked is termed in Scripture “Everlasting destruction,” and a “Second death,” both which phrases imply a termination, namely, when the sinful nature is dead or destroyed. The term everlasting, in its Scriptural sense, would be amply satisfied by a long duration, as that, so long as men continued to sin, destruction would await them. Whoever desires to solve this problem to his own satisfaction must not overlook that law of permission accordant with the free will of man, which is especially developed in the Old Testament dispensation. By this law a minor evil is permitted to avoid a greater, as polygamy to those who were not sufficiently chaste to apprehend the idea of marriage in its Divine origin, also wars, and the institution of a monarchy, when the Israelites became too corrupt for theocratic rule. By this law, also, we apprehend hell is permitted to avoid the still greater torment to the wicked of the Divine or even angelic presence. Job attributes his sufferings to God, but the Scriptures inform us they were the work of Satan.

CATHOLICUS.

DR. SPURGIN'S TESTIMONY.

WE find the following remarkable occurrence in Mr. Spicer's book, *Sights and Sounds*, which contains a collection of valuable phenomena, and very suggestive reasoning. The curious occurrence is narrated by Dr. Spurgin, the eminent physician, and now president of the Swedenborg Society. We have no doubt that the faculty could give many similar instances, occurring in their attendance during the last days of humanity:—

“Dr. Spurgin, a late president of the College of Physicians, well known in London, had occasion to visit Dorsetshire, and, finding himself in the near neighbourhood of an old and valued friend, went to call on him. He found him under the care of two medical practitioners, who appeared, at the moment, in a high state of satisfaction, owing to the success which, after a period of some anxiety, seemed suddenly to have crowned the efforts of their skill. The patient had completely lost all painful sensations, and, according to their opinion, mended rapidly. The practised eye of their eminent brother was not to be so deceived. From

various symptoms which had escaped the notice of the others, Dr. Spurgin judged that the disease, theretofore confined to the joints and limbs, had only quitted its deadly grasp to fasten upon the vitals, and his prognostications of an early and fatal result were too sadly verified—when, late on that very night (the two country doctors having departed) he was summoned from his bed to attend the patient, who had suddenly become worse. He was, in fact, already dying, and, about three o'clock, expired. So completely were all in the house (Dr. Spurgin excepted) taken by surprise, at this sudden close of the scene, that they appeared as it were paralyzed; and the last melancholy offices for the deceased had to be performed by Dr. Spurgin himself, and a lady, Mrs. T., nearly connected with the family, who had been on a visit to her sick relative. They had just concluded, when a tremendous blow was struck upon the wainscot, exactly at the head of the bed. It was described by the two amazed hearers, to be such as might be given by a powerful man, armed with a sledge-hammer, and using his whole strength; the room, and even the house, seeming to vibrate with the shock. One glance of indignation at the supposed indecent outrage, was exchanged, and then the Doctor ran into the gallery to ascertain the doer; but, though scarcely an instant had elapsed, no one was visible. It is right to state that the entire household consisted of two or three old respectable servants and nurses, all of whom had been warmly attached to, and anxious for, their master, and therefore most unlikely to have been guilty of such a silly and shameful insult to the solemn majesty of death. On making further enquiry, the lady informed Dr. Spurgin that he need not further investigate the cause of the noises, since they always occurred at the death of members of the family. Dr. Spurgin, upon whom the circumstance made a strong impression, has frequently declared his inability to account for it by any natural and physical cause."

INSTANCES OF PRESERVATION.

HUMAN life is but a chapter of incidents, and few men, I believe, have reached threescore and ten without having on their remembrance many marvellous instances of the interposition of Divine Providence in their deliverance from perils and dangers of some kind. Indeed, I believe the story of almost any man's life, were it fairly and ingenuously recorded, would furnish a very instructive volume, particularly to the individual himself. But, although these perilous adventures are soon forgotten while we are immersed in the active pursuits of life, yet when time has

sobered down the effervescence of youthful blood, and the age of reflection draws on, disposing the mind to a more serious consideration of bygone events, the remembrance of them returns, accompanied with feelings very different from those they excited when they took place. Now, in recording these events for the consideration of others, we perform a very grateful duty both to God and our fellow-men; for it is no less an offering of gratitude to our Divine Preserver than a demonstration to man of the ever-watchful care of our Heavenly Guardian in averting impending dangers, or snatching us by sudden and miraculous interposition from instant destruction.

Now, to men who have been drifting about the world for the better part of their lives, such incidents are by no means uncommon, and in noting down a few such passages in my own life, I only render my mite of gratitude to that gracious Being who has often protected and delivered me in my hour of utmost need.

Our perils and deliverances partake of two characters—the one arising out of natural causes, progressive in its developments, and obvious in its results—the other sudden, unanticipated, and purely accidental. Of the first I shall adduce but one instance, and that not so much on account of its unfrequency (for in a tropical climate such events are common enough), but merely on account of the extraordinary circumstances that accompanied it, and the singular effects it left on my constitution.

This was the first instance of preservation that left a serious impression on my mind, and changed the entire current of my thoughts, as it changed my European constitution into a tropical one, which I still retain, notwithstanding the many vicissitudes it has since then been exposed to. It was my first seasoning to a West India climate. I was a good subject for the epidemic, being full of flesh and blood, and inheriting a somewhat sanguine temperament—choice materials for the dreaded malaria to work upon! I omit the sickening detail of its progress. I was three weeks down with it before I believed I was dying; such opposition did an unbroken constitution present to its ravages. Nature at last yielded, and I became careless of life; and with this change commenced those singular accompaniments above alluded to. An indescribable feeling of peace and security took possession of my mind. While gazing from my couch on the setting sun, as he sunk in refulgent splendour behind the distant woods, I experienced an elatement of spirit that made me forget I was yet an inhabitant of this world; and many a time have I since wished that I had then died. The crisis at length arrived, and nature rallied for a last struggle; I became furious—was held down while a gentleman present with a penknife opened

a vein in my arm. With the copious effusion the paroxysm gradually subsided. Nature had spent her last effort; I felt as if my spirit was departing, and sunk senseless into the arms of him who held me. I must have remained in this state a considerable time, for it seems they thought I was dead; and truly when my senses returned I felt as if restored from death to life. A most surprising change had indeed passed over me, for everything I looked at seemed new to me—they appeared to me as if I had never seen them before!—I felt that I should live; but it appeared like the beginning of a new life I was entering upon!—and strange as it may seem, the effects produced by that sickness on both my moral and physical system remain with me to this day. For these reasons I consider the above incident as the most singular event in my life.

The two other instances of preservation I shall quote are of that description commonly called accidental, and as mere accidents they are, I fear, only regarded by the generality of people. The first of these occurred in my attempting to leap from one ship to another at the port of Quebec. I was in the outer ship, between which and the wharf lay several others. The ebbing of the tide produced a rolling motion in the vessels, causing an incessant opening and closing of the space between them. Not being sufficiently watchful of this roll, I miscalculated my distance, and dropt between the two ships, clinging with my fingers to the projecting plank of the adjoining vessel. Fortunately, my Quebec friend was on the spot, and instantly seizing me by the wrist, drew me up just in time to escape the returning roll of the ship, which in another moment would have squeezed me as thin as a lath. Before the sun of that day had set I had forgotten the circumstance!

The last instance I propose to communicate was accompanied with circumstances so apparently miraculous, that I gave it a place among many others in my journal, from which I now abridge it. This marvellous event happened on the banks of that same lake so often referred to in my paper on "Presentiment." All acquainted with American timber are aware of the prodigious growth and formation of the hemlock tree. In a decayed state its long horizontal limbs are commonly snapped off by the action of the winds to within a few feet of the trunk, and these projections are so hard and inflexible as to resist the keenest edge of the woodman's axe. Now, in going down to bathe, I often observed one of these ancient giants, with his roots completely exposed by the surging of the lake, and supported, as I imagined, by the low but precipitous bank on which he appeared to lean. He was of a prodigious girth, and encircled to the top with these broken limbs, now peeled and pointed into horns. Had I been

more conversant with woodcraft, I would soon have discovered that it was not on the bank he leant, but on the head of a tall beech sapling that grew on the top of it. Now this beech sapling stood directly in my way to my bathing-place, and, without dreaming of any danger, I proceeded one morning to cut it down. Every blow of the axe produced a quivering motion in the tree, which would have sufficiently alarmed a more experienced axeman, but I paid no attention to it. Down at last it came, and with it the old giant hemlock, with all his bristling fangs! He fell right on the top of me, and yet not one of these horns had touched me! But when I had recovered from the shock, and vomited a sufficient quantity of water, I found myself completely pinned down to the soil by these horns, and the enormous mass suspended by them only a few inches over my body! There was no help near and I felt myself in a very awkward predicament. Fortunately, the soil was of a loose sandy description, so that, after a world of scraping and scratching, I was enabled to release limb after limb, and finally my head, from this singular bondage; and when at last completely extricated, and looking at these dreadful spikes, which instead of piercing me had borne up the ponderous trunk but a few inches over me, I could scarcely believe my senses that I was safe.

These reminiscences require no comment. They speak for themselves, and that more eloquently to the reflecting mind than any form of argument, for the ever-watchful care of Divine Providence over his blind and reckless creatures.—*Hogg's Instructor*.

DREAMS.

THE letter of Mr. Barkas in the last number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and the editorial comments thereon, suggest an extremely interesting subject, and one still involved in considerable obscurity. I refer to the phenomena of dreams, and the question of their physical or spiritual causation. Mr. Barkas appears to incline to the former, the editor very decidedly adopts the latter hypothesis: and they respectively represent the two camps into which writers and thinkers on this subject are divided. Possibly, a few hints with a view to their reconciliation may be not unacceptable.

May it not be in this, as in so many other questions, that each party views only one side of the hemisphere of truth, and falls into the common error of building a theory on the partial data thus obtained? The question of dreams is so intimately connected with that of sleep, in which they originate, that it cannot

profitably be studied apart: we must look at both in their mutual relation. Shelley opens "Queen Mab" with—

How wonderful is death!
Death, and his brother, sleep!

And the image is as philosophically true as it is poetically beautiful. Sleep is a short death, as death (so far as our mortal nature is concerned) is a prolonged sleep.* The absolute or perfect sleep is temporarily an entire sealing up of all the natural powers and functions, save only those necessary to the maintenance of life; mind and brain, nerve and muscle are quiescent, and lie as it were folded up and powerless. There is a withdrawing, or rather indrawing, of the understanding which sinks into the bosom of the will during this mysterious syncope of its functions. "As the tender brood at night gather themselves under the wing of the mother-bird, so the thoughts collect themselves under the panoply of the inward light of love." As Professor Bush expresses it, "The intellectual department of our being withdraws inwardly during sleep, and enters into conjunction with the more latent life of the will or affection, and thus brings itself more fully within the range of that influx of the Divine life and love which comes especially in contact with the inner essential element of existence, which is the affection." This more intimate conjunction of the affections and the intellect may explain the fact that sometimes in sleep the faculties are elevated above the natural plane of their operation, the mental processes being carried on with a vividness, rapidity, and clearness, of which we ordinarily have no conception, so that in this state more is perceived in one minute than the lips could utter in many hours, and the inner memory is so quickened, that there is a resurrection of its buried joys and griefs.

The physiological states which precede and immediately induce sleep,—closing up the windows through which the spirit looks upon the outer world, would be an interesting subject for a separate paper; in this, I can only point out that one principal cause of the obscurity and confusion of our ideas concerning sleep and dreams arises from our regarding them as simple states, whereas, in fact, they are very complex—consisting of different states and degrees, and degrees in these several states; though, so far as I know, never clearly analyzed and classified. Between the perfect sleep which I have indicated, and which is rarely attained, and wakefulness, there is a great space, an entire gamut of states. We do not know which of the senses are sleeping, and which are more or less wakeful under given circumstances; but

* The lines in Hamlet's soliloquy will occur to every one —

"—To die—to sleep—
To sleep—perchance to dream!"

it is believed by physiologists that all the five senses rarely sleep at the same time. Again, the senses may be closed, while there may still be a large amount of nervous and muscular activity, the body may rest and the mind be vigilant: in the waking state, the mind may have set up an action of the brain which shall continue in automatic play, or be excited into reflex action during the hours of sleep, and then, the controlling agency of the mind being withdrawn, fantastic, incongruous ideas and images, as in a phantasmagoria, dance before the dreamer.

Considerable light may, I think, be thrown upon the subject, by considering the analogies of ordinary and mesmeric sleep. The subject of the mesmeric operator finds that his eyes become heavy, he cannot but close them; his ears grow dull of hearing, his circulation grows languid, his powers become faint and dim; he becomes insensible to all around, save the operator; he sees, hears, tastes, feels, wills, through him alone; if he transcends this state, he then finally passes into the deep sleep, or what Mr. Davis calls the "superior condition." Before, he may have been sympathetically clairvoyant, his clairvoyance being directed, or influenced by the suggestions of the operator; but now he has attained *independent* clairvoyance, he sees, and, if also clairaudient, hears for himself, independent of material obstacles, or of the ordinary conditions of time and space. The natural faculties are closed, but the spiritual faculties are (at least, partially) opened; and according to his spiritual state, and the quality of his interior vision and faculty, will the spiritual world, in its corresponding degrees, be opened to him, and he will be enabled to see and commune with spiritual beings, though but rarely can the consciousness of all this be brought by him into his normal waking state.

We have here a close and striking analogy to ordinary sleep and dreams. We all know that as we pass into sleep, the senses are locked up, the outer world recedes, and our hold upon consciousness becomes increasingly feeble till it slips from our grasp, but so long as the sleep is imperfect, as any of the natural powers continue operative, our dreams are (to a great extent at least) dependant upon our physical and mental states and of outward accident. It is only when free from all perturbation and disturbing influences, when the whole natural man is hushed into profound repose, that the realities of the upper world can be photographed on the surfaces of the spiritual nature; that it is sufficiently sensitive to receive "unmixed with baser matter" the efflux of its love and wisdom; and that the indwelling spirit, partially freed, can hold intercourse with kindred spirits divested of their corporeal investiture. The external of the spirit is laid asleep, and the internal comes into converse with celestial things, and we gain preliminary glimpses of that country of which

hereafter we are to be citizens. As the interiors of man's nature are then more opened, spirits have more sensible access to the soul in dreams than at other times. Hence one reason why such peculiar guardianship is exercised over man in his sleep to keep away the infestations of evil spirits. "This office," says Swedenborg, "they discharge with the utmost delight, insomuch that there is an emulation among them who shall approach; and they love to excite in man the joys and delights which they observe in his affection and temper. These angelic spirits are of those who, in the life of the body, delighted and loved, by every means and endeavour, to render the life of others happy." He considers that this is particularly so with regard to infants. When their little faces in sleep are almost transfigured with a heavenly radiance, it may be more than a figure of speech,—a veritable reality that the angels are whispering to them. The more perfect the sleep, the more difficult for our dream experiences to be brought into the region of the outer consciousness, and hence the mistaken theory that dreams occur only in imperfect sleep, it being these only which are commonly remembered.

If the above view is correct, there is then truth in both the physical and the spiritual theory of dreams, though neither gives the *whole* truth. That in certain states of sleep, dreams are occasioned by some physical irritant we well know; whispering in the ear of the sleeper, the report of cannon, the application of hot water to the feet, are among the recorded provocatives of particular dreams, corresponding to the sensations which these naturally excite. The state of the nerves and brain, the quantity and quality of the food we have recently partaken, continuous mental application to some given subject—these are among the most frequent physical causes of natural dreaming. But that there is an entirely different class of dreams, proceeding not from natural but spiritual agency, we have the direct evidence of Scripture, the testimony of men in all ages, and the character and attendant circumstances of many dreams, which are inexplicable upon any other hypothesis. The ancient philosophers well understood the distinction I have attempted to draw. Jamblichus, in particular, carefully distinguishes between the Divine dreaming, in which celestial voices are heard and celestial visions perceived, and the dreaming that is dependant on recollections and corporeal impressions. In the former he tells us the soul is freed from the constraints of the body, it becomes united to higher natures, and participates in the wisdom and foreknowledge of the gods: the night-time of the body being the day-time of the soul.

T. S.

THE KINGDOM.

The following striking and beautiful poem was uttered by Miss Lizzie Doten, at the close of her discourse at the dedication of the new Spiritual Hall in Boston. The *Banner of Light*, from which we copy the poem, says: "The choir then sang a verse of a softening anthem, while the influence was being changed, and then the medium arose again, under the inspiration of Edgar Allan Poe, and slowly and deliberately repeated the following poem. It must commend itself to all familiar with Poe, as being wonderfully like the poem of Ulalume, one of the wildest, strangest, maddest, and most musical of the productions of that singular and gifted genius."

"And I saw no temple therein."—Rev. xxi: 22.

'Twas the ominous month of October—
 How the memories rise in my soul,
 How they swell like a sea in my soul—
 When a spirit, sad, silent, and sober,
 Whose glance was a word of control,
 Drew me down to the dark lake Avernus,
 In the desolate kingdom of Death—
 To the mist-covered lake of Avernus,
 In the ghoul-haunted kingdom of Death.

And there, as I shivered and waited,
 I talked with the souls of the dead—
 With those whom the living call dead;
 The lawless, the lone, and the hated,
 Who broke from their bondage and fled—
 From madness and misery fled.

Each word was a burning eruption
 That leapt from a crater of flame—
 A red lava tide of corruption,
 That out of life's sediment came,
 From the scoriac natures God gave them,
 Compounded of glory and shame.

"Aboard!" cries our pilot and leader;
 Then wildly we rushed to embark—
 We recklessly rushed to embark;
 And forth in our ghostly Elida,*
 We swept in the silence and dark—
 Oh God! on that black lake Avernus,
 Where vampires drink even the breath—
 On that terrible lake of Avernus,
 Leading down to the whirlpool of Death!

* The dragon ship of the Norse mythology.

It was there the Eumenides* found us,
 In sight of no shelter or shore—
 No beacon or light from the shore.
 They lashed up the white waves around us,
 We sank in the waters' wild roar ;
 But not to the regions infernal,
 Through billows of sulphurous flame,
 But unto the City Eternal,
 The Home of the Blessed, we came.

To the gate of the beautiful city,
 All fainting and weary we pressed—
 Impatient and hopeful we pressed.
 Oh, Heart of the Holy, take pity,
 And welcome us home to our rest !
 Pursued by the Fates and the Furies,
 In darkness and danger we fled—
 From the pitiless Fates and the Furies,
 Through the desolate realms of the dead.

'*Jure Divino*, I here claim admission !"
 Exclaimed a proud prelate, who rushed to the gate ;
Ave sanctissima, hear my petition,
 Holy Saint Peter, oh, why should I wait ?
 Oh, *fons pietatis*, oh, glorious flood,
 My soul is washed clean in the Lamb's precious blood."

Like the song of a bird that yet lingers,
 When the wide-wandering warbler has flown ;
 Like the wind-harp by Æolus blown,
 As if touched by the lightest of fingers,
 The portal wide open was thrown ;
 And we saw—not the holy Saint Peter,
 Not even an angel of light,
 But a vision far dearer and sweeter,
 Not brilliant nor blindingly bright,
 But marvellous unto the sight.

In the midst of the mystical splendour
 Stood a beautiful, beautiful child—
 A golden-haired, azure-eyed child.
 With a look that was touching and tender.
 She stretched out her white hand and smiled :
 " Ay, welcome, thrice welcome, poor mortals,
 Oh, why do ye linger and wait ?
 Come fearlessly in at these portals,
 No warder keeps watch at the gate !"

* The Fates and Furies.

" *Gloria Deo ! te deum laudamus,*"

Exclaimed the proud prelate. "I'm safe into heaven ;

Through the blood of the Lamb and the martyrs who claim us,

My soul has been purchased, my sins are forgiven ;
I tread where the saints and the martyrs have trod—
Lead on, thou fair child, to the temple of God !"

The child stood in silence and wondered,

Then bowed down her beautiful head,

And even as fragrance is shed

From the lily the waves have swept under,

She meekly and tenderly said—

So simply and truthfully said :

"In vain do ye seek to behold him ;

He dwells in no temple apart,

The height of the heavens cannot hold him,

And yet he is here in my heart—

He is here, and he will not depart."

Then out from the mystical splendour,

The swift changing, crystalline light,

The rainbow-hued, scintillant light,

Gleamed faces more touching and tender

Than ever had greeted our sight—

Our sin-blinded, death-darkened sight ;

And they sang : "Welcome home to the kingdom,

Ye earth-born and serpent-beguiled ;

The Lord is the light of this kingdom,

And his temple the heart of a child—

Of a trustful and teachable child ;

Ye are born to the life of the kingdom,

Receive and believe as a child."

THE NICENE CREED—DIRECT WRITING.

THERE is a curious legend given in *Stanley's History of the Eastern Church*, which, if the authority given by Nicephorus for its relation is of any value, may not deserve to be passed at once into the region of fable or superstition. It relates to the signature of the Creed and Twenty Canons after the Council of Nicæa.

"The Creed and the Twenty Canons were written in a volume, and again subscribed by all the Bishops. Some singular legends adorn this stage of the proceedings. It was believed in later times that two of the 318 Bishops, Chrysanthos and Mysonius, who had entirely concurred in the views of the Council,

had died before the close of its session, and been buried in the cemetery of Nicœa. When the day for the final subscription arrived, the Bishops took the volume to the grave of the two deceased men, addressed them as Mussulmans still address their saints, and solemnly conjured them that if now, in the clearness of the Divine presence, they still approved, they would come and sign with their brethren the decrees of the Faith. They then sealed the volume and laid it on the tomb, leaving blank spaces for the signatures ; watched in prayer all night, and returned in the morning, when on breaking the seal they found the two subscriptions : ‘ *We, Chrysanthus and Mysonius, fully concurring with the first Holy and Œcumenical Synod, although removed from earth, have signed the volume with our own hands.* ’ ”

The above account, resembling those given by Baron Goldenstübbe, and vouched for by several of our friends who possess spirit-writing obtained on tombs, does not in itself wear an utterly incredible aspect. Of course the credibility of every long-past fact, must depend first on the manner in which it is authenticated, and secondly on the internal evidence presented for its truth. As to the second, it is hard to see what motive an assembly of earnest men like the bishops could have for perpetrating such a fraud, and also, supposing them to have the motive, why they took the trouble to watch and pray all night, when a little forgery before they slept would have done as well. We find also, as might be expected, that there were powerful mediums or spiritual seers among the assembly at Nicœa. All will remember the powers attributed to Constantine himself in his earlier years. The vision of the cross, seen by him before his victory over Maxentius, was not the only instance of his gifts. In Lecture v. of *Stanley's Eastern Church*, we are told “ that at the banquet given by Constantine to the Bishops, James of Nisibis (so ran the Eastern tale) saw angels standing round the Emperor, and underneath his purple robe discovered a sackcloth garment. Constantine in return saw angels ministering to James, placed his seat above the other Bishops, and said, ‘ There are three pillars of the world : Antony in Egypt, Nicholas of Myra, and James in Assyria. ’ ”

The following, Dr. Stanley says, is as certainly historical as the above is legendary ; by it we learn that Constantine was believed to possess the healing touch attributed to the Stuarts : — “ Paphuntius was lodged in the palace. The Emperor had often sent for him to hear the stories of his persecution, and now it was remarked how he threw his arms round the old man, and put his lips to the eyeless socket, as if to suck out with his reverential kiss the blessing which lurked in the sacred cavity, and stroke down with his imperial touch the frightful wound ; how he

pressed his arms and legs and royal purple to the paralyzed limbs and put his own eyeball into the socket." Note to the above, Theodoret speaks of the Emperor's doing this to all who had lost their right eye, but Rufinus and Socrates fix it specially on Paphuntius; Gregory, of Cæsarea, extends it to all.

The perception of a hair shirt under the Emperor's robe will be an argument for the truth of the vision of James of Nisibis. Had the whole been an invention, such a particular would scarcely have been thought worth notice, along with the more exalted apparition of Angels ministering to Constantine. Those who are familiar with both degrees of clairvoyance will recognize the openness of the natural and spiritual internal sight at once, so that the seer's eye could penetrate material substance, while it also perceived the forms of spiritual beings. Setting aside these asserted lucidations of mediumship in the Nicæan Assembly, given in evidence of the *possibility*, at least, of the writing on the tomb, I turn to the historian on whose authority the legend is given. Nicephorus Callistus is thus spoken of in *Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography*:—"Although Callistus compiled from the works of his predecessors, he entirely re-modelled the materials, and his elegant style caused him to be called *Thucydides Ecclesiasticus*, while his want of judgment, his credulity and his love of the marvellous, in consequence of which his work abounds with fables, induced some critics to style him the *Plinius Theologorum*." This is a censure which every writer, however careful as to authorities, or worthy in every other particular, has incurred who has ventured to narrate any spiritual fact. Dr. Smith's fear of "credulity" and "superstitious fancies" is so great, that his biographies will hereafter be read with allowance, inasmuch as they are full of contempt for statements of whose truth every day brings confirmation.

No writer of history has been more doubted and questioned than Herodotus, yet many of his most marvellous statements, those relating to oracles, are now found to be, if not certainly true, at least possible, and only requiring the attestation of truthful witnesses. Take as an instance, one of the strangest of these strange stories. "Cræsus, king of Lydia, wishing to test the oracles of Greece, sent messengers to each of them. The envoys to the Delphian Oracle were desired to enquire, on a certain specified day, concerning their royal master. 'I see,' said the Pythia, 'the number of the grains of sand on the sea shore, and the waves of the sea; and I see a man who is silent, cooking a lamb and a tortoise together in a brass pot, with a brass cover. A strong odour of tortoise comes to me.'" The ambassadors noted down the words of the priestess, "and when they returned, gave the writing to the king, who confirmed their

truth, saying that on the appointed day he had chosen the strange occupation, thinking it most out of the reach of guess or imagination." Cræsus afterwards had perfect confidence in the Delphic Oracle. Every book of ancient history proves that statements which have been transferred with contempt to the region of fable and superstition become coherent and intelligible, when read with the lately gained knowledge. To such an extent does this remark apply, that it is impossible to imagine the amount of light which will be thrown over sacred and profane history when read by the lamp of the spirit. Strangely enough, the reality of the modern phenomena is denied most strenuously by persons who profess, not only to believe in Divine revelation generally, but in the verbal inspiration and consequent literal truth of the Scripture narrative. Such persons are little aware that so well were the different phases of spiritual manifestation known to the ancients, especially the Jews, that from the Hebrew Scriptures alone, a small glossary of terms might be compiled, showing that the specific nature of every process was known, and its appropriate name assigned, by that people. In undervaluing the most external of the manifestations, we are apt to forget their great use in teaching the nature of spiritual action, a use especially suited to the needs of physiologists and (so called) mental philosophers. Had we only the internal phenomena of vision, dream, trance, &c., the reality of spirit, and its relation to grosser matter, would be questions as little understood, and as puzzling to enquirers as they still appear to those who have never examined the subject experimentally.

Since writing the above, I have seen a very interesting article in the January number by "T. S.," on the modes in which the Word of God came to the Jews. I hope "T. S." will say more on this subject, which is of all others connected with religion, one of the most important, and the least understood. When the Bible is read by the light of the Spirit, we shall hear no more of sceptical clergymen, or theoretical materialists, who regard what they do not understand as oriental metaphor or interpolation.

S. E. DE M.

EXTRAORDINARY DREAM.—A little girl, eight years of age, of the name of Barber, grandchild of John Nuss, of Britonferry Ironworks, left the house about a fortnight ago, and no tidings were heard of her until the 20th January, when a woman named Jane Thomas called upon Mr. John Lloyd, and told him that she dreamed that the child was in the culvert that goes under the houses. Mr. Lloyd went accordingly, in immediate search, and found the child, in less than three minutes, in the place where Thomas dreamt of. An inquest was held at the Villiers Arms Inn, before A. Cuthbertson, Esq., and after hearing the evidence a verdict of "Accidental death" was returned. It appears that there was a hole in the culvert, where the child occasionally used to wash some rags, and that she fell down there, and the current carried her away until she was pressed up between the narrow approaches of the river.—*Bristol Post*.

Notices of Books.

AN EXPOSITION OF SPIRITUALISM.*

THIS is a very useful verbatim reprint of all the letters which appeared *pro* and *con* in the two controversies of 1860 and 1861, in the *Star* newspaper, with the addition of an interesting article, against the spiritual theory, by Mr. Charles Bray, which appeared in the *British Controversionalist*, in August, 1861. (But why in this connexion did not the editor reproduce Mr. Howitt's letter which preceded and occasioned Mr. Bray's, or the able reply to the latter writer by Mr. Leighton, which appeared in the same publication.) There is also a valuable extract from Dr. Haddock's *Somnolism and Psycheism*. These together make up a handsome octavo volume of over 300 pages, and preserve in a convenient form, a variety of matter which is well worthy of preservation. The editor, or as he modestly styles himself the compiler, of the work, and whom we recognize as the writer, under his appropriate name of *Sceptic*, of several of the letters, has added an Introduction and Notes, in which he expresses with judgment and candour his own explanation of the phenomena. We do not think these are the most valuable part of the book, but they are written with good taste and good feeling, and are eminently worthy of respectful treatment. Much of what we said last month in reviewing the essay of Mr. Dendy is applicable to *Sceptic's* views, and need not be repeated, but *Sceptic* goes a little further than Mr. Dendy, and more consistently, and as it appears to us more wrongly therefore, denies entirely the possibility of any spiritual phenomena proceeding in this world from spiritual beings. Indeed the mere words "spiritual phenomena" he appears to think involve a contradiction in terms. He says—"To the question 'what are life, light, mind, electricity, magnetism,' &c., we reply that they are phenomena, *i.e.*, conditions of matter. They cease with the dissolution of the materials which are their cause. . . . We believe in the eternity of matter, as the primeval source of all spirit. . . . We may believe in spiritual phenomena resulting from any of the before mentioned imponderable agents, which are the real powers of nature, without believing in spiritual entities, the objective character of ghosts, or disembodied intelligences, though doubtless we shall be accused of gross materialism." We believe him to be perfectly right in the last remark at all events, for it is indeed very thick

* *An Exposition of Spiritualism*, comprising Two Series of Letters, and a Review of the *Spiritual Magazine*, No. 20, as published in the *Star and Dial*, with Introduction, Notes, and Appendix, by SCEPTIC. London: George Manwaring, 8, King William-street West, Strand. 1862.

materialism, and put in very understandable words, for which we are obliged to him. To put the cart before the horse, and to take the effect for the cause, and to be quite happy and satisfied with the mis-arrangement, shew him to be in possession of an easy mind, which we are not at all likely to disturb. And yet we could conceive that a little light thrown on some small logical omission in his argument, might perchance lead him entirely to reverse the operation, and to believe, with us, that spirit and spiritual laws, are the creators and sustainers of what we call matter throughout its organizations. We say throughout its organizations, because it is no longer considered that any form of matter is entirely amorphous.

It appears to us that he has failed to see the true point of the spiritual theory, and that he should really be nearly ready to agree with it, if he should only be able to see it, for he says, "It remains to be shewn that *there can be such a thing as disembodied unorganized sentience*, before like effects can be attributed to the spirits of the deceased. Materialists do not deny the existence of spirit, *but they dispute its identity apart from and independent of matter.*" Here then is the root of his error, that he imagines that matter is everything. As Dr. Ashburner wisely suggested in his notes to Reichenbach, before he himself believed in the spiritual theory, "*Immatter may not be nothing*," and now it is found that *immatter* is not nothing, but that it is spirit, and the very life and causation of all forms of matter. It is the real and only *substantial* creation of God. All else we see to be in constant change, but spiritual laws and causation are always the same. We therefore agree that nothing could be predicated of human spiritual beings, if they were made of the thin, gaseous, formless abstractions, vulgarly attributed to them, and of whom it is justly said, "They become nothing, and go nowhere." But how easy to believe in a world of spirits as the world of causes, inhabited by spiritual men, in spiritual organized bodies, substantial as spirit only can be, enduring, beautiful, or deformed, according as they have outwoven their exteriors, by their inner soul loves. This same spiritual body we have within us now, and it is the motive power permeating our natural bodies, and their very life and being; not residing in any one part, as in the heart or brain, but it is in the whole body, and in every part, as its purer substance, and after death it enjoys a similar active and sensitive life in human form.

In his introductory remarks, Sceptic again shews another phase of this same idea, by quotations from Comte, Darwin, and Professor Huxley, as to the intelligence of animals, and he says, with only too much modesty, "With the mass of evidence before us of the existence of mind and soul in the whole animal world, I inquire, wherein consists man's sole claim to immortality?"

He is evidently a willing disciple of Darwin's origin of species school, and the tenor of his remarks is to prove that man is only a higher animal, with more intelligence than the brutes, and that they both equally cease to be possible entities in a spiritual world. We do not think it necessary to say more than we know, as to the existence of animals in the spiritual world, but we hope and believe that we shall again meet them there, in that world of causes, without the creative powers of which, neither they nor any forms of matter could exist in this world. Neither do we, for the same reason, agree with the Darwin theory, nor so limit the Divine mechanisms, as to think that this world and all its creations were formed out of one expanding monad, which has developed from amorphous matter into the mineral kingdom, thence into the vegetable, thence into the animal, and thence into man. We do not think that the facts of nature bear out Mr. Darwin's unitary origin theory, of the mineral running into the vegetable, and so on through the animal into man. If it were so, we should expect to see the highest forms of the one, taken up and running into the lowest forms of the next. We should expect to find the highest crystalline forms in the lowest of the vegetable kingdom, the highest of the vegetable forms in the lowest of the animal types, and the highest of the animal types running into man. But is this so? Mr. Grindon says in his most beautiful work on *Life: its Nature, Varieties and Phenomena*.*:—"Quadrupeds, for example, do not terminate with the monkeys. Their maximum is the lion, the acknowledged king of beasts from time immemorial. So in the vegetable world. Endogens do not terminate with the smilax, though it anticipates the netted leaves of the exogens overhead, but with the princes of their type, the stately palms. The perfection of the mineral kingdom is the lucid and brilliant crystal. . . . Brutes are possessed of their vast powers of body and external sense, because the ascent of the brute creation towards its maximum, is *away from man, rather than in the direction of him*, just as the mineral series divaricates from the plant, and the plant series from the animal."

There is, therefore, a generic or discreted degree between all these kingdoms, but all of them are gathered up into the grand culminated object of creation, the archetypal man; and we see no reason for lessening man below his proper and peculiar place, as king of all the lower domains, though in the animals are found many of the animal conditions which also reside in man. But still there are great distinctions left between them. Brutes are born at once into all the science of their nature. Man, on the contrary, has to be introduced into the higher order of his life,

* London, 1857: Whitaker and Co., p. 318.

by intellectual culture. The animal, or soul life, is common to all sentient beings, while man alone has the undying spiritual body, so that he is from birth in eternity and infinity. It does not follow that because animal life dies out in this world, there are no animals in the spirit-world, any more than because flowers decay here, there are none of those beautiful creations there. But the grand difference between animals and men is, that men are capable of being elevated into the only true life, which is to think of the Divine and to love it, and thus to be true servants of Him whose service is perfect freedom.

If evidence of the value of spirit-manifestations were needed, it would be found in the prevalence of such views as the editor has put forward and confirmed from eminent writers. The apparently interminable character of metaphysical controversy is mainly due to the absence or non-recognition of current and well-attested facts evidencing man's spiritual and immortal nature, and these facts Spiritualism now abundantly supplies. We hope that this work may lead to a similar republication of the earlier controversy on the same subject in the *Morning Advertiser*, in which Dr. Wilkinson, Elihu Rich, Mr. Sala, Sir David Brewster, Mr. Benjamin Coleman and Mrs. Trollope took an active part. It is important as the first public discussion of the question in the newspaper press; and it resulted in the establishment of the first monthly publication devoted to Spiritualism, *The Spiritual Herald*, published by Bailliére, Regent-street.

Correspondence.

PROPHETIC DREAM VISION.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

15, Basinghall-street, E.C.

SIR,—The other day, I met one of the leading official gentlemen connected with the city. He said, I have read a portion of your book on the "Natural and Supernatural," and certainly the statements therein are very strange. The following incident happened to me:—"My father held as you are aware the office of —, and I was junior clerk in the same office. My father not feeling very well was staying at home a few days. One night I had a vivid dream, I saw my father in a coffin, &c., and I was so startled that I awoke. Pleased to find it was only a dream; I turned myself in bed, and went to sleep. Again I dreamt the same scene, awoke and was surprised, but again turned and went to sleep to dream the *third* time the same scene. I then felt sure it was a warning. In the morning I advised my mother to call in our family doctor, without giving her the reason I had. He came, stated that my father had been overtaken in business, but that a few days' rest would be sufficient to put him right. I then privately told him my dreams, and that I would not be satisfied till a physician had been consulted. Under the circumstances he at once consented, two were called in, and after the examination the three stated they were happy to inform me that there was nothing serious, he only required rest for a few weeks. Fourteen days after this consultation, while in the office, a message came down

to me in haste from our family doctor, 'Your father is dying, come up at once. I went home, and he had only time hurriedly to give me some information needful respecting his official duties before he died. He was opened, and there was found to have been a disease in the brain, that no one had any idea of, and I saw him in reality in the coffin as I had three times seen him in the dreams.' What or who acted upon the brain of the sleeper to produce the night visions of a coming event unknown by his family or the physicians? The narrator then stated, that he succeeded to his father's situation without any expectancy of, or any effort by him, for obtaining the office held by his father, and he could not but feel that *special guiding Providence* was a truth.

JOHN JONES.

BARON VON REICHENBACH AND SPIRITUALISM.

Berlin, Dec. 11, 1861.

DEAR SIR,—On the 25th of October I had a visit from Baron Von Reichenbach, who has been spending the summer in Paris and London, engaged in scientific researches, particularly in investigations in regard to ærolites. He is still here, but is suffering from a sore foot, and is from other reasons obliged to keep to his bed. The object of his presence here is to convince the Professors of Natural Science in the University of Berlin of the existence of the Odic Light, and of the conditions requisite to enable sensitives to see it. I have aided him in procuring a number of media, one of whom is a somnambulist, and he found all to be sensitives. Others have also procured him sensitives, so that he has now twenty-six such persons, and upon his recovery his experiments will commence, in presence of the Professors Poggendorf, the two Roses, Mitcherslith, Dowe, &c. It was Poggendorf who suggested the use of the darkened chamber here as he would not admit a second essay from Reichenbach into his "Annalen," unless R. would convince his colleagues of the emanations of the Odic Light.

At his first visit the Baron informed me that his position in regard to Spiritualism had been changed, in consequence of having had an opportunity, while in London, at the residence of Mr. Cowper (son-in-law of the Premier, Lord Palmerston), to be present at a Spiritual circle. On that occasion two media, Mrs. Marshall and her niece, were present, who did not understand a word of German. He, therefore, after the rapping had commenced, put his questions intentionally in German, and they were answered correctly by raps on the table, and he had the names of several members of his family correctly given. In regard to one name, however, he began to doubt the capacity of the table to give it—the name to be spelled being "Friederické"—while it spelled the letters "R. I." But when the name "R I C K E" was completed the Baron was much surprised, as his sister had been wont to be called "Rické."

Now, "here enters the real demoniacal!"—as the deceased Gen. Von Radowitz used to say—now comes the most remarkable part of the performance, and I give it in the Baron's own words. He says: "The answers were rapped by the foot of the table in a brightly lighted room. I wished to ascertain whether the rapping could not be prevented, and for this purpose I leaned with my breast against one of the feet of the table, taking hold of two others with both hands, and pressing them down. The rapping of the feet ceased, but the rapping continued above me, on the top of the table. All at once, by a sudden jerk, the table dragged me forward, with the carpet on which it stood—and I lay prostrate in the middle of the room!"

This experiment convinced the Baron that, besides the emanation of the Odic element, higher spiritual powers can manifest themselves, and these he now no longer ignores, but recognises them as facts of experience, for which, however, he as yet knows no explanation.

We shall patiently await the recovery of our dear Baron, and wish him good success in his experiments in the darkened chamber of the University Building. Whether he will convince the learned gentlemen [in whose presence he experiments] is rather doubtful, as they all seem to have pretty thick skulls, and bandages over their eyes—in a word, in spiritual things they are both stupid and blind.

Yours, &c.,

(Herald of Progress.)

D. HORNUNG.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. III.]

APRIL, 1862.

[No. 4.

THE PRESS AND THE MEDIUMS.

ALL of a sudden we find ourselves in the midst of an eruption from the press of a truly volcanic character, of flames and smoke, stones, some of them thrown to an awful height—scoriae and lava. It seems very terrible at first, but it is mere mechanical force, not directed by intelligence. The daily papers, now so numerous, would have been enough of themselves, but there is besides a deluge of the weekly press, and all the provincial editors, who think they too must come in and give their help. This is all brought about by a not very striking article which appeared in *The Times* of March the 13th, under the heading of "A Sitting with Mr. Foster," and in which the writer, though carefully leaving himself some loopholes to get out of in case of necessity, shows that he had evidently seen "strange sights," and was even still very much excited when he wrote the article; or, as a provincial paper has expressed it, that "he had been either convinced or deluded." Indeed, the very fact of putting his experiences into *The Times*, that most truckling of all the worldlings, showed the profound impression which had been made on the editor's mind. *The Times* has only spoken thrice as yet on the subject of Spiritualism. About four years ago it came out with a leader, telling its readers what fools we all were for believing in the alleged facts, and stating with characteristic aptitude that it would become a believer too, when the spirits could tell the editor the price of consols a month beforehand, or name the winner of the next Derby. We have pickpockets enough in this world already, and have no necessity for intensifying their powers by spiritual help; but we point to this as the first idea which *The Times* so naturally had on the subject of the existence or non-existence of spiritual agency and of spiritual laws:—that if true, they should be turned to stock-jobbing purposes. Selling doves in the Temple was the older phase of the self-same point of view.

The second breaking ground of *The Times* was in December,

1860, when the editor went to see *Doctor Bly*, from America, who was brought over by the *confrère* of Barnum, and who was at once detected and denounced by us as an impostor. *The Times*, however, went to see him, and was so satisfied with his performance that it came out with a most unfortunate paragraph evidently written with eyes and mouth wide open, saying "The question is how the Doctor got the information of what the editor had written." George III. asked a question of equal importance about apple dumplings—"How the devil got the apple in?" At page 30 of our second volume we shewed that this pellet system, even if honestly carried out, is only one of the common facts of what is called mesmeric clairvoyance, but that *Doctor Bly* performed it before *The Times* by the more simple process of dexterously taking up the pellet containing the name and reading it, whilst the attention of the editor had been skilfully diverted into another channel. We had the information from a correspondent who was present at the time and detected the imposture. At a subsequent sitting Bly was again detected and *admitted the deception*, which we published in the Magazine, and this blunder has kept *The Times* afraid of the subject until now, when the editor has again seen something so striking, that he is obliged for the third time to open the safety valve. To show how sensitive *The Times* has been in the interval, we need only mention that on a recent occasion, on sending an advertisement of Mr. Coleman's *Notes of Spiritualism in America* to the *Times* office, the following dialogue took place: "Of course this is *against* Spiritualism?" "Well, no; it's rather in favour of it." "Oh, in that case, we can't take it in without considering it. You had better call again." It was only after calling several times, that orders were at last given by the authorities to admit the advertisement.

But the editor on this third and even more unfortunate occasion, in which he mentions publicly his "sitting with Mr. Foster," does not tell all he knows. A few days before that sitting he had one with another medium, more reliable, because unpaid, and where there were very remarkable manifestations of this disputed power. The violence of a drum, and tambourine, and of some articles of furniture, was so excessive, that the editor of *The Times* literally screamed out, and rushed to the door. After some difficulty he was induced to return to his seat, but alas the drum and the tambourine were more violent than before, playing vehemently and whirling like lightning about the room, and actually, we hope by accident, striking one of the party on the forehead, and cutting through the skin. The editor then fairly ran away and could not be induced to return, and was next heard of in the more quiet and genial atmosphere of "A Sitting with Mr.

Foster," of which he gave us the particulars in a full column on the 13th inst. We cannot say how much of what he saw might be trick, or how much might be true, but we distrust the powers of this editor as an investigator, and decline to receive his gratuitous testimony to Mr. Foster's character. We believe Mr. Foster to be a medium, as we have said, of remarkable powers, but we know him also to deceive and to cheat, not only with the pellets, but in others of his pretended manifestations. This is why we have throughout carefully cautioned our readers to be on their guard, and to take nothing for granted, and at last has come a letter from Judge Edmonds, of New York, which gives such sickening details of his criminality in another direction, that last month we stated that we should no longer soil our pages with his name or mediumship. The publicity given to him by *The Times*, and other members of the press, compels us to break this silence as we have now done,—we hope for the last time. These outward physical manifestations of spirits appear to require some undiscovered psychical organization or relation, which in no degree affects or proceeds from the moral nature, and it is known to be present in persons of all ages and of both sexes, who are in other respects either good, or bad, or indifferent. The public, and especially that part of it which is now, from the ranks of the upper classes, as they are called, rushing open-mouthed into them as a new excitement, think that they are the beginning and the end of Spiritualism, but in fact they are a mere accident of it. The manifestations are so striking and valuable, mainly because our great *savans* have chosen in their outside wisdom, to deny the possibility of their occurrence. Spiritualism proper, which is an enquiry into spiritual laws, and into their bearings and relations, has nothing to do with these manifestations but as facts for collation, and for the value of the deductions which flow from them. These deductions again derive their value mainly as they lead to that vitalizing of Christianity of which the world stands so much in need. We cannot put this more strongly, than by referring to the words which we have adopted as our motto in the title-page, and by which only will we be judged, as describing our ultimate aim and object.

We recommend no necromancy, and we seek no outward information either for stock-jobbing or horse-racing purposes, but we hold fast to the everlasting truth of God's providence over us, through the ministration of angels and spirits, of which we are all mediums, each in his own degree, and according to his own mode and individuality, still at this day, "as it was in the beginning, and ever shall be." We, meantime, point to these facts as true, and we say that they have in them the elements of vast deductions, aye even to the revolution of all the current notions

of the soul and its relation to the body, of the great spirit world of causes, and of that comparatively smaller revolution which is sure to follow, if it do not precede the others—of the sceptical and false naturalism of our men of science.

The need of this last, cannot be better illustrated than by the fierce onslaughts made the day following the *Times* article by the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Morning Chronicle*, which has since become a ghost, and the *Globe*, which take up the cry of impossible with great consistency of purpose, and much bad language. These had the effect of frightening the *Times*, like another Frankenstein, at its own creations, and it at once proceeded in a slip-slop article to try to squeeze back through one of the loopholes cautiously left in the editor's first narration. Mr. Sala, in the *Telegraph*, was quite rabid at his brother editor for going near Mr. Foster, forgetting that he himself had visited Mrs. Marshall, and expressed himself much pleased and amazed at her mediumship, and, moreover, left behind him his notes, which are in our possession, and conclusively prove her powers as a medium. We offered, in a recent number, to lithograph these in proof of our assertion, if Mr. Sala denied our position; but he has since maintained a discreet silence on that part of the subject. Mr. Sala, at a guess, however, and intending to deny the possibility of mediumship altogether, and without being able to give a reason for the faith that is in him, has stumbled upon a truth, which we hope he will adhere to. He says, "Mr. Foster, the medium, is an audacious quack, and whom we shall use our best and persistent endeavours to expose." Let it be so, but not on the general ground of all mediums being so, for then Mr. Sala would have the fact against him. The articles in the other daily papers are not worth notice.

Then comes our good and docile friend the editor of the *Saturday Review*, with whose curious notions of testimony we dealt in a recent number, and to which we again allude in the article on testimony in the present number. We desired him to go and see Mr. Foster, with the advantage of our plentiful cautions as to the mode of investigating the alleged phenomena, and he now tells us that he obediently went, and that no facts were presented. The sitting was a bad one. We wish that mediums would be content, since they cannot always command the true manifestations, to have twenty ineffective sittings, rather than make them all good by "helping the spirits." He complains of us for changing our tone about Mr. Foster, and of now being "sulky, suspicious, or envious" about him. If he will frankly refer to our pages, he will find that we have throughout carefully guarded ourselves against endorsing any one fact alleged by our correspondents, and for good reasons. Let us say once for all, that

we have no cause to advocate, but the cause of truth, and that so far as concerns our inquiry into spiritual laws, it would not matter to us if all these induced physical phenomena were to cease to-day, or even if they had never occurred. They are most convenient as facts, and highly useful for illustration, but true Spiritualism, as a philosophy and a vitalizing element in religion, does not rest upon them, though it has been recently called into activity by the observation of them. We were, therefore, free to go unpledged into the question of whether or not such facts are, and we assert affirmatively that they are proved by the testimony of millions of men now living, and are, moreover, within our own knowledge.

The Times, we presume, sharing with Dr. Russell, "our own correspondent," in his ignorance of all this testimony, says, "There is, however, one way of verifying the truth of Spiritualism which we doubt not would satisfy the public. Let its champions request the Royal Society, or some other scientific body of high repute, to appoint a mixed committee of *savans* and lawyers, in the nature of a jury, to test such experiments as may be submitted to them. If the spirits shrink from scientific interrogation as the revolving tables shrunk from Faraday's apparatus, we shall know what to think." We must remind *The Times* that the tables did not shrink from Faraday's apparatus, and that, perhaps, Mr. Faraday is not more sick and sorry for any incautious theory he ever broached, than for the one in question. The question will not be settled by such *savans* as he, or Sir David Brewster, or Sir Benjamin Brodie, who stand pledged by all their knowledge, and all their prejudices, against this truth, which would reduce them to begin life again with a new set of ideas; but it will be settled by men who have eyes and ears to see and hear, and free minds to acknowledge facts, whatever consequences may flow from them. We also fear that it might hardly be settled by merely paid mediums for physical manifestations, against whom there is likely now to be an indiscriminating run of abuse. The editor of the *Times* and his *confreres* may not be aware that the idea of a scientific commission, appointed by authority, to enquire into the whole subject of the spiritual phenomena, originated with the Spiritualists: that so far as eight years back there was presented "A Memorial to the Honorable the Members of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled," praying "for the appointment of a Scientific Commission, to which this subject shall be referred, and for such an appropriation as shall enable the commissioners to prosecute their enquiries to a successful termination;" and that to this Memorial were appended *thirteen thousand* signatures, that of Ex-Governor Tallmadge, of Wisconsin, being at the head of the list. Had this commission

been then appointed and fairly carried out, its report might have gone far toward an earlier settling of the question ; but now, as in former time, it is generally the carpenters and fishermen, and not Senates or Royal Societies, who are the investigators and first apostles of new truths, especially of those truths which relate to man's spiritual nature, and the principles, conditions, and laws to which it is subject.

But we contend that the question is already settled, amongst a sufficient number of sensible and competent persons. It is not because a stray editor of *The Times* has been frightened out of his wits by the quick flying of a drum or a chest of drawers, that he is to come quite new on the old scene, and ask for an investigation. Let him read the article on "Testimony" in this number, and he will there see some names quite equal to settle this question. If he be not satisfied, let him appeal to such men as Lord Lyndhurst, Sir Bulwer Lytton, Dr. Ashburner, and to numbers no doubt within his own circle, but whose names we do not feel at liberty to make public. We can inform the *Times* also that the phenomena have been carefully investigated recently, as well as long ago, by many members of the Royal Society. A little inquiry will satisfy the editor on this point. There are numbers of mediums, too, of high and low degree in private life, who take no money for their gift. Such we know of amongst the highest in the land, in whose presence the most wonderful facts occur, and Sir Roderick Murchison can tell what he has seen, and what has within the last fortnight happened to him. It comprises within its range the most wonderful phenomena which have ever been witnessed in this country. Let him be asked to read a paper detailing these facts before the Royal Society, and giving the names of the mediums. It will be more astounding news than that given by *The Times* of the "Sitting with Mr. Foster." Or take another case within our knowledge, of which the principal witness is the near relative of one of the most distinguished members of the present Cabinet, who describes facts almost surpassing even our readers' belief, occurring through the mediumship of a lady in his own station of life, and who has already had such wonders, that she is convinced that nothing she could bear to witness, is beyond the spiritual power which acts through her.

We are content with unpaid mediumship in private families, and we wish for no more mediums from America, unless they be accredited by Judge Edmonds, or some such competent and high-minded inquirers. Already while we write we have received a letter about Mr. Colchester, who arrived in London at the end of February, and whose manifestations, as wonderful as those of Mr. Foster, we witnessed shortly after his arrival. In consequence

of the mixture of fact and fraud which we observed, we determined to omit all notice of him :—

“SIR,—A great deal of scandal is in circulation regarding spirit manifestations, which might easily be put a stop to, if the mediums themselves were aware of what is said on the subject. People on the look out for deceit, say, that when *en séance* they are desired to write the names of departed persons, and also any questions they wish to ask, on slips of paper and roll them up in small rolls or pellets; the medium then takes these pellets in his hand, places them before him in a heap, and as he withdraws his hand, secretes one in the hollow of the palm. If he sits in a large easy chair, as is sometimes the case, and lower than the table, the table-cloth falling over the edge enables him, unobserved and whilst apparently interested on other subjects, to put his hands down, open the pellet, and read the question. Then, apparently agitated by spirit-power, and putting his hands again on the table, he writes the answer in pencil to the question he has secretly read, and gives it to the enquirer, saying, that the spirits have written the answer through his hand. Of course this is easily done, if the medium wish to deceive, but if he be honest, he ought not to heap up a quantity of pellets before him, nor cover them with a sheet of paper, when but few are left. Each visitor should take four or five pellets with him ready written, and sealed up or gummed—those pellets the medium may take in his hand as often as he pleases because he cannot open them without breaking the seal or tearing the paper, if gummed together. At the end of the *séance* every visitor should have his own pellets returned to him *unbroken*.

“This would be a perfect proof of honesty. A medium may give the answers by the aid of the spirits, or by clairvoyance may read the contents, but if the pellets are left *unbroken*, every one must be satisfied of the honesty of the medium. Each visitor should write his question on coloured paper, by way of distinguishing it, number his pellets also, and keep a private list of their contents. No true medium can object to this test.

“Yours respectfully,

“FAIRPLAY.”

We will go farther than our correspondent, and say again that we object altogether to the pellet system, which affords such opportunities for legerdemain, or in other words, for cheating. It has been often exposed, but seems to be still a favourite with mediums, especially with those who receive money for visits paid to them. We have ourselves observed the same practice to which our correspondent alludes, both with the pellets and other simulated

phenomena, and have in consequence been compelled to exclude from our pages all notice even of the arrival in this country of the medium who adopts it. Such conduct is most disgraceful, and we can only wish that it may be adequately punished. The offence is known to our laws by the name of obtaining money under false pretences. The case is the more deplorable, from the person being a medium of considerable power, and the wickedness is only equalled by the stupidity of such conduct. We begin to find the truth, so often asserted by some, of the danger of the money element, which has appeared necessary in the case of public mediums, for without it, all public mediumship would be well nigh impossible. By the way, we were lately very nearly having an official opinion from Mr. Hall, the chief magistrate of Bow-street, on the subject of mediumship. The day after Mr. Lowe, the editor of the *Critic*, and his two friends were so cleverly relieved of three guineas by Mr. Foster; Mr. Lowe, smarting under his loss, applied to Mr. Hall, at Bow-street, for a warrant against the medium for obtaining money by false pretences. The charge was made against the general practice of mediumship—not for any cheating during the sittings. Mr. Hall, in the absence of this, refused to grant a warrant, stating that the charge on the general ground would be beset with difficulties, but had there been any of the pellet reading which our correspondent speaks of, he would at once, and very properly in our opinion, have granted a warrant. Should any one hereafter observe such guilty practices, he will do an essential service to Spiritualism and to the public, by laying the case at once before a magistrate, and by prosecuting it to a conviction. Honest mediums have nothing to fear; and should any charge be made against one, we will, on his applying to us, furnish him with the names of royal and other dukes and duchesses, ex-chancellors, earls and barons, both of parliament and of the exchequer, cabinet ministers, members of the House of Commons by the dozen, and literary men of a much higher stamp than Mr. Lowe, whose attendance can be compelled before the magistrate, and who will by their evidence soon set at rest the general question of mediumship. If the list of these were generally known, members of the press would suddenly become much more respectful than is now their wont. As for Mr. Lowe, and the three guineas which he is making such a weird lament over, we propose a shilling subscription to make up the sum, on condition that he will henceforth drop the subject altogether out of his journal.

We have since received another letter on the subject of the mediumship of Mr. Colchester, which we cannot withhold from our readers. We do not agree with our correspondent if he

intends to say that Mr. Colchester is not a medium, for we know him to be one, and have seen remarkable phenomena in his presence, and we know nothing against his character in other respects as in the case of Mr. Foster, but this system of mixing fact and fraud, is enough to put him out of the pale of those, whose manifestations we choose to record in *The Spiritual Magazine*.

SIR,—*Ils sont tous oiseaux d'une plumage et aussi des gibiers de potence.*

Never was a more trite application to the doings of both Foster and Colchester. I detected the latter with the same facility as the former. I convinced Mr. N—— of the gross deception in every particular. He failed in everything he attempted with me, and when I put Mr. N—— on his guard, he also failed with him.

It is a duty in common *honesty* for the *Spiritual Magazine* to expose this deception, and let it be done thoroughly and effectually. If it be so done by our recognized organ, we defeat our enemies "horse, foot, and dragoons." One error purposely committed should preclude the perpetrator from the benefit of the real manifestations; for when and how are we to *know what is true* from *what is false*? If every investigator is to be on the *qui vive* all the time, it destroys the power of careful dispassionate inquiry. I would hurl these mountebanks from our midst, as calculated to seriously damage the whole subject, with persons who otherwise would become convinced of the truth of Spiritualism.

I repeat it, the Magazine should now show the opponents its true colours by denouncing such a mockery of the most sacred sentiments of our nature.

Your obedient servant,

R. C.

Those who like to be on the *qui vive* against imposture during a long sitting, can still go and pay for their pleasure, and we shall have performed our duty by making public the nature of, at all events, a part of the performance they are likely to witness. We will close our remarks by a prophecy, that it will be long before the editor of *The Times* will record a second "sitting with Mr. Foster," or any other medium. Spiritualism will henceforth be a sore subject with "the leading journal," which has hitherto been so singularly ill-timed and unfortunate, both in its hanging back and in its coming forward.

TASSO AND HIS SPIRIT FRIEND.

TORQUATO TASSO published nothing respecting his apparitions, and mentioned them to but few of his friends. Amongst the nearest and most trustworthy of his friends, and second to none, was Giambatista Manso, so acknowledged by Tasso himself in his verses, in his letters, his dialogue, and in the Jerusalem. In a letter by Manso, when Tasso was staying with him at Bisaccio, written to a common friend, the Principe di Conca, High Admiral of the kingdom of Naples, he gives, after the usual compliments, the following account of Tasso:—

“The Signor Torquato has become a great sportsman, and braves the coldness of the season. In bad weather we pass the time in music and singing, and he is especially interested with these improvisatori, and their great facility, in which he says nature has been very sparing to him. Sometimes we dance, which delights him much, with these ladies, but more frequently we sit talking round the fire, and often have fallen on the subject of that spirit, which he says appears to him, and he has so described it to me that I know not what to say, and I doubt sometimes if his illusion (*frenesia*) will not drive me mad. I who wished to relieve him from what I consider an infirmity, have shown him sometimes with the most severe reasoning, that these visions of his cannot be real, but are most likely formed by his imagination, disturbed by vapours of melancholy, which, by causing these vain phantasms, make him see things that are not, and most likely cannot be. This spirit of his is not evil, as is proved by a thousand signs, such as its discourse of things religious and devout, and persuading them, and besides naming the most holy names of Jesus and Maria, with reverence for the cross and reliques of the saints, as he himself affirms, and above all the consolation and comfort which it leaves behind, contrary to the custom of evil spirits. I tell him, on the contrary, that it cannot either be an angel, because, although he is a Christian and a virtuous man, and even for many years past, very spiritual (*spirituale*), nevertheless, these favours of apparitions of angels are not conceded to men of common goodness, but to the perfect and holy (*santi*) only, so that it would be presumption to believe that this, his spirit, were an angel, as it would, on the other hand, be an injustice (*ingiuria*) to consider it was a demon. Wherefore, there not existing any other sort of spirit but angels and demons, and this being neither, it follows that this which appears to him is no real spirit, but rather a deception of the fancy (*fantastica virtù*) represented to him as apparent (*verisimile*), as has happened to many others, and especially to those who are afflicted with fixed ideas (*mirarchia*, a word not in

the Crusca) as he has been. To which he replied that such was not the fact (*non vero*), was clearly proved from the length of time that he has seen these apparitions, and from the conformity which he has observed in them, which could not continue if the things he saw were not in themselves real, but only figured by weak imaginations of his fancy. Nor could its reasonings be consistent with each other; as in fantastic visions the powers of the soul do not operate through the intellect, and, consequently, cannot have between themselves any consistency (*correspondenza*) or order, as is seen to happen in the apparitions of fixed thinkers (*miriarchiaci*), and in the dreams of fever patients, and the thoughts of drunken men. Likewise he says, that if the things heard and seen by him were fantastic appearances created by his own imagination, they could not be such as to surpass his own knowledge, because the imagination is caused by the returning (*rivolgimento*) of the same fancies (*fantasmi*), and of the kind of things already learned, which are retained in the memory, but that in the long and continual reasonings held with that spirit, he has heard things that he had never before heard, nor read, nor known, and that other men had never known; from which he concludes that these visions of his cannot be foolish imaginations of the fancy, but rather true and real apparitions of some spirit, who, whatever be the cause, allows himself to be visibly seen by him. Which things contradicted and disputed by me led us one day to such a point that he said to me, 'Since I cannot persuade you by reasoning, I will undeceive you by experience, and cause you to see with your own eyes that spirit to whom you will not lend your belief from my words.'

"I accepted the offer, and the following day being together without other company, sitting near the fire, he, turning his eyes towards a window, and keeping them so fixed for a good space of time, so that on my recalling him he answered nothing, at last he said, 'Here, behold, is my spirit-friend who has courteously come to converse with me; behold him (*miratelo*) and you will see the truth of my words.' I turned my eyes in that direction immediately, but, however much I strained them, nothing could I see but the rays of the sun, which entered the room through the glasses of the window. And whilst I turned my eyes around discovering nothing, I heard Torquato engaged in the most sublime reasonings, with whomsoever it was, so that although I neither saw nor heard any other but himself, nevertheless his words, sometimes questioning (*proponendo*) and sometimes answering, were such as occur between persons in close reasoning on some important subject; and from what he spoke my intellect easily comprehended what was said to him in reply, although I did not hear it with my ears: and these reasonings

were so grand and wonderful for the sublimity they contained, and for a peculiar mode not used in conversation, that I remained under a strange stupor raised within me, and did not dare to interrupt them, nor to ask Torquato any questions respecting the spirit whom he had pointed out to me, and whom I did not see. In this manner we remained for a good length of time, I listening half stupefied and enchanted (*vaghito*), almost without perceiving it; at the end of which the spirit departing, as I understood from Torquato's words, he turning to me, said, 'All the doubts will now be removed from your mind.' And I said to him, 'On the contrary, they are increased, for many things I have heard worthy of admiration, but nothing have I seen of what you promised, to make me end my doubts by satisfying my eyes.' Smiling, he answered, 'Much more have you seen and heard than perhaps,' and here he stopped (perhaps he would have added, Than perhaps you will confess); and I, not wishing to importune him with more questions, we here ended this conversation, from which, as yet, I can comprehend nothing more than that which I said at the beginning, namely, that these visions of his or deliriums (*frenesia*) will make me go out of my mind (*da cirvello*) before I can remove from him his opinion either true or imaginary."

This letter was published in the lifetime of Manso, and of many other witnesses of Tasso's adventures. It is be found in the 33rd vol. of the Opera, Pisa 1832 in 8vo, page 172. I have translated it as literally as I can, and where I was in doubt I have put the Italian word in a parenthesis. I have other documents, and some from letters written by Tasso himself, which I will lay before your readers. There exist some notices of other great men in Italy of a similar nature, which deserve to be recorded.

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

Florence.

THE FIG AND THE OLIVE.

It chanced that once a rare but slender fig
I bound for succour to an olive twig;
I came again; my hopeful tree was dead,
But lo! the olive stick did bud instead,—
Budded and branched into a stately tree,
And brought forth goodly fruit abundantly.

So worketh man; so God doth timely mar
His working into something better far,
Giving enduring gold for gossamer.

J. LE GAY BRERETON.

THE GIFT OF HEALING IN THE LAW COURTS.

THE singular circumstance of the legal prosecution of a woman for effectually exercising the gift of healing has lately taken place in Switzerland. In a village near the Lake of Zurich, in Switzerland, a woman named Dorothea Trudel superintends an establishment to which persons afflicted with bodily and mental diseases which had been pronounced incurable by ordinary treatment, have resorted in great numbers, and been healed. The family consists of Dorothea Trudel, her sister, four nurses, and Mr. Samuel Zeller, the brother-in-law of Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem. All these assistants work night and day, attending to the patients, without remuneration, merely influenced by love to God, and gratitude for having themselves been healed in the institution. The history of the woman at the head of this institution, as it came out at the trial, is as follows. She was born of poor parents, and as a consequence her education was very much neglected. At the age of twenty-two, the sudden death of a young female, with whom she had lived on intimate terms, made a deep impression on her mind, and was the means of her conversion. The severity of the trial through which she at that time passed undermined her constitution, and for many years she was confined to her bed. This long-continued trial of sickness developed the spiritual life in her soul, and brought her into close communion with God. She experienced many answers to her prayers, and when, on one occasion, five labourers in the house of a relative fell suddenly ill, the sickness being so obstinate that ordinary remedies were of no avail, her mind was much exercised with the peculiar case. She thought within herself that this was one of the cases which a believer might take to the Saviour for personal aid. She came to the sick chamber, prayed over the patients, and laid her hands on them in the name of the Lord. The sickness left them. After this she had many similar experiences, and by degrees made it the business of her life to visit the sick and pray over them. Extraordinary cures often followed, in many cases suddenly. Contrary to her wish, sick people were brought to her house, and she had soon a little hospital. The medical men of the neighbourhood interfered to prevent her practising the healing art without a license, and she was fined and ordered to desist. This order she could not obey, as people continued to come to her house begging her to pray for them, and as she used no other remedy than prayer, it was difficult to prevent her. By means of a legacy she was enabled to procure a larger house, and the number of distressed people, afflicted with every disease, who sought her aid increased. Night and day she

toiled, nursing the sick and praying with them. The poor were fed gratuitously, from the rich she took a small sum in payment for their board. Two sudden deaths having taken place last year, of patients residing at her house, an investigation was instituted. At the investigation of the medical board, she was ordered to close the house within a certain time. She protested, in vain, that she used no medicines, that she prevented no one from using medicines, that she was a simple woman who knew nothing about diseases, but only knew that her Saviour could heal every ill. The sentence of the court ran that she had confessed to devoting her time to the healing of disease, and, as she had no license, she must desist. On the advice of her lawyer, she appealed to the higher court. Hundreds of testimonials from the most eminent men in Switzerland and Germany were produced in her favour. Prelate von Kapff, Professor Tholuck, and others, bore witness to her self-denying zeal and earnest prayers. It was proved that she made use of no other means than prayer. The councillor, Mr. Spondlin, of Zurich, who conducted her case at the superior court, contended that it was not a case with which the medical men had anything whatever to do. Miss Trudel's whole influence was brought to bear on the soul, and the healing of the body was a mere accidental circumstance. She, as an experienced Christian, admitted to her house whoever came—rich or poor, and especially the sick, who most required spiritual comfort. She promises no one a cure, nor does she declare any sickness incurable, but declares to each patient, "If you only believe, you may be healed by prayer. Let God decide." The bodily cure follows the attainment of saving faith, or the lively exercise of that faith. The medical laws are designed to prevent quackery, not to prevent the physical benefits which flow from prayer. The charge that she prevents patients from applying to a regular physician in due time, cannot be sustained; for there is no law which fixes the time when any one must send for a physician, or to prescribe that every patient must submit to be treated according to the prescriptions of a college of surgeons. The fact is, that most of her patients are such as had already spent all their substance on the physicians, and were nothing better, but rather grew worse, and they came to her often much too late. If she never used medicinal means herself, neither did she forbid any one to use the prescriptions of a licensed physician. The worst of all was, that the doctors brought the charge against her without ever once examining her establishment, and they could not show a single case in which her treatment had produced evil effects. Let any of them say as much for themselves. The counsel for the plaintiffs admitted the truth of all that was said in favour of the institution, and granted that the medical men

had no right to prohibit prayer and the laying on of hands; but insisted that some restraint must be laid on the crowding of so many sick persons in one place. The court thought otherwise, and acquitted her of every charge, throwing all the costs on her accusers.—*The Dawn*.

INTERNAL RESPIRATION.—ITS CONSEQUENCES.

IN former articles the writer adduced testimony from the writings of Swedenborg concerning the nature and cause of Internal Respiration. We draw once more from this prince of seers concerning the consequences of this inner mode of breathing.

1. It gave the most ancient people *immediate communication with heaven*. Emanuel Swedenborg says, "Their internal man or spirit, through the medium of Internal Respiration, was joined with heaven."—*Arcana Celestia*, par. 1,121. This statement demands special attention, and we shall have occasion to refer to it frequently before we have done with the subject.

2. Internal Respiration gave the most ancient people perception. Perception is defined by Swedenborg as "a certain sensation communicated by the Lord alone as a means of discovering the true and the good, and was best known to the men of the most ancient church."—*Arcana Celestia*, par. 104. Be it observed that, according to Swedenborg, this sensational perception of truth from good ceased when Internal Respiration was annihilated in the breast of this people. Accepting this as a truth, it gives us this important principle, that Internal Respiration was the medium or condition of their perception. It opened them in all the degrees of their minds to Divinity itself, and "the inspiration of the Almighty gave them understanding." In short, they were able to perceive states of love and faith by means of their Internal Respiration. It is also worthy of remark in connection with this statement, that the Bible also describes life by the use of the words *breath* and *breathing*; and, doubtless, it is because of the relations existing between life, illumination, and breathing, that Christ, when bestowing the gift of apostleship, breathed on his disciples and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," and when these disciples, on the Day of Pentecost, received influx from heaven, it was accompanied with the spiritual manifestation of a mighty rushing wind. Swedenborg says that those who have Internal Respiration are capable of being instructed from heaven by *direct revelation*. This was fully exemplified in the experience of the most ancient men, as well as in his own experience. He adds that Internal Respiration gives "profound

ideas of thought." When we reflect that man is dependent on natural breathing for the kind and degree of his natural thought, we can well conceive that with spiritual breathing, continued into the natural, their thoughts must have been *profound* indeed.

3. Another consequence of Internal Respiration. It gives to man the most delightful dreams and visions. From Swedenborg's testimony concerning the experience of the most ancient people in this respect, it would appear that, "Heaven lay all around them in their infancy." Not only had they magnificent and pleasing dreams and visions, but, "what they signified was at the same time insinuated into their minds. Hence came their paradisaical representations and many things of like nature. Thus the objects of the outward world were as nothing to them, nor did they perceive any delight except in the things which they signified and represented."—*Arcana Celestia*, par. 1,122. It would appear that the wonderful scenery of heaven was unveiled to their internal sight; while at the same time they had the deepest insight into the things of nature in which they saw mirrored the glowing fires of the Divine Love and the splendours of the Divine Wisdom. They lived in heaven while they lived on earth, and earth to them was a reflection of heaven. It could not be otherwise, because they respired with the angels, hence, by the law of spiritual influx which unites breath with life, and life with perception, they must have had angelic ideas and sensations, since they were open in dreams and visions to heavenly impressions. In brief, *they were a race of seers*. We cannot withhold from the reader a description of these celestial people, presented in a private note by a friend, who himself claims to have the gift of Internal Respiration. He says, "The golden age people were at the zenith point of structural perfection, as compared with any succeeding race up to the present day. They were more affluent in sensation, more grand and commanding, and lovely in person, in imagination more lofty; possessed at once of finer insight into, and more absolute command over, the elements of nature; as to intelligence familiar with the life, law, forms, and forces, alike of the heavens and of the material universe; and by affection turned inwardly to the Lord, and respiring with the *auras* of His breath. While thus in the splendid noontide of civilization, of the wisdom of innocence, the real wisdom—as measured by any after type of man—their condition was infantile, as compared with the *possibilities* of human nature. Humanity should have advanced from this simplistic and initial into a composite and ascending civilization. It, however, as we know, refused to keep in the onward movement, and declined to the lowest barbarism."

From this description we are led to form the highest ideas

concerning the physical structure of this wonderful people. If we suppose that the pulses of their bodies chimed in time with those of their spirits, they must have been possessed of super-human energy, manifested through forms of wonderful grace, loveliness, and symmetry, radiant from the internal fires of celestial love.

The cause and consequences of the sad declension, from this exalted mental and physical condition, will form the subject of another paper.

RESPIRO.

TESTIMONY.*

AN inquiry into the value of testimony in its relation to spirit-manifestations is, perhaps, of all others, the most useful and important in the present state of opinion upon this subject. It is one especially called for, inasmuch as of late years a theory has grown up exercising considerable influence over a large number of scientific men, which, as far as it is received, destroys the value of, and renders inoperative, all testimony that may be presented in evidence of its truth.

Alleged phenomena not admitting of mathematical demonstration, or verification by experiment at will, like facts in chemistry; and the relation of which to acknowledged laws is not immediately apparent, but which rest on the observation and veracity of witnesses—no matter how numerous or respectable, under the influence of this theory, are at once (and often contemptuously) rejected. The difficulty in these cases is not in convincing men when a spirit of earnest inquiry is once aroused, but in winning the serious attention of men who, without investigation, have, upon the high *à priori* ground of scientific theory, satisfied themselves that the alleged facts *cannot be*—that they are contrary to the nature of things—in a word, *impossible*. It is not that the testimony is insufficient, but that *no* testimony can suffice. In vain you pile Ossa upon Pelion, and Pelion on Olympus; they shut their eyes, and will not deign to look at your piled mountains of evidence, though it should reach the skies. Your witnesses may throng the court, but they cannot obtain a hearing. Your appeal is met with a smile of lofty incredulity and pitying scorn; you are told that the case is closed, and no further investigation is needed. To obtain a hearing for these facts it is necessary then to move the previous question—to inquire into the value of testimony, and especially into its credibility in its bearings on this particular subject.

* *Testimony: its Posture in the Scientific World.* By ROBERT CHAMBERS. W. and R. Chambers, London and Edinburgh.

Of the general value of testimony little need be said: the world has practically made up its mind to recognize it, except where reasonable ground of suspicion can be shown. Indeed, it has been compelled to do so, it could not get along for a day without it. It carries on its business, builds up its science, receives its history, educates its children, discounts its bills, and hangs its criminals on the strength of its general belief in human testimony. Law, justice, commerce, civil society itself would fall to pieces if it was absolutely and universally discredited. But it is alleged that testimony is to be received only where it accords with our experience, is in conformity with our acquired knowledge, in harmony with the ascertained laws of nature; but is at once to be set aside and rejected when it deviates from these. "Before we proceed to consider any question involving physical principles, we should set out with *clear ideas* of the naturally possible and impossible," says Professor Faraday. And again, he tells us "The *laws of nature*, as we understand them, are the foundation of our knowledge in natural things." And these he considers "as the proper test to which any new fact or our theoretical representation of it should, in the first place, be subjected." He acknowledges that we are indeed under great obligation to the senses, but we must not trust them until the judgment has been largely cultivated for their guidance. "Where this instruction is imperfect, it is astonishing how much and how soon their evidence fails us." We are subject to woful mistakes "in the interpretation of our mere sense impressions;" "we have to contrive extra and special means, by which their first impressions shall be corrected or rather enlarged." We must test them by those laws which "have become, as it were, our belief or trust." Whatever is inconsistent with these must be false, no matter the nature and amount of testimony to the contrary. If "society" does not accept this rule, it "is not only ignorant as respects education of the judgment, but is also ignorant of its ignorance." If, for instance, you believe in the alleged facts of table-moving, you "throw up Newton's law (gravitation) at once;" whereas, "the law affords the simplest means of testing the fact." An educated judgment, he alleges, knows that it is "impossible to create force. But, if we could by the fingers draw a heavy piece of wood upward without effort, and then, letting it sink, could produce, by its gravity, an effort equal to its weight, that would be a creation of power, and *cannot be*." His conclusion is that the alleged facts of table-rising neither have occurred, nor can occur: the thing is "impossible."* The Rev. Baden Powell,

* That these are the deliberate views of Professor Faraday is evident from his re-publishing them in his *Experimental Researches in Chemistry*, five years after their original delivery, in a lecture at the Royal Institution.

in his work on "The Order of Nature," and Sir John Forbes, in his work on "Mesmerism," have expressed similar views. Substantially, they are the same with those of David Hume and Spinoza, though these bolder reasoners pushed their application much farther.* Hume, in his well-known essay on "Miracles," reasons like Faraday as to errors arising from delusion and deception and the love of the marvellous, and that what we have to consider chiefly is, not the testimony, but its subject-matter. If this does not co-ordinate with ascertained natural law, it cannot be entertained. To establish a miracle, he argues, would require an amount and degree of testimony, the falsehood of which would be "more miraculous than the fact it endeavours to establish." No such testimony can be had, therefore miracles are not capable of proof. "A miracle is a violation of the laws of nature, and as a firm and unalterable experience has established these laws, the proof against a miracle is as entire as any argument from experience can possibly be." We have here only for the word "miracle" to substitute "spirit-manifestation," and the argument of the physicist is precisely expressed. Faraday tries to evade this dilemma by claiming "an absolute distinction between religious and ordinary belief:" thus he receives the truth of a future life "through simple belief of the testimony given." "I shall be reproached," he adds, "with the weakness of refusing to apply those mental operations which I think good in respect of high things to the very highest." For our part we rejoice in this "weakness," it illustrates that "the heart may give a useful lesson to the head," and instinctively cling to truth, despite a lame and halting logic. But if the inconsistency be a noble one, still it is an inconsistency, and his rule of judgment in other hands has been applied (logically enough) in a way which he would most anxiously deprecate. A religion having an historical basis,—whose sacred books record a series of wonderful acts which do not co-ordinate with "the laws of nature as we understand them," but which appealed to the senses of men, and are received by us upon the testimony of witnesses,—of men whose judgment had not been cultivated in a marked degree above their fellows, but whom we should now regard as sadly unscientific, unlettered fishermen, cannot but be undermined by that canon of judgment which Faraday and other modern physical philosophers are doing all they can to urge upon our acceptance.

The claim that there is "an absolute distinction between religious and ordinary belief," is altogether gratuitous and un-

* Much farther, at least, than Faraday, or Sir John Forbes. The Rev. Baden Powell, in the work cited, and in the celebrated *Essays and Reviews*, though he draws some fine distinctions, is driven by the premises adopted to conclusions not materially different from those of David Hume.

warranted. There is no difference in the nature of belief; it is the same whether the thing believed be sacred or secular, and is simply the assent of the judgment to a fact or proposition on the evidence presented. Nor can historical facts, as matters of observation and testimony, be differenced from other facts. The signs and wonders and mighty works recorded in the Scriptures, appealed to the senses of ordinary men, and challenged their belief in them as much as in the facts of common life. The Scriptures nowhere assume that the senses are so fallacious that they should only be trusted when instructed by a highly cultivated judgment, and that their truth should be tested by their conformity with "the laws of nature as we understand them." We remark with all reverence that Jesus did not warn inquirers that, "as a first step," "clear ideas should be obtained of what is possible or impossible," or of the danger there was in judging of things "extraordinary for the time," by the "teaching sufficient for ordinary purposes." Quite different from this; his language was, "Go, tell John *those things which ye do hear and see.*" Why thus appeal to the signs and mighty wonders that he wrought, if the senses of men were incompetent to rightly judge of what they witnessed?

Let it not be supposed for a moment that we place the spirit-manifestations of our day on a level with those wonderful works recorded in Scripture to which we have referred; we would only point out that if we accept those greater wonders on human testimony, we cannot consistently reject these lesser wonders if also sufficiently sustained by human testimony. If, in the major case, we refuse to set aside testimony on the plea that the facts attested transcend common experience, we cannot avail ourselves of it to put the minor case out of court, and beyond a hearing.

When Hume appealed against miracles "to a firm and unalterable experience," Dr. Campbell very effectively reminded him that the facts which he repudiated were a part of that universal experience; and showed conclusively that that experience was not unalterable, and consequently that his argument was "an example of that paralogism called begging the question." And the same answer may be given to the argument when it is directed against spirit-manifestations, which also, we are prepared to prove, are a part of the universal experience of men in all ages. The sceptical method of Hume, adopted by Faraday and other physical philosophers, runs in a vicious circle. As Chambers shrewdly points out, according to their theory, "you cannot know whether a fact be a fact till you have ascertained the laws of nature in the case; and you cannot know the laws of nature till you have ascertained facts. You must not profess to have learned

anything till you have ascertained if it be possible ; and this you cannot ascertain till you have learned everything."

Who can fix the boundaries of the "naturally possible?" The venerable Arago, so highly and justly eulogised by Faraday, has declared that "he who, outside of mathematics, pronounces the word *impossible*, lacks prudence." Professor De Morgan observes that "the natural philosopher, when he imagines a *physical* impossibility which is not an inconceivability, merely states that his phenomenon is against all that has been hitherto known of the course of nature. Before he can compass an impossibility, he has a huge postulate to ask of his reader or hearer, a postulate which nature never taught—it is that the future is always to agree with the past. How do you know that this sequence of phenomena always will be? *Answer, Because it must be. But how do you know that it must be? Answer, Because it always has been. But then, even granting that it always has been, how do you know that what always has been always will be? Answer, I feel my mind compelled to that conclusion. And how do you know that the leanings of your mind are always toward truth? Because I am infallible, the answer *ought to be* ; but this answer is never given." La Place, remarks that "we are so far from knowing all the agents of nature and their various modes of action, that it would not be philosophical to deny *any* phenomena merely because in the actual state of our knowledge they are inexplicable. This only we ought to do : in proportion to the difficulty there seems to be in admitting them should be the scrupulous attention we bestow on their examination." And Humboldt, avers that a "presumptuous scepticism which rejects facts without examination of their truth, is in some respects more injurious than an unquestioning credulity." In conformity with the above authorities, it is remarked by John Stuart Mill (perhaps the most close and careful reasoner of the present day) that "the laws of number and extension, to which we may add the law of causation itself, are probably the only ones, an exception to which is absolutely and for ever incredible. . . . Of no assertion not in contradiction to some of these very general laws, will more than improbability be asserted by any cautious person ; and improbability not of the highest degree, unless the time and place in which the fact is said to have occurred, render it almost certain that the anomaly, if real, could have been overlooked by other observers. Suspension of judgment is in all other cases the resource of the judicious inquirer ; provided the testimony in favour of the anomaly presents, when well sifted, no suspicious circumstances." And, in a foot-note, he adds "As to the impossibilities which are reputed such on no other grounds than our ignorance of any cause capable of producing them, very few of

them are either impossible or incredible." And, in a previous page of the work on Logic (vol. ii, p. 158) he points out that "in order that any alleged fact should be contradictory to a law of causation, the allegation must be, not simply that the cause existed without being followed by the effect, for that would be no uncommon occurrence, *but that this happened in the absence of any adequate counteracting cause.*" We attach great importance to the words we have italicised, in their bearing on the facts alleged by Spiritualists, and denied by Professor Faraday. Even Dr. Ferriar, who laboured with all his might to disprove the reality of spiritual appearances, urges that "to disqualify the senses, or the veracity of those who witness unusual appearances, is the utmost tyranny of prejudice."

Nothing can well be more striking than the view of testimony we are controverting, and that maintained in the preceding quotations, and generally held by writers on mental philosophy and on the Christian Evidences. Dugald Stewart holds, "unlimited scepticism" to be "as much the child of imbecility as unlimited credulity." Dr. Abercrombie considers "the reception of facts upon the evidence of testimony" as "a fundamental principle of our nature to be acted upon whenever we are satisfied that the testimony possesses certain characters of credibility. These are chiefly referable to three heads: that the individual has had sufficient opportunity of ascertaining the facts; that we have confidence in his power of judging of their accuracy; and that we have no suspicion of his being influenced by passion or prejudice in his testimony; or, in other words, that we believe him to be an honest witness." "Our confidence," he continues, "is further strengthened by several witnesses concurring in the same testimony, each of whom has had the same opportunities of ascertaining the facts, and presents the same character of truth and honesty. On such testimony we are in the constant habit of receiving statements which are much beyond the sphere of our personal observation, and widely at variance with our experience." He proceeds to "trace the principles by which a man of cultivated mind is influenced, in receiving upon testimony statements which are rejected by the vulgar as totally incredible." One of which, specially deserving of note is, that "he has learned from experience not to make his own knowledge the test of probability." He admits, as all reasonable men must do, that statements "in accordance with facts which we already know, are received upon a lower degree of evidence than those which are not in such accordance, "but we should beware of allowing it;" (this caution) he adds, "to influence us beyond its proper sphere." "The foundation of incredulity" in regard to the "marvellous," he tells us, "is generally," not a highly culti-

vated judgment, but "ignorance." It "is the part of a contracted mind which reasons upon imperfect data, or makes its own knowledge and extent of observation the standard and test of probability." Experience prepares us to believe marvels rather than reject them. He quotes La Place that the more improbable a statement is, in which, without connivance, witnesses agree, the greater is the probability of its truth. "Even "a miraculous event," which Abercrombie defines as "being directly opposed to what every man knows to be the established and uniform course of nature" may still be established on "the highest species of testimony, or that on which we rely with the same confidence as on the uniformity of the course of nature itself."

The apologists of Christianity, in treating of its external evidences, are compelled, as the foundation of their argument, to assume the integrity of the senses, and the validity of testimony in relation to the most extraordinary acts when attested by credible witnesses. Paley says, "the reality of miracles always *must* be proved by testimony;" and he, at the outset, protests against the prejudication involved in the objection of Hume "that no human testimony can in any case render them credible." He points out the ambiguity lurking in such phrases as "experience" and "contrary to experience," remarking that "the narrative of a fact is then only contrary to experience when the fact is related to have existed at a time and place, at which time and place we, being present, did not perceive it to exist. . . . to state concerning the fact in question that no such thing was ever experienced, or that *universal* experience is against it, is to assume the subject of the controversy;" and he specially urges the importance attaching to the testimony of men of known "probity and good sense," and in relation to facts "wrought before their eyes, and in which it was impossible they should be deceived." So, Dr. Chalmers, asks concerning those who testified to the gospel miracles:—"Had they the manner and physiognomy of honest men? Was their testimony resisted, and did they persevere in it? Had they any interest in fabricating the message, or did they suffer in consequence of this perseverance? . . . Were these miracles so obviously addressed to the senses as to leave no suspicion of deceit behind?" "On the solution of these (points) do we rest the question of the truth of the Christian religion." The supposition that these witnesses may have been mistaken he considers is "destroyed by the nature of the subject. It was not testimony to a doctrine which might deceive the understanding. It was something more than testimony to a dream, or a trance, or a midnight fancy, which might deceive the imagination. It was testimony to a multitude and a succession of palpable facts, *which could never have deceived the senses*, and which preclude

all possibility of mistake, even though it had been the testimony of only one individual." He follows the Baconian philosophy, and learns "by descending to the sober work of *seeing*, and *feeling*, and *experimenting*," and he prefers what has been "*seen by one pair of eyes to all reasoning and guessing*." He does not propose that we only receive the marvellous facts of Scripture if we cannot explain them away; nor call upon us to start on our inquiry with a clear understanding of what is possible or impossible, and to reject whatever is contrary to gravitation, or any other natural law; but on "entering into any department of inquiry," he considers the first preparation to be "that docility of mind which is founded on a sense of our total ignorance of the subject."

In speaking of the "laws of nature" we are too apt to forget that these laws do not all move on one plane, that they are complex though harmonious; that in their orderly march they move in discreted series—mechanical, dynamical; chemical, vital; intellectual, moral; physical, spiritual:—that in their play and inter-action these laws obey the one law of subordination of the lower to the higher:—thus the law of gravitation (as in the motion of our limbs) is subordinate to the higher law of volition; the chemical law, which unchecked dissolves our physical frames into their constituent elements, is in like manner subordinate to the law of life; and thus spiritual laws and forces underlie and hold in subordination all merely material laws and forces, so that that which is beyond and above nature is not necessarily therefore contrary to it, nor inoperative because not subject to experiment in our retorts and batteries, and unknown in the laboratories. As has been ably pointed out by the Dean of Westminster, in his *Notes on the Miracles*, that which may seem to be against a law of nature, when that law is "contemplated in its isolation, and rent away from the complex of laws of which it forms a part," may yet be "in entire harmony with the *system of laws*; for the law of those laws is, that where powers come into conflict the weaker shall give place to the stronger, the lower to the higher. The miracle," he tells us, "is not the violation of law, but that which continually, even in this natural world, is taking place, the comprehension of a lower law in a higher; in this case, the comprehension of a lower natural in a higher spiritual law, with only such modifications of the lower as are necessarily consequent upon this."*

* Trench remarks in a foot note on another page:—"When Spinoza affirmed that nothing can happen in nature which *opposes* its universal laws, he acutely saw that even then he had not excluded the miracle, and therefore to clench the exclusion, added,—*aut quod ex iisdem [legibus] non sequitur*. But all which experience can teach us is, that these powers which are working in our world will not reach to these effects. Whence dare we to conclude, that because none

Is there anything in the nature of the facts attested by Spiritualists (and by many who are non-Spiritualists) which renders it impossible or even difficult to form a correct judgment as to the reality of their occurrence? Take a few instances at random, as they occur to us:—A distinguished London physician and physiologist, Dr. Wilkinson, in an account of a *séance* he attended, mentions among other phenomena witnessed by him, that a hand-bell which had been brought by one of the party was rung by an invisible agency; at the same time as it moved towards himself, he says, “I moved my fingers up its side to grasp it. When I came to the handle, I slid my fingers on rapidly, and now, *every hand but my own being on the table*, I distinctly felt the fingers, up to the palm, of a hand holding the bell. It was a soft, warm, fleshy, radiant, substantial hand, such as I should be glad to feel at the extremity of the friendship of my best friends. But I had no sooner grasped it momentarily, than it melted away, leaving me void, with the bell in my hand. I now held the bell tightly, with the clapper downwards, and while it remained perfectly still, I could plainly feel fingers ringing it by the clapper. As a point of observation I will remark, that I should feel no more difficulty in swearing that the member I felt was a human hand of extraordinary life, and not Mr. Home’s foot, than that the nose of the Apollo Belvidere is not a horse’s ear. I dwell chiefly, because I can speak surely, of what happened to myself, though every one round the table had somewhat similar experiences. The bell was carried under the table to each, and rung in the hand of each. They all felt the hand or hands, either upon their knees or other portion of their limbs. I put my hand down as previously, and was regularly stroked on the back of it by a soft, palpable hand as before. Nay, I distinctly felt the whole arm against mine, and once grasped the hand, but it melted, as on the first occasion. While this was going on, and for about ten minutes, more or less, my wife felt the sleeves of her dress pulled frequently, and as she was sitting with her finger-ends clasped and hands open, with palms semi-prone upon the table, she suddenly laughed involuntarily, and said, “Oh! see, there is a little hand lying between mine; and now a larger hand has come beside it. The

which we know will bring them about, so none exist which will do so? They exceed the laws of *our* nature, but it does not therefore follow that they exceed the laws of *all* nature. If the animals were capable of a reflective act, man would appear a miracle to them, as the angels do to us, and as the animals would themselves appear to a lower circle of organic life. The comet is a miracle as regards our solar system; that is, it does not own the laws of our system, neither do those laws explain it. Yet is there a higher and wider law of the heavens, whether fully discovered or not, in which its motions are included as surely as those of the planets which stand in immediate relation to our sun.”

little hand is smaller than any baby's, and exquisitely perfect." At a subsequent *séance* at Mr. Rymer's house, at Ealing, he describes a similar experience. The hand on this occasion purported (in a communication made) to be that of a deceased and intimate friend, "once a member of Parliament, and as much before the public as any man in his generation." "I said," continues the narrator, "if it is really you, will you shake hands with me?" and I put my hand under the table; and now the same soft and capacious hand was placed in mine, and gave it a cordial shaking. I could not help exclaiming, 'This hand is a portrait. I know it from five years' constant intercourse, and from the daily grasp and holding of the last several months.' "Others who were present at these *séances*—Mr. Rymer, Mr. Coleman, and Mrs. Trollope, in particular—have corroborated the testimony of this writer.

Again, a celebrated critic, Robert Bell, in his famous article in the *Cornhill*, gives an example of what he says—"I have seen several times the table rising entirely unsupported into the air;" and not only so, but of the medium also rising entirely unsupported into the air and being floated about in the apartment, as well as of other phenomena equally marvellous, but which must be too fresh in the recollection of our readers to need recapitulation, and which statements were subsequently confirmed by Dr. Gully, of Malvern, one of the witnesses. They will also remember that Dr. ———, a gentleman holding a responsible position in one of our most valuable institutions (and whose testimony is the more valuable as, in an elaborate article in a scientific quarterly, he had previously, following the false lead of Faraday, denied that such facts were possible), relates that "a large heavy oak table, five feet by seven feet, was frequently lifted up and moved about the room, and this not by any of the four persons present. Again, a writing table, on which the four witnesses seated themselves, was twice tilted over with a strange unearthly facility, and they landed on the floor." Again, "a heavy circular table, made of birch, and strongly constructed," after sundry strange performances detailed by him, was, at his request, he tells us, "smashed and broken, and one fragment thrown across the room, the table at the time being held by the writer and Mr. Squire. This occurred in *half a minute*. The writer has since vainly endeavoured, with all his strength, to break one of the remaining legs. The one broken was rent across the grain of the wood." These and other phenomena, including direct writing by invisible agency, the writer of the article affirms were "subject to the most searching scrutiny." The direct writing is a phenomenon also attested, not only by Baron Goldenstubbé, of Paris, who has

published fac-similes of such communications written in various languages, but by the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, the late American Minister to Naples, who obtained what claimed to be direct spirit-writing on paper supplied by himself, marked with his own crest, and in his own presence. The direct spirit-drawings executed in a few seconds in the presence of Mr. Coleman and a most intelligent circle of enquirers, and of which fac-similes, with the signatures of the attesting witnesses, have been recently given in the *Spiritual Magazine*, together with such testimonies to other phases of the manifestations as those of Dr. Collyer, Mr. Hutchinson the late chairman of the Stock Exchange, and Mr. William Howitt, we need only mention, as they have been already given in this Magazine. We might dwell upon the fact that these gentlemen are men of "cultivated judgment," that most of them are familiar with those ologies and ographies which are believed, and rightly, we think, to have a special value in the discipline of the mind—that they are only samples of a long list of educated and highly qualified witnesses, such as the late Professor Hare, who had spent half a century in scientific investigations, and Judge Edmonds, whose life has been chiefly spent in judicial investigations of the most intricate and difficult nature, and who testifies not only to the truth of such phenomena as we have adverted to, and which he subjected to a long and most searching inquiry—but to others no less marvellous, including the speaking correctly in languages unknown to the utterer, of which in his *Spiritual Tracts* he records well-attested instances, and gives the names and addresses of more than a score persons who have thus spoken—his daughter and niece among the number. But in truth, whatever weight may justly attach to the testimony of men of known ability and attainments, any man of ordinary intelligence and powers of observation is generally able to judge, in an almost equal degree, of what Chalmers calls "plain palpable facts" under his own observation. Any man, for instance, who can "tell a hawk from a hand-saw," can tell whether a table is resting on the floor, or is raised above it: whether a man is sitting in his chair, or is floating in the atmosphere of the room: whether sounds made by no visible agency, and which respond to his questions, mental or otherwise, are heard or not: whether a strong heavy table is at his request broken in fragments by no visible agency, "in about half a minute," or whether it remains whole. These things, and such as these, which rest on "seeing, and feeling, and experimenting," are so plain and palpable that the man who could not judge of their reality might conscientiously say with Dogberry, "write me down an ass." It is very easy to pronounce these things impossible, to say that they "cannot be; but that which *does* happen *can* happen; and to tell people that an edu-

cated judgment would convince them that they did not see what they saw, and did not feel what they felt, can only furnish an illustration of that particular species of rhetoric the Americans call *bosh*. We are disciples of the Baconian philosophy, and cannot subscribe to that reasoning which denies facts when they do not square with our prejudgments and accommodate themselves to our favourite theories.

We are sometimes reminded of the importance of distinguishing between the facts we witness, and the inferences we deduce from them. Very true. But our first question is as to the possibility and reality of the facts. We are only concerned with that at present. The inferences are quite capable of taking care of themselves, we can leave them to do so with confidence, and have no doubt they will make short work of it.

One of the most recent illustrations of the mode of reasoning on which we have animadverted, is to be found in an article in the *Saturday Review* on Mr. Coleman's "Spiritualism in America," an article noticed in the January number of this Magazine. The *Saturday Reviewer* says:—

Mr. Coleman may be a trustworthy person, and above all suspicion as to his good faith; but if Mr. Coleman and Dr. Gray, and twenty attesting witnesses were to go before the magistrates at Bow-street and solemnly depose that, on Monday morning last they saw the lion on Northumberland House walk down and take a bath in the Trafalgar-square fountains, what would their testimony be worth? *There are, therefore, certain alleged facts in favour of which all the evidence, however supported by the good faith and respectability of the witnesses, is not worth a rush.* The facts quoted from Mr. Coleman's narrative are of this nature; and there is an end of the matter.

If there be any force and relevancy in this argument as applied to Spiritualism, it must rest on the assumption that "the facts quoted from Mr. Coleman's narrative are of this nature." Are they so? Is there any analogy between the actual and the supposed case? If we disbelieve "twenty attesting witnesses" to the walking and bathing of the stone lion on Northumberland House, we presume it would be because we are familiar with the properties of stone, and know, as far as it is possible to know by observation and experiment, that, whether formed into the figure of a lion or any other animal, it could possess no power of volition or of locomotion; and we should reject the testimony or the inference which attributed to it or implied its possession of these qualities. Had we no knowledge or experience bearing on the case, we should be as incompetent to determine the nature and capabilities of a stone lion as the savage of the watch, which, he thought, was a living creature. "Poor thing," said he, "it died the same night as I got it." Now, are we as familiar with the nature and capabilities of the disembodied human spirit as with the properties of stone? Have we analyzed it, and

manipulated it, and observed and experimented with it so that we can say with equal confidence what it can and what it cannot do, what are its powers and their limitations? Are we prepared to say that under no circumstances and conditions can a spirit render itself sensible to sight and touch, or operate upon the imponderable elements, or the grosser forms of matter? That the embodied human spirit can overcome the resistance of gravitation and suspend the operation of physical laws we have every day of our lives demonstration in our own persons. Are we quite sure that when this natural body is exchanged for a spiritual body it will not, in any degree, possess the same powers? And if we cannot make these assertions, are we justified in rejecting all testimony to the actual exercise of these powers? Can it reasonably be asserted that in attributing the "manifestations" to spiritual agency we are assigning a cause inadequate to the effect? Supposing not only that "attesting witnesses solemnly deposed that, on Monday morning last, they saw the lion on Northumberland House walk down and take a bath in Trafalgar-square fountains," but that another set of attesting witnesses had solemnly deposed to a similar occurrence seen by them on the previous Monday morning, and that similar testimony had been borne at different times by independent witnesses, acting without collusion, and of known intelligence and integrity for a series of years past; and this, not only in London, but in Paris, Naples, Rome, Berlin, and New York; and further, that upon investigation it was found that a similar testimony had been borne by reverend and learned men in various ages and nations, and that the belief in such occurrences was in fact a part of the general faith of mankind; then, we apprehend, we should not be warranted in rejecting testimony to such facts, however strange. The cause of them might indeed remain an open question when the facts were admitted; in attempting to assign it we should, of course, be guided by a consideration of all the attendant circumstances. If, for instance, the movements of stone figures were obviously governed by intelligence, and this intelligence entered into and sustained communication with us through these lifeless figures, as well as by other agencies, and claimed to proceed from our departed ancestry, and sustained that claim by rational evidence, then, we think, it would not be unreasonable to admit a spiritual manifestation in the case; and this would, we admit, be something like an analogy with certain phases of spirit-manifestation with which we are becoming familiar. For it must be borne in mind that though we sometimes hear of "talking tables," and in colloquial freedom permit the phrase, yet it is really as absurd as it would be to speak of the electric telegraph as "talking wires." What we mean in either case is that an intelligent being is

behind the wire or the table, using it as an instrument of speech. The more completely you prove that the phenomena in question are not due to, and are impossible by any physical agency, the more completely do you establish their necessary spiritual causation.

M. Babinet, in an essay in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, reasons, like Faraday, that certain phenomena alleged by Spiritualists are impossible, because they contradict the law of gravitation. Dr. Brownson urges in reply, that when he sees a fact of this kind he does not pretend that it is in accordance with the law of gravitation, but the essence of the fact—that which constitutes its marvellousness, is precisely that it is not. “Now, to deny the fact for that reason,” he says, “is to say that the law of gravitation cannot be overcome or suspended, and precisely to beg the question. How,” he asks, “does M. Babinet know that there are not invisible powers who can overcome this force as easily as we ourselves can do. The fact of the rising of a table or a man to the ceiling is one that is easily verified by the senses, and, if attested by witnesses of ordinary capacity and credibility, must be admitted. That it is contrary to the law of gravitation, proves not that it is impossible, but that it is possible only preternaturally.” That is, in the words of Mill, to an “adequate counteracting cause.”

Scientific men should learn from experience to be cautious in affirming the limits of the possible. Those who have erected theories about the impossible have not unfrequently built a monument to their own folly and shame. The circulation of the blood, the prevention of small-pox by vaccination, the fall of meteorolites, the lighting of towns by gas, conveyance by steam, painless surgery, clairvoyance—these, and many other things now familiar to us, have, each in its turn, been pronounced impossible by high authorities. One age laughs at an idea, the next adopts it. The impossible of yesterday is the familiar fact of to-day. In an age when steam is our conductor, and electricity our messenger, and the sun our portrait painter; when the every-day facts of life would have been a fairy tale a hundred years ago; who, especially with the knowledge that spiritual forces are working around and within us, will have the presumption to affirm that it is impossible for spiritual beings so to operate upon ourselves and surrounding objects as to make their presence evident even to our senses. Lord Bacon says, “We have set it down as a law to ourselves to examine things to the bottom, and not to receive upon credit, or reject upon improbabilities, until there hath passed a due examination.” And to the same effect Sir John Herschel remarks that “before experience itself can be used with advantage, there is one preliminary step to make, which depends wholly on ourselves: it is” (not the “first step”

on which Faraday insists, but) “the absolute dismissal and clearing the mind of all prejudice, from whatever source arising, and the determination to stand and fall by the result of a *direct appeal to facts in the first instance*, and of strict logical deduction from them afterwards.” And in another page of the *Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy*, he tells us “the perfect observer in any department of science will have his eyes as it were opened, that they may be struck at once with any occurrence which, *according to received theories, ought not to happen*, for these are the facts which serve as clues to new discoveries.” This is the principle which Spiritualists adopt in their investigation. The opposite principle avowed by Faraday, is thus expressed by him in a letter to the *Times* newspaper:—“The effect produced by table-turners has been referred to electricity, to magnetism, to attraction, to some unknown or hitherto unrecognized physical power able to affect inanimate bodies, to the revolution of the earth, and even to diabolical or supernatural agency. The natural philosopher can investigate all these supposed causes but the last; that must to him be too much connected with credulity or superstition to require any attention on his part.” This is the same view as is taken of miracles by Hume, *viz.*, that “supported by human testimony it is more properly a subject of derision than of argument.” Whether the canon of investigation laid down by Bacon and Herschel, or that of Faraday, is the more worthy of adoption we must leave the reader to determine.

There is one topic, not indeed immediately connected with the present issue to which we would briefly advert. After referring to the achievements of physical science, the Professor of the Royal Institution asks contemptuously—“What has clairvoyance, or mesmerism, or table-rapping done in comparison with results like these? What have any of these intelligences done in *aiding* such developments? Why did they not inform us of the possibility of photography; or when that became known, why did they not favour us with some instructions for its improvement? They all profess to deal with agencies far more exalted in character than an electric current or a ray of light: they also deal with mechanical forces; they employ both the bodily organs and the mental; they profess to lift a table, to turn a hat, to see into a box, or into the next room, or a town;—why should they not move a balance, and so give us the element of a new mechanical power? take cognizance of a bottle and its contents, and tell us how they will act upon those of a neighbouring bottle. . . . Why have they not corrected one of the *mistakes* of the philosophers? There are, no doubt, very many that require it.”

With the last remark we entirely concur; and think that a little careful examination of these despised phenomena would show that they do correct more than "one" of the "mistakes of the philosophers." Far be it from us, however, to say a word in disparagement of science, or to represent physical and spiritual truths as antagonistic in their developments. We believe that there are mysteries and uses in both the physical and spiritual kingdoms of God's universe. Let us only keep our hearts and minds open as little children, and we shall find that he who knows most of both will most clearly and fully perceive their inter-action and mutual harmony. But let us remember that each has its own order, that there is to every seed its own body, and that we must look to each for those results only which are in harmony with its nature. We do not ask whether the religious labours of John Wesley produced the subsequent discoveries in electricity, or whether the discovery of the law of dia-magnetism caused the late religious revival in Ireland. But, as the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment, so, we insist, are the things of the soul of higher value than the things of sense. And if certain phenomena of modern times have demonstrated the reality of a spiritual world, and the intimate relation between the present and future life; if they have established or confirmed a belief in Providence, and in the loving ministry of angels; if they have brought assurance to the doubting, and hope to the desponding, and consolation to the sorrowing; if they have corrected our mistakes, and enlarged our philosophy, and widened our charity, and we know they have done this in very many instances; then, we affirm that Spiritualism is productive of highly beneficent results, and that weighed in a just balance it will not be found wanting, even though it imparts no instructions "for the improvement of photography," and does not give us "the elements of a new mechanical power," or tell us "how the contents of a bottle will act on those of a neighbouring bottle."*

We have discussed the subject of Mr. Chambers' pamphlet in our own way, in preference to writing a *critique* on it in the usual fashion. We, however, heartily commend the essay as a temperate, well-considered, well-written, thoughtful, suggestive, and highly useful performance. It will well repay, not only reading, but careful study. We cannot, perhaps, better close our own remarks than with its concluding paragraph:—

If I have here given a true view of human testimony, it will follow that, amongst the vast multitude of alleged things often heard of and habitually

* It is not however meant to be denied that even in the path of scientific discovery we are indebted to spiritual suggestion more than we are ordinarily aware; but only that the sensible communication of scientific knowledge is not the specific and ordinary sphere of spiritual operations.

rejected, there are many entitled to more respect than they ordinarily receive. It is a strange thought; but possibly some truths may have been knocking at the door of human faith for thousands of years, and are not destined to be taken in for many yet to come—or, at the utmost, may long receive but an unhonouring sanction from the vulgar and obscure, all owing to this principle of scepticism, that facts are valueless without an obvious relation to ascertained law. Should the contrary and (as I think) more inductive principle be ever adopted, that facts rightly testified to are worthy of a hearing, with a view to the ascertaining of some law under which they may be classed, a liberal retrospect along the history of knowledge will probably shew to us that, even amongst what have been considered as the superstitions of mankind, there are some valuable realities. Wherever there is a perseverance and uniformity of report on almost any subject, however heterodox it may have appeared, there may we look with some hopefulness that a principle or law will be found, if duly sought for. There is a whole class of alleged phenomena, of a mystically psychical character, mixing with the chronicles of false religions and of hagiology, in which it seems not unlikely that we might discover some golden grains. Perhaps, nay, probably, some mystic law, centreing deep in our nature, and touching far-distant spheres of “untried being,” runs through these undefined phenomena; which, if it ever be ascertained, will throw not a little light upon the past beliefs and actions of mankind—perhaps add to our assurance that there is an immaterial and immortal part within us, and a world of relation beyond that now pressing upon our senses.

T. S.

A LETTER in the *Montreal Herald* says, we do not know with what truth:—

“Prince Albert, like the late Duchess of Kent, King Leopold, and others of their serene and royal relatives, was a believer in the Swedenborgian interpretation of the Bible. Neither he nor the Duchess of Kent underwent the ministration of any clergyman, administration of sacraments, &c., in their last moments, though they both habitually took the communion at Easter. It is said that the Queen is also acquainted with the peculiar views of religious philosophy propounded by the learned Swede; and that the calmness and resignation with which she has borne up under the irreparable loss she has been so suddenly called upon to bear, may possibly be due to the consoling character of the convictions thence derived in regard to the nature of the transition that the world calls Death, and which are usually found to exercise so powerful an influence over the minds of those who become conversant with the works of Swedenborg. If such really be the case, and our excellent and beloved sovereign can find, in the views referred to, any sustaining consolation under the grievous sorrow which has darkened all coming Christmas seasons for the royal hearth of England, the fact could hardly be regretted by the most orthodox of Her Majesty’s loyal and affectionate lieges.”

DIVINING RODS AND HAZEL WANDS.

WE continue this interesting subject from our last number, in which we mentioned the late Lady Byron as being possessed of the faculty. It was not Lady Byron, but Lady Milbanke, whose letter we find in Dr. Ashburner's edition of *Reichenbach*, in one of those valuable notes with which the Doctor has enriched his translation of that work. We cannot mention these notes without strongly recommending them to our readers as containing information from one of the most philosophical and scientific minds we have amongst us. On this subject, on which we are now bringing together a few facts, we find an elaborate and luminous essay, in the shape of a note, and containing the letter of Lady Milbanke, which we have somewhat abbreviated and condensed into what follows. Dr. Ashburner says that in the counties of Somerset, Devon and Cornwall, the facts on this subject are well known, and the practice of dowsing, as it is called, has been cultivated time out of mind. In France, the men of scientific pursuits have for the most part ridiculed the use of the baguette, notwithstanding abundant evidence in various parts of the country being extant of the success which had attended the practice of the *sourciers*. The Baron von Reichenbach has established facts regarding the emanations of light from graves, which are quite as remarkable as the proofs of emanations taking place from metals or from running water. Now that the Baron's researches, and the concurrent testimony of the cultivators of mesmeric science, have established that certain individuals are more susceptible of magnetic impressions than others, it will not be pronounced *impossible* that subterraneous running water may influence some persons, and not others. In different classes of animals the sensitive powers are known to vary greatly, as they do indeed among those of the same species.

The following extracts will further illustrate this subject:—

“Although the effects or motion of the divining rod, when in the proximity of springs, has been and is to this day considered by most philosophers a mere illusion, yet I think the following brief observations relating to this subject, and which were communicated to Dr. Hutton by a lady of rank, with the account of her subsequent experiments performed before him, his family, and a number of friends (as given in the doctor's translation of Montucla's edition of *Ozanam's Recreations*), must convince the most incredulous that in the hands of some persons, in certain situations, the baguette is forcibly acted upon by some hitherto unknown invisible cause. This evidence was brought about in the following manner. Soon after the publication of the former edition of the *Recreations*, the editor received by the post

the following well-written pseudonymous letter on the subject of this problem. The letter in question is dated Feb. 10, 1805, and as with the whole of the correspondence it would be too long for our limits, I shall select such parts only as are immediately essential to a right understanding of the subject.

“The lady observes, ‘In the year 1772 (I was then nineteen) I passed six months at Aix in Provence. I there heard the popular story of one of the fountains in that city having been discovered some generations before, by a boy who always expressed an aversion from passing one particular spot, crying out *there was water*. This was held by myself, and the family I was with, in utter contempt. In the course of the Spring, the family went to pass a week at the Chateau d’Ansonis, situated a few miles to the north of the Durance, a tract of country very mountainous, and where water was ill supplied. We found the Marquis d’Ansonis busied in erecting what might be termed a miniature aqueduct, to convey a spring the distance of half a league, or nearly as much, to his chateau, which spring he asserted had been found out by a peasant, who made the discovery of water his occupation in that country, and maintained himself by it, and was known by the appellation of *l’Homme à la Baguette*. This account was received with unbelief, almost amounting to derision. The Marquis, piqued at being discredited, sent for the man, and requested we would witness the experiment. A large party of French and English accordingly attended. The man was quite a peasant in manners and appearance: he produced some twigs cut from a hazel, of different sizes and strength, only they were forked branches, and hazel was preferred, as forking more equally than most other trees; but it is not requisite that the angle should be of any particular number of degrees. He held the ends of the twigs between each fore finger and thumb, with the vertex pointing downwards. Standing where there was no water, the baguette remained motionless; walking gradually to the spot where the spring was *under ground*, the twig was sensibly affected; and as he approached the spot, began to *turn round*; that is, the vertex raised itself, and turned towards his body, and continued to turn till the point was vertical; it then again descended outwards, and continued to turn, describing a circle as long as he remained standing over the spring, or till one or both the branches were broken by the twisting, the ends being firmly grasped by the fingers and thumbs, and the hands kept stationary, so that the rotatory motion must of course twist them. After seeing him do this repeatedly, the whole party tried the baguette in succession, but without effect. I chanced to be the last. No sooner did I hold the twig as directed, than it began to move as with him, which startled me so much that I dropt it, and felt

considerably agitated. I was, however, induced to resume the experiment, and found the effect perfect. I was then told it was no very unusual thing, many having that faculty, which, from what has since come to my knowledge, I have reason to believe is true. On my return to England I forbore to let this faculty (or whatever you may term it) be known, fearing to become the topic of conversation or discussion. But two years afterwards, being on a visit to a nobleman's house, Kimbolton, Huntingdonshire, and his lady lamenting that she was disappointed of building a dairy-house in a spot she particularly wished, because there was *no water* to be found—a supply she looked on as essential—under *promise of secrecy* I told her I would endeavour to find a spring. I accordingly procured some hazel twigs, and in the presence of herself and husband, walked over the ground proposed, till the twig turned with *considerable force*. A stake was immediately driven into the ground to mark the spot, which was not very distant from where they had before sunk. They then took me to another and distant building in the park, and desired me to try there: I found the baguette turn *very strongly*, so that it soon twisted and broke: the gentleman persisted that there was no water there, unless at a great depth, the foundation being very deep (a considerable stone cellar), and that no water appeared when they dug for it. I could only reply that I knew no more than from the baguette turning, and that I had too little experience of its powers or certainty to answer for the truth of its indication. He then acknowledged that when that building was erected they were obliged to drive piles for the whole foundation, as they met with nothing but a quicksand. This induced him to dig in the spot I first directed; they met with a very fluent spring; the dairy was built, and it is at this time supplied by it.

“I could give a long detail of other trials I have made, all of which have been convincing of the truth, but they would be tedious. For some years past I have been indifferent about its becoming known, and have consequently been frequently requested to show the experiment, which has often been done to persons of high estimation for understanding and knowledge, and I believe they have *all been convinced*. Three people I have met with, who have, on trying, found themselves possessed of the same faculty. I shall only add one more particular incident. Having once shown it to a party, we returned into the house to a room on the ground floor; I was again asked *how I held the twig*; taking one in my hand I found it turned immediately; on which an old lady, mother to the gentleman of the house, said *that room* was formed out of an old cloister, in which cloister was a *well*, simply boarded over when they made the room.

“‘L’Homme à la Baguette, from experience, could with

tolerable accuracy tell the depth at which the springs were, and their volume from the force with which the baguette turns; I can only give a rough guess. In strong *frost* I think its powers not so great; on a bridge or in a boat it has *no effect*, the water must be *underground* to affect the baguette, and running through wooden pipes acts the same as a spring. I can neither make the baguette turn where there is *no water*, nor prevent it from turning where there is any, and I am perfectly ignorant of the cause why it turns. The only sensation I am conscious of is an emotion similar to that felt on being startled by sudden noise, or surprise of any kind. I generally use a baguette about six inches from the vertex to the end of the twigs where they are cut off. I shall most probably be in London next winter, and will (if you wish it) afford you an opportunity of making your own observations on this curious fact.

The lady having arrived in London, wrote to Dr. Hutton to inform him that she proposed being at Woolwich on Friday the 30th inst. (May, 1806) at eleven in the forenoon.

"Accordingly," says Dr. H., "at the time appointed, the lady with all her family arrived at my house at Woolwich Common, where after preparing the rods, &c., they walked out to the grounds, accompanied by the individuals of my own family and some friends, when Lady ——— showed the experiment several times in different places, holding the rods, &c., in the manner as described in her ladyship's first letter above given. In the places where I had good reason to know that no water was to be found, the rod was always quiescent; but in other places, where I knew there was water below the surface, the rods turned slowly and regularly, in the manner above described, till the twigs twisted themselves off below her fingers, which were considerably indented by so forcibly holding the rods between them. All the company present stood close round the lady, with all eyes intently fixed on her hands and the rods, to watch if any particular motion might be made by the fingers—but in vain; nothing of the kind was perceived, and all the company could observe no cause or reason why the rod should move in the manner as they were seen to do."

There can be no impropriety in stating now that the lady in question was the Honourable Lady Milbanke, wife of Sir Ralph Milbanke, Bart. (afterwards Noel) and mother of the late Dowager Lady Byron, the wife and widow of the great poet. A very interesting analogous statement relating to the same person will be found in the *Quarterly Review* for March, 1820: No. xlv. vol. 22.

Lately in France, the Count de Tristan has published a work on the subject, which I have been unable to procure; but I have a most interesting volume containing two memoirs by M.

Thouvenel, a physician of reputation in France, who was commissioned, in the year 1781, by the king, to analyse and report upon the mineral and medicinal waters of the kingdom. The author undertakes a patient and laborious investigation in the spirit of a philosopher, and regards his inquiries as leading to a new thread in the tangled skein of physics, which, like any single fact of science, may lead to the discovery of a thousand others. Thouvenel found a man named Bléton, whose business was that of a discoverer of springs by means of a divining rod; and upon this man he made more than 600 observations, many of them in the presence of more than 150 persons, mostly of important station, and very credible from their high character, who testify to the truth of the observed phenomena. Among others was M. Jadelet, Professor of Physic at Nancy, a man eminent for his abilities, who was not only a witness of these experiments, but was actually concerned in the greatest part of them. As in the case of Lady Milbanke, with Bléton, an *internal feeling* was coincident with the movement of the rod. Whenever this man was in a place where there existed subterraneous waters, he was immediately sensible of a lively impression, referable to the diaphragm, which he called his "*commotion*." This was followed by a sense of oppression in the upper part of the chest; at the same time he felt a shock, with general tremor and chilliness, staggering of the legs, stiffness of the wrists with twitchings, a concentrated pulse, which gradually diminished. All these symptoms were more or less strong according to the volume and depth of the water, and they were more sensibly felt when Bléton *went in a direction against* the subterranean current, than where he followed *its course*. Stagnant water underground did not affect him; nor did open sheets of water, ponds, lakes, or rivers affect him. The nervous system of this man must have been susceptible, since he was more sensibly affected by change of weather and variations in the state of the atmosphere than other persons: otherwise he appeared healthy. A severe acute disorder had absolutely at one time deprived him of the faculty of perceiving water, and his sensibility in this respect did not return until three months after his recovery; so that if he were sensitive, he could not be classed among the *sick sensitives*. But however remarkable these constitutional peculiarities may have been, there was in Bléton's case a more than usual distinctness in the behaviour of the divining rod.

It was found that whether the trials were made in this manner or over masses of coal, subterraneous currents of water, or metallic veins, the divining rod indicated a determined sphere of electric activity, and was in fact an electrometrical rod. "Of all the phenomena relating to the distinctions of fossil bodies,"

says Thouvenel, "acting by their electric emanations, doubtless the most surprising is this; upon the mines of iron, of whatever kind they may be, the rods supported by the fingers of Bléton turned constantly upon their axis, from behind forward, as upon the mines of coal; while upon other metallic mines, as upon other metals extracted from their mines, the rotary movement took place in the contrary direction, that is to say, from before backwards. This circular movement, which never varies while Bléton is in a perpendicular position over mines or upon metals, presents revolutions as rapid and as regular as the revolutions in the contrary direction upon the mines of iron and of coal."

Dr. Ashburner adds as follows:—

A highly susceptible girl, the lady's maid of a very clever and intelligent friend of mine, residing in Hertfordshire, offers, when she is mesmerised, a great many deeply interesting phenomena. I have repeatedly mentioned her as Harriet P——. She is as guileless and as good a being as can be met with, and is much beloved by her excellent and amiable mistress, who has repeatedly addressed me on her case. If a piece of hazel stick or whitethorn be presented to Harriet, she grasps it and sleeps mesmerically in less than a minute. The sleep is at first very intense and deep, and then the stick is held so firmly that the spasmodic state of the muscles renders it very difficult for even a powerful bystander to turn it in her hand. Mary Anne Douglas and several others of my patients have exhibited the same phenomena. In two of the cases a very curious point has been remarked. If the hazel or whitethorn stick be held with the pointed end upwards, that end which is upwards when it grows from the ground, a force of attraction is so energetic that these individuals cannot resist their inclination to grasp it with both hands. One of them will rush towards it from a considerable distance, and will with extreme eagerness run from the bottom to the top of the house in order to have the pleasure of grasping it. If she succeed in getting hold of it before its direction is reversed, her delight is unbounded; she becomes intoxicated, and soon passes into a state of deep unconscious sleep. If, however, the stick be turned rapidly with its pointed end downwards, a repulsive force operates, and each patient feels a repugnance to it. If the stick be allowed to be held in both hands, and a piece of gold, or of platinum, or of cobalt, or of nickel, or the pointed end of a rock crystal be held to it, in each experiment there is a burning sensation complained of, and an endeavour is made to loosen the hold on the stick, with ludicrous haste. A gentleman who had been often put into mesmeric sleep, remarked, on holding successively several pieces of these sticks, that a sensation of heat was communicated to his hand in each instance, and he felt a strong tendency to

sleep. Susan L., a highly susceptible person, exclaimed, while in a sleep-waking state, "that a shower of fine small sparks of fire" came from a piece of hazel which happened to be in my hand. She did not see this from ash or from fir, but invariably saw it from every piece of hazel or from whitethorn that was brought near her. On numerous occasions experiments were made to test the accuracy of her repetitions on observing these things, and she invariably gave the same answers to the questions on the same subjects. Subsequently, eight other individuals were separately examined as to their susceptibilities to different kinds of wood. Each gave the same results and saw the sparks of fire. In many other cases, the impressionability being different, the hazel and whitethorn had no perceptible effects; the patients handling the bits of stick without observing heat or sparks, and failing to grasp them spasmodically. But Harriet P——r's impressionability was put to a very useful purpose. Her mistress had heard of the practice of dowsing for water, and in a letter to a correspondent, now before me, writes thus under date of July, 1845:—"We made a curious experiment here some days since with Harriet P——. We have very bad water here; and have long been unable to find a good spring. Mr. G. has in vain dug and dug and dug for one. I proposed the divining rod; for, said I, Dr. Ashburner would not think it a foolish experiment. Harriet P—— was willing, so we went forth to a field the most likely one for a spring; Mr. and Mrs. G., myself, and two friends staying here. We put Harriet to sleep by the hazel stick; she grasped it so tightly we were obliged to use the gold chain;—she then held it only in one hand, and immediately began to walk, taking her own way. She went very carefully for about 20 yards; then suddenly stopped as if she had been shot. Not a word was uttered by any one. We all looked on, and were not a little surprised to see the rod slowly turn round until her hand was almost twisted backwards. It looked as if it must pain her. Still no one spoke. Suddenly she exclaimed, 'There! there! don't you see the stick turn? the water is here—under my hand. I see, oh I see—let me look—don't speak to me—I like to look.' 'How deep is the water?' said Mrs. G., speaking to Harriet's fingers. 'Oh, about three feet; I can't quite tell, but it is here.' In a moment, to our astonishment, she sunk down on the grass, took the stick again in both her hands, and seemed to like it as if it could feel. We made a strange group round her, as we were all much astonished to see what we had come there to see, but still it astonished us: she seemed so like a little witch. We marked the place, and after a few minutes we awoke her. In the evening she was again mesmerized to sleep, and we asked her what she saw at the spring.

‘Why I saw water—water everywhere.’ ‘Then,’ said I, ‘how do you know where the spring is?’ ‘Oh, because it goes trinkle, trinkle—I know it is there.’ ‘Why did you sit down?’ ‘Why, because I was so giddy; it seemed as if all was water but the little piece of ground I stood upon;—oh, I saw so much water, all fresh, but no sea; I tried to see the sea, but I could not—I could not at all.’ Mr. G. caused a large hole to be dug at the place; and just at the depth of three feet the water was found. A brick well has been constructed, and there is a good supply of excellent water. No one could doubt of the action of the rod, it turned so evidently *of itself* in her hand. Of course when awake Harriet knew nothing of the circumstance.”

So many and so various are the testimonies and facts relating to the divining rod, that it would be tedious to recite the hundreds of respectable documents offered by those authors who have written on this subject. Lately, a work by Tardy de Montravel, printed in 1781, entitled *Mémoire Physique et Médical sur la Baguette Divinatoire*, has fallen into my hands, and it abounds in testimonies as to the truth of the same class of facts. One of the most curious works I have seen on the subject is a little book with the title of *La Physique occulte, ou Traité de la Baguette Divinatoire et de son Utilité pour la découverte des sources d'eaux, des minières, des trésors cachez, des voleurs, et des meurtriers fugitifs, avec des principes qui expliquent les phénomènes les plus obscurs de la Nature*, par M. L. L. de Vallemont, Ph. D. et Ph., &c. This work, embellished with plates illustrating the different kinds of divining rods, with the various modes of holding them for use, appeared at the latter part of the seventeenth century, and passed through several editions in France as well as in Holland. It is remarkable for much curious literary and historical learning, and for able statements of the arguments which were used in the controversies, rife at that period, on the realities of the facts under consideration. It contains a curious catalogue of a great number of mines discovered in France, by means of the divining rod, made out by a German mineralogist employed for the purpose by Cardinal de Richelieu. But the most singular part of the book is the powerfully authenticated history of Jacques Aymar, a peasant, who, constitutionally impressionable, guided by the divining rod, followed a murderer for more than 45 leagues on land, and more than 30 leagues by sea:—

On the 5th of July, 1692, a dealer in wine and his wife residing at Lyons were murdered in a cellar, for the sake of robbing them of a sum of money kept in a shop hard by, which was at the same time their chamber. All this was executed with such promptitude and secrecy that no one had witnessed the

crime, and the assassins escaped. A neighbour, struck with horror at the enormity of the crime, having remembered that he knew a man named Jacques Aymar, a wealthy peasant who could follow the track of thieves and murderers, induced him to come to Lyons, and introduced him to the king's attorney-general. This peasant assured the functionary that if they would lead him to the place where the murder was committed, in order that he might receive from it a certain influence, he would assuredly trace the steps of the guilty parties, and would point them out wherever they were. He added, that for his purpose he should make use of a rod of wood such as he was in the habit of using to find springs of water, metals, and hidden treasure. The man was conducted to the cellar where the murders were committed. There he was seized with emotion ; his pulse rose as if he were suffering from a violent fever, and the forked rod which he held in his hands turned rapidly over the two places where the murdered bodies had lain. Having received the impression, Aymar, guided by his rod, passed through the streets through which the assassins had fled. He entered the court yard of the archbishop's palace. Arriving at the gate of the Rhône, which was shut, it being night, he could then proceed no further. The next day he went out of the town by the gate of the Rhône, and always guided by the rod, he went to the right along the bank of the river. Three persons, who accompanied him, were witnesses that he sometimes recognized the tracks of three accomplices, and that sometimes he found only two. In this uncertainty he was led by the rod to the house of a gardener, where he was enlightened as to the number of the criminals. For on his arrival he maintained that they had touched a table, and that of three bottles which were in the room they had touched one, over which the rod visibly rotated. In short, two boys of nine and ten years of age, who, fearing their father's anger, had at first denied the fact, at last acknowledged that three men, whom they described, had entered the house, and had drunk the wine which was contained in the bottles indicated by the peasant. As they were assured by the declaration of the children, they did not hesitate to go forward with Aymer, half a league lower than the bridge on the bank of the Rhone. All along the bank for this distance the footsteps of the criminals were traced. Then they must have entered a boat. Aymar followed in another on their track as clearly by water as by land ; and his boat was made to go through an arch of the bridge of Vienna which is never used, upon which it was concluded that these wretches had no boatman, since they wandered out of their way. On the voyage, Aymar went ashore at all the places where the fugitives had landed, went straight to their coverts, and recognized, to the great surprise of

the hosts and spectators, the beds on which they had slept, the tables on which they had eaten, and the pots and glasses they had touched. He arrived at the camp of Sablon, where he was considerably agitated. He believed that in the crowd of soldiers he should find the murderers. Lest the soldiers should ill-treat him, he feared to operate with his rod. He returned to Lyons, whence they made him go back to the camp of Sablon by water, having furnished him with letters of recommendation. The criminals were no longer to be found there. He followed them to the fair of Beaucaire in Languedoc, and always remarked in his course the beds, the tables, the seats where they had been.

At Beaucaire the rod conducted him to the gate of a prison, where he was positive one of the wretches would be found. Fourteen of the prisoners were paraded before him, and the rod turned on a man with a humped back, who had been sent to the prison about one hour before for a petty larceny. The peasant did not hesitate to declare his conviction that the hump-backed man was one of the assassins; but he continued to search for the others, and found that they had gone towards Nismes. No more was done at that time. They transferred the hump-backed man to Lyons. On the journey he asseverated his innocence; but finding that all the hosts at whose inns he had lodged recognized him, he avowed that he had been the servant of two men of Provence who had engaged him to join them in this foul deed: that these men had committed the murder and had taken the money, giving him but six crowns and a half from their booty of one hundred and thirty crowns. He corroborated the accuracy of the indications of the peasant as to the gardener's house, the camp of the Sablon, the fair of Beaucaire, and the other places through which the three had passed, extending over 45 French leagues. All these things of course excited immense interest. At Lyons many repetitions of the observations respecting the turning of the rod in the cellar were made in presence of many persons. Monsieur l'Abbé Bignon gives his testimony to the truth of the statement of facts, in a letter inserted by Vallemont in his work.

This surprising occurrence is indeed the grand exploit of the divining wand in searching for criminals, and though Aymar had the faculty so strongly upon him in the above and other instances, and was so celebrated as a discoverer of water, yet it is only fair to inform our readers that he made some egregious mistakes in both criminal and water seeking. For instance, it is stated of him in the *Histoire des Pratiques Superstitieuses*, iii., 341: "He had repaired to Paris at the order of the Prince de Condé; requested to discover some money hidden in the cabinet of the Prince, he made a complete failure, for which he accounted, by the pretence that the gilding on the furniture attracted the wand

in every direction. He was then taken to a place in the garden where there were no gildings. Several holes had been dug there; one was filled with gold, another with silver, a third with copper, a fourth with stones, the fifth contained nothing. Now the wand was so clumsy as to turn, first, with great animation over the stones, and then over the empty hole. As regards the *caches* stocked with gold and silver, not only did it refuse to turn when held over them, but it was with great difficulty that the persons by whom they had been made could find them again. Summoned to the Hotel de Guise, Aymar succeeded no better: his wand turned when in the vicinity of the buffet, because of the plate it contained; but it did not turn in the vicinity of another piece of furniture, which was full of plate; it turned when held over couches on which the gilding could be perceived, but it did not turn when near those that were covered. At Chantilly, the mystification was complete. The question related to the theft of trout: the wand turned several times as it was held over the pond, thus indicating that there had been several thieves; when he was required to designate them more clearly, some of the party were mischievous enough to mysteriously introduce a lad who could by no possibility have been guilty, since he had only lived a year at Chantilly, while the theft had been going on for seven years. They pretended to whisper together, as though talking about the lad. Aymar fell into the snare, and his wand began to turn violently, making it very obvious that it obeyed no other law than the personal impulses of its holder! After the experiment of the trout, another was tried in relation to water courses. The wand seemed as though it were about to recover its position, and take a glorious revenge; but this was not the case; it turned at several different points of the park; then, on passing over the river Chantilly, which is hidden by an arch, covered with earth and trees, it made not the slightest movement; Aymar was taken to the river three times; he was detained there, and asked if he were sure that there was no water in the vicinity; the wand remained in a state of absolute immobility, simply because Aymar saw no indication of water, and because he was confirmed in his error by the very questions addressed to him, in which he suspected a snare."

Dr. E. C. Rogers, by no means given to believe too much, says in his work on the *Philosophy of Mysterious Agents*:—"During 1850-51 we made special exertion, at different times, and in various places in the interior of Massachusetts, to test this point, namely: The movement of a stick in the hands of particular persons over such localities as we have mentioned, especially over subterranean streams of water. We were astonished at the number of persons found to be possessing this

'gift,' some of whom were men of searching, discriminating minds, and one of them a gentleman of no mean scientific attainments. We found a great many instances, also, where, in the most difficult localities for obtaining water, on account of the extreme depth and hardness of the rock through which the shafts were obliged to be sunk, the *baguette* was made use of by these persons, and spots determined upon where delicious springs of water were found, at a difference of one-third of the depth of the other wells in the neighbourhood, and sometimes of one-half. In numerous instances we have tested its action in the most rigid manner. We would not say that it can in every case be relied upon in determining the depth of the water below the surface, and other minutiae; but the great fact itself of an agency emanating in such localities which has a specific action upon the organism of certain persons, and through it upon a stick held in or resting upon the hands, is as susceptible of demonstration as any other occasional or special fact of nature."

Enough has been said to shew that there is a basis of fact in this subject which should ensure it a more careful scientific examination than it has yet received. The way in which science has pushed physiology almost into the spiritual, and the inquiry which is now aroused by means of Spiritualism into the point of contact between the physical and the spiritual, should help our learned men to some solution, or to a much nearer approach to one, than has yet been made. When laws are investigated from the spiritual into the natural, instead of contrarywise, we shall be nearer to a true pneumatology than we can be at present.

We have received the following interesting statement from a correspondent, who says:—

"Having some years ago, whilst travelling in Switzerland, had the curiosity to investigate the subject of the divining rod, I was led to the opinion that its power in discovering water springs depended probably on *hygrometrical* principles. The following considerations led to that view:—

"1. The operator in whose hand the wand was most active, was generally found to be of a *lymphatic* temperament.

"2. The hazel rod had to be one recently cut, and therefore still retaining its sap.

"3. I found that two lengths of whalebone, tied at one end, were used when the hazel was out of season, *i.e.*, devoid of sap, or when used abroad where the hazel does not grow.

"Now, since the human hair, wool, catgut, whalebone, and indeed animal substances generally, are generally used for hygrometrical purposes, I conclude that the hazel wand, the lymphatic human constitution, and the water beneath the surface

of the earth possess a powerful affinity for one another, and lead to the phenomena in question. It is well known to medical men that the nerves, and especially the spinal cord, of certain individuals are barometrically sensitive to the changes of dry and wet in the atmosphere, so much so that some patients can tell before rising in the morning the quarter from which the wind blows, and whether it be fair or wet out of doors. What struck me as the most remarkable circumstance was that the rod did not turn between the thumb and finger, as if held loosely, but that, whilst the ends were held most tightly to prevent their moving, the rod actually twisted round so as to bruise the bark. This I should certainly have attributed to some trick in the operator, if I had not experienced it in my own hands.

"In support of this nervo-physical theory it is worth mentioning that Baron Reichenbach found one of his 'Sensitives' able to discover subterraneous springs by merely walking over any given field. In all these cases the operator is simply passive. But Ricard in his work on Animal Magnetism states that by the action of the will he had been able either to stimulate or deteriorate the sap of shrubs, thereby blasting the healthy plant or recovering the sickly one; thus proving again a decided affinity between the human living organization and the sap of vegetables. Still more to the purpose, he states that by the action of the will alone he had actually drawn rain from a passing cloud upon a sheet of paper, whilst another sheet of paper, held by some of his friends at the other end of his garden, remained perfectly dry. Surely these facts open a wide field for further careful investigation.

"COSMOPOLITANUS."

DEATH OF JUSTINUS KERNER.

GERMAN papers bring the news of the death of the venerable poet Justinus Kerner. He died at Weinsberg, in Wurtemberg, on the 22nd of February last, peacefully and in the arms of his children. He had nearly attained the age of seventy-six. All readers of German literature are acquainted with the poetry of Kerner, some of whose ballads are peculiarly sweet, simple, and graceful. But Kerner was better known to many of our readers in another way, to the honour of his intellect and acuteness—as a believer in and expounder of the famous revelations of the "Seeress of Prevorst," than which a more comprehensive and philosophical work on the working of Spiritual laws has not yet appeared. It is translated into English by Mrs. Crowe, and is out of print. We hope that it may appear in a new edition, for it contains nearly every phase of modern Spiritualism gathered together and exhibited in the person of its subject Frederica Hauffe.

A DUCAL DREAM AND GHOST.

I AM more low than I should dare confess to any one, by a dream which haunted me in my sleep, with a degree of precision which is really frightful. I was at Stowe, my dear and regretted home. All was desolate—not a soul appeared to receive me. My good dog met me, and licked my hand. Accompanied by him, I traversed all the apartments—all desolate and solitary: every room as I had left it. On my return from the state bedroom, I met my wife! She told me all my family were gone, and that she was left desolate—that even her little favorite dog, which had been her sole remaining companion, had died a few days ago. We went out at the north hall-door together, and all was solitude and desertion. I awoke with the distress of the moment, and I slept no more that night. I do not like to confess how much effect this had upon me. I have not the slightest faith in dreams, but this has strongly accorded with the feelings and tone of my mind, and I cannot shake it off.

Lord Kinnaird's ghost appeared to the Duchesse Bassano. He made love to her. She rejected him, and said he was not sincere. He declared if he died he would let her know that he was sincere. He did die. Duchesse Bassano was walking by a church door in Paris not long after, and entering the church, turning round in the doorway, saw Lord K.! "Ah! Caroline" (or whatever was her Christian name) "*N'étois je pas sincère!*" said the shadow. She described his face to be so shocking that she could not bear to look at it. She went home, told the story, and died!

Private Diary of Richard, Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, 1862.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—In these days, when spiritual manifestations are being developed in so many families, it may be well to recollect that there is only one source from whence the power to communicate in an orderly manner with the spiritual world can be derived—Jesus the Christ. His mediumistic power is equal to all possible conditions of the human mind, from the lowest development of humanity on our earth to the highest in the celestial heavens. He has invited each and all to "ask and we shall receive, seek and we shall find, knock and it shall be opened." No doubt the spiritual world in all its spheres is peopled by multitudes, (and these are being increased every moment by multitudes from the earth,) whose countless numbers must include every variety of mind, good, bad, and indifferent. Each individual is a spiritual activity, ruled and impelled to action by his or her peculiar liking and idea, and no doubt possesses power, the kind and extent of which we do not know, to work his will in his own way to a certain extent. The best among them may be mistaken in many things—the bad, who would follow when known as such?—the indifferent cannot teach either by precept or example; but all would probably be glad to assist in *developing* a person wishing to become a medium, and having done so, to take possession of the person as their particular property. We all find when once a popular prejudice is allowed to wind its coils around us, how difficult it is to break or undo the fetters. After the mind has kicked, plunged, and struggled itself to exhaustion, then "what everybody says must be true; who am I that I should doubt or challenge it?" is the last despairing cry as it sinks to earth, baffled and stilled for ever.

If this is so with our "earth dwellers," how much more must it be so when we allow ourselves to be enthralled by prejudices, arising from individual or social

influences in the spirit-world. The safest and most rational way, when we have good reason to believe that numbers of mortal enemies unseen beset our path to the spirit-land, is to live in the spirit of prayer to the Lord Christ, who has led captivity captive and received gifts for men, that He may make us mediums in some special way for the transmission of his love and wisdom to suffering humanity. It is not safe to become mediums in any other way. During three years' experience as a writing medium of one of the spirit languages, I have invariably observed that in the degree the mind was elevated in love and faith to the Lord Christ, or even feebly endeavouring to approach Him in a spirit of humble devotion, the hand has been more strongly controlled, and the writing of a higher or more composite character. Within the last three months the word "Love" has frequently appeared beautifully woven into the body of the unknown character in symbol, flowing from the pen, as if that single word expressed all that I require to know at present.

Should you think proper to give these remarks a place in the *Spiritual Magazine*, your December correspondent "Cosmopolitanus," may perhaps read them.

Yours respectfully,

Shahabad, India, February 2, 1862.

JAS. MYLNE.

A SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.

New York, Jan. 13, 1862.

DEAR SIR,—Should you judge what I am about to relate as worthy of a place in your columns, I shall be happy to sign my name as a proof that the facts stated are authentic. I was acquainted, when in Paris, last winter, with an English lady, a Protestant, and also a medium, both for drawing and for raps. This lady was frequently at the table with any friend she could at the moment command, hoping thus to communicate with her spirit daughter, who never failed to come to her mother's call. This lady told me that one day standing at her window she saw a very grand funeral pass; she had no idea whose it was, but she said involuntarily, with tears in her eyes, "God grant that poor soul may have gone to glory." Soon after this a friend came to pay my friend a visit. Mrs. P—— begged her to sit at the table. The two ladies had no sooner placed their hands on it than it began to roll violently. Mrs. P—— said, "This cannot be my dear child, she always comes so gently." She then asked, "Who are you?" The answer came directly in French, "*Un grand criminel*." Mrs. P—— quite started with fright; and said, "Why do you come to me if you are a criminal?" The spirit said (by means of raps, in French), "To entreat your prayers; if you will pray for me Jesus will pardon me." She then asked, "What is your crime?" Answer, "Suicide." "Your name?" "Richmond." My friend was astonished and affected to tears. Immediately afterwards she enquired of her servant whose funeral had passed that morning; and singularly enough he replied to her queries, verifying her experience at the table in *every detail*. The Duc de Richmond had been connected with the *Mirés Bank*, and had committed suicide on its failure. Mrs. P—— told me this herself, and added that, as a Protestant, *she thought it wrong to pray for the dead*. Soon after she and I were at the table together, and almost immediately a spirit came saying he was Richmond. Mrs. P—— again asked him why he came, and he made the same reply, "To entreat your prayers." She then said, "But why come to me, who do not believe in prayers for the dead?" He then used a beautiful French expression, which loses in translation, "*La belle larme*"—meaning the beautiful pitying tear he saw on her cheek induced him to come. I am happy to add that I succeeded in convincing my friend that it was her duty to disobey her church and pray for the poor unhappy spirit. I again repeat that every word of this is perfectly true, and remain, Sir,

(*Herald of Progress*.)

Yours truly,

M. A. JAMES.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. III.]

MAY, 1862.

[No. 5.]

MR. L.'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

*"New York, March 17th, 1862.—My dear Sir—I enclose herewith further extracts from my diary to Feb. 7th.—The important and exciting events occurring here, and the unceasing cares to which I have been subjected by accumulating business, have all contributed to prevent the keeping up of my correspondence with you. Notwithstanding, however, these engrossments, I have continued my investigations, having been constantly led on by new and varied phenomena. I cannot hope to give you in my necessarily hasty record any sufficient descriptions of them. I desire to give you facts, and in that wish I have hurriedly transcribed some pages from my journal, and I will endeavour soon to find leisure to continue it up to the present time. A third witness has lately been introduced, who can testify to having seen the spirit of Dr. Franklin on two occasions, when he, the medium, and I, were present, all three of us agreeing in our testimony as to what was seen, heard, and touched. Spirit-flowers have been produced, examined by us in the gas-light, and afterwards seen to dissolve. You will notice from the record that the spirit comes in different forms, with varied habiliments, various kinds of flowers, and other spiritual creations. In the early days of my experience the coming of the spirit was initiated by startling, nerve-exciting sounds and demonstrations, and success only crowned months of patient watching. Now the spirit glides noiselessly to my side, without premonitory demonstration, places a real hand and arm in mine, permits me to make careful examinations of the drapery and surroundings, and writes messages of affection in full view:—in short, so subjects to control the atmospheric elements, as to be able not only to use force like muscular strength, but to create at will material forms and objects. You will notice that the spirit has appeared in a variety of ways. *First*—In the *solid form*, completely covered by the spiritual envelope, or robe, with real hands, arms, &c. *Second*—*Stereoscopically* projecting its semblance upon a spiritual cloud. *Third*—*

In "*the fine spiritual form*," indescribably spiritual, but differing from either of the others, and of surpassing beauty. From careful observation, I am led to conclude that under certain combined atmospheric and mental conditions a spirit has power to crystallize a material form on itself; that out of the electrical and other elements of the atmosphere, evanescent, but for the time being, real material forms and objects, tangible to human sense, can be produced; in fine, that spiritual forms and shapes can by this process be materialized into correspondent material forms and shapes.—Very respectfully, and truly yours,

"L.

"Benj. Coleman, Esq., London."

COPY OF DIARY.

"*December 15th*, 1861.—The figure of Dr. Franklin appeared perfectly delineated, seated in the window, and permitted me to examine his hair with my hand. The hair was to sight and touch as real as human hair.

"*December 17th*.—Atmospherical condition favourable. After about fifteen minutes sitting in the darkened room it seemed filled with electricity, which '*crackled*' and rustled strangely, and the spirit or electric light appeared, revealing a scene of great beauty. A kind of panoply of spirit-drapery had been formed upon the table, extending to a height of three or four feet, and about the same in width, with folds gracefully hanging at the sides. Behind, and looking out as it were, from behind these curtains, was the angel face of my wife surrounded and decked with white flowers, her hand and arm also plainly visible, holding aside the drapery. The light passed behind this gossamer, shewing its transparency, and at the same time illuminating her in a way that was indescribably beautiful. While in full view she took a card from my hand, held it for some time, and returned it to me.

"*December 22nd*.—An '*experiment in a dim light*,' I was informed by spirit-knocks was about to be made. The gas was partially turned down, and a screen placed before the fire, leaving sufficient light to enable us to see plainly every object in the room. I then opened the table, and placed the cloth over that part of the opening next to us. Soon a female hand, perfectly wax-like and of the colour of flesh, rose through the opening, and was plainly visible from the wrist; each finger and the thumb being perfect, and the manifestation was frequently repeated in different degrees of light. I afterwards made the room dark, when the electric light rose to the table, shewing the same hand with its natural colour. There were two spirit-lights, one stationary upon the

table, the other floating. The hand being placed upon the stationary light, that which was floating in the atmosphere descended and made the hand visible. Upon a card was written upon this occasion as follows:—*'Fear not; no war with England.—B. F.'*"

"December 25th, Christmas Evening.—The following was written upon cards by the spirit: *'I am happy, my dear C——, to be the first, in this world of joy and light, to wish you a merry Christmas. You cannot say, darling, that this is the first Christmas I have been absent from you, for I have not left you one moment. We are both blessed in the past, and in that which is to come. On all the troubled waters of your life, I shall follow with a soothing influence, and on the anniversary of my birth in the immortal life I will come to you in all joy and beauty. My eye shall beam with joy, my cheeks bloom with health, my step be light. I will come clothed with immortality flowers, and purity. Be happy, all is well.—ESTELLE.'*"

"Friday Evening, December 27th, 1861.—A test. Tomorrow evening being the anniversary of my wife's death, I had before calling upon the medium, occupied myself with hanging wreaths of evergreen upon her portraits. I had also during the day ordered a basket of flowers, in commemoration of the event. Neither of these circumstances had been mentioned to the medium, who was ignorant of what I had done. Soon after commencing, a card with my private mark was taken from my hand, and returned by the spirit with the following nicely written message: *"My dear C—— I have been with you to-night, and saw you arrange the wreaths of love and beauty over my pictures; I am pleased and gratified. You had better get the flowers for Saturday night, they will be appropriate for the occasion. I will come dressed in immortal flowers, and mingle their perfume with yours of earth. How much happiness I anticipate on that night (Saturday), the glorious anniversary of my immortal life in the world of light and joy. Meet early to-morrow night.—ESTELLE.'*"

Saturday Evening, December 28th, 1861.—In my own house and room, which was carefully examined, and door locked by myself. Soon after extinguishing the gas-light, the spirit-light rose and requested us (by raps) to follow it across the room to the window, which was heavily curtained, to exclude the light from the street. By raps the following was communicated: *'I come—I come in a cloud.'* Immediately the light became very vivid; the 'cloud' appeared against the curtain, a portion of it overhanging from the top, while the face and figure of my wife from the waist, was projected upon it with stereoscopic effect. White gossamer intertwined with violets and roses, encircled her head, while she held in her hand a natural flower, which was

placed at my nose, and subsequently found upon the bureau, having been carried by the spirit from a basket of flowers on the table, standing in the centre of the room. We were told to notice her dress, which seemed tight fitting, of a substance like delicate white flannel. She was leaning upon her right hand; the cuff of her sleeve was plain and neatly turned back. In answer to my enquiry, whether this appearance was not like a *bas relief*, I was answered, '*No, but you see the fine spirit-form; you notice I come in health, and not as one year ago to-night.*' This appearance is new, and quite different from those originally seen, and is effected without noise or demonstrations of any kind."

December 30th, 1861.—Conditions favourable—electricity very strong, filling the room with its cracklings. Estelle appeared in a cloud as before, dressed precisely the same, the white wreath and flowers upon her head; but in this instance the cloud did not remain stationary, nor was it against anything to support it, but in the centre of the room it rose and fell, floating in the air, advancing to within a few inches of our faces. My wife's hand and arm subsequently came upon the table, and were handled by us; both were as natural as life to sight and touch, but cold. By raps: '*You see there is no bone in the arm.*' This was so, although the arm was hard and solid.

"January 9th, 1862.—Conditions unfavourable, rain, &c. An accidental meeting at my own house, a card and pen and ink were called for. I procured a small spring inkstand, which was opened and closed by the spirit each time the ink was required, the spring or snap being very loud. The card was marked privately by me and the door locked carefully. The card as follows was written in ink, in about the same time as it would have been done by myself:—'*January 9th, 1862. The atmosphere will not permit of our success to-night, but be patient. I was happy to come to you last night; I was dressed in blue and enveloped in white; flowers were wreathed in my hair and I reclined on my arm; Dr. Franklin held the light which illumined my spirit-form. There were many spirits saw me depart with Dr. Franklin, and whispered how beautiful you will look to those on earth whose eyes will sparkle at your coming; "How beautiful," reached my ears until I stood in your presence. Remember, darling, that I am no longer pleased with vanity; all of earth is past, and I tell you this only to show you that spirits behold each other clothed in beauty; I come dressed for earth, for the vision of earth, which is rare, and I felt overjoyed to hear the angels say of me 'how beautiful.'* Under the silent solemn moon I came, God and his angels above me. Do you feel how great are your blessings; but this is not all; I shall yet stand by your bedside, and while you are permitted to see me as naturally

as when in life, I will talk to you, and with you. Spring is coming—summer flowers and peace shall dwell over the earth. The choirs are gathering; I must go and join in the anthem for peace—they shall not miss me at the throne of God. Good night; be content.—ESTELLE.’”

“*January 12th, 1862.*—Copy of a card written this evening:—‘Last night my power failed, though the meeting was not lost. It is always necessary to meet several times before any manifestation of this kind becomes perfected. We have many things to contend with. The conditions, the mind, the atmosphere and power—therefore be patient at all times. I have been with you all day, but when am I not with you. . . . Have faith, an innate love for this truth which God has given to you. Little I knew when on earth the power of Heaven; little I knew of its works. Alas! how few will step on its threshold with a knowledge like yours. Death was once too horrible for me to contemplate; now it is beautiful—the morn of life! Our homes are lovely. We read each other’s thoughts, we love each other, mingle with each other, help one another, and the faults of those we love on earth are scanned with loving and forgiving eyes, for we were none of us perfect. We have duties; mine are to watch over you, to make you happy, and often to visit with my other spirit friends the sick and dying of earth. When they are with sorrow weighed down to raise them up; when weakened with pain, to soothe them. We are a large band, and after we gather in our homes around the throne, to sing anthems of peace for the oppressed country, we have hours of worship; the choir is composed of like spirits, when each soul is entwined with one prayer, one hope, one thought, one desire, one love. With harps of worship we sing praises to God, and breathe through them prayers for our own loved ones on earth. . . . The atmosphere will soon permit us to fulfil our promise.—ESTELLE.’”

“*Wednesday Evening, January 15th, 1862.*—Met for the purpose of hearing the voice of the spirit. A bright light appeared and sounds were heard like striking upon glass, the light rested upon the table assuming the shape of a globe covered with gossamer. It was placed upon my head like a glass globe producing a sensation similar to, but something different from, an electric shock, the moment it came in contact with my hair. The striking as of one glass form against another was now heard, and a perfect globe became visible, about ten inches in diameter, with a circular opening of about three inches in width at one end. Fitted into this from the inside was the electric cylinder (so often described), which, on coming in contact with the globe, produced the sounds, being frequently removed to permit me to look inside. There I discovered a perfectly hollow globe transparent and empty, with

the exception of a piece of gossamer like a hastily gathered handkerchief. By raps:—‘Soon you shall see my face inside the globe, and hear my voice.’ A female hand was several times visible inside. The globe was at times perfectly transparent, and again corrugated or ribbed. After its disappearance the hand above spoken of appeared upon the table, grasped mine, and answered my questions by pressure, and by other expressive demonstrations.’

“*January 16th, 1862.*—After the appearance of my wife she wrote upon a card as follows:—‘My dear C—— this new discovery of Dr. Franklin’s is one of vital importance. We all rejoice in it; he is still famous for inventions of great usefulness. . . . Our choir comprises a large number of kindred spirits. We ascend to a high throne, where the holy hold devotions. We do not see God, but we feel His influence. We are conscious of His invisible presence as you are of ours. We hear His voice and read His wishes. We gather around His throne to pray for our loved ones on earth, and to sing praises to Him the giver of all good. You know but little of our life, little—and yet there are many who think they know all—alas! how little. There is no marriage or giving in marriage here. We associate with each other as our capacities will admit. The pure and good seek each other. We are all united. We seek to do good, and associate by equality. Those who on earth loved well, and were pure, in Heaven will not be separated. Live well; do right; be good and pure, then happiness will reward you. Be happy; I can always come to you in spirit-form. You are soon to behold me in a new light, more clearly than ever. Is not your life more prosperous since the unfolding of this truth? Yes it is, for we are in your path hourly. Good night.—ESTELLE.’”

“*Sunday Evening, Jan., 19th, 1862.*—A Test. The following was written upon a card: ‘My son, I see you have a desire to hear about the country. A battle is in the field, and will soon be victorious.—B.F.’ The battle of Somerset, or Mill Spring, in Kentucky, resulting in a decided Union victory and rebel defeat, and in the death of their general, Zollikoffer, took place on Sunday, Jan. 19th, ending Monday morning, Jan. 20th. The news by telegram did not reach New York until Monday, Jan. 20th.

“*Thursday Evening, Jan. 23rd.*—My wife made her appearance standing against the door. She was exquisitely robed in white, and enveloped in blue gossamer. A white ribbon tied or knotted in the centre passed across her waist, and a large and perfect *bow-knot* of white silk ribbon was attached to her breast diagonally. In her hand near her face she held a small oval mirror about two inches in diameter. We had seen the mirror before,

but at a distance. On this occasion I determined to examine it closely, and approached to within six or eight inches. The mirror was apparently glass, and reflected objects perfectly—not only the light itself, but I saw my own face in it. The spirit finger held opposite was reflected with all its motions. We asked for certain movements of the finger which were made as requested, and simultaneously reflected in the mysterious glass. The flowers in her hair and on her person were real in appearance; over her forehead was a crown of flowers. In the centre was a button or flower of black and gold upon a back ground of white. A card taken from me, and upon which I had written a private question, was held by the spirit in front of her face, and behind the oval mirror, which thus hung suspended and swinging against the white card, rendering it a real palpable object. The light shone vividly upon her face and figure, and while we stood looking intently, she instantly, as quick as thought, disappeared, with a rushing sound. Then, by raps, was communicated—‘The electricity is very strong, and we did this to show you how quickly we can disappear.’ Very soon she returned as real as before. The light was subsequently placed upon the floor near the door, while we receded to the middle of the room, remaining thus, at a distance of some ten feet from the medium, for twenty minutes. We were then requested to open the window to admit air, to enable them to dissipate the electricity. Immediately upon the fresh air being admitted, the light grew dim and disappeared.

“*Jan. 24.*—A stormy night with hail and sleet, ending in a severe gale. Conditions favourable. My wife appeared dressed precisely as last night, except having white gossamer around the top of her head. The ‘bow,’ which was in the same place upon her breast, was the same as then, and on this occasion was taken in our fingers for examination, being to sight and touch as real as silk. A low murmuring sound was heard, something like the buzzing of a bee. I listened carefully, and noticed that it came from the lips of the spirit. This was an unsuccessful attempt to speak, or rather the preparatory process, eventually to result, doubtless, in success. The light approached her face. We were told to look in her mouth. Upon doing so we discovered what seemed a piece of dried grass projecting from her lips about three inches. This was then placed in my hand, and in my mouth. I closed my teeth upon it, finding it a real substance. By raps, I was told it was a spiritual substance; when it was withdrawn, and disappeared. A large musical box was standing upon the table, which required considerable force to start it, or to stop it by means of springs. At my request the spirit-light rose, resting upon the keys, and started the music, then stopped it, changing or repeating the tunes, and finally *wound it up*. This last opera-

tion required great force, and I was obliged to hold the box down. During all this time the box and its works were rendered perfectly visible, as well as the medium, myself, and surrounding objects, by the light, which was extremely vivid. A card was held by the spirit against her right cheek, and subsequently written upon before us, the card, pencil and hand being distinctly visible while the writing was being accomplished.

"*Jan. 26th, 1862.*—Appearance of two spirits at the same moment.—The electricity was very strong, the light correspondingly so, and upon rising discovered to us Estelle and Dr. Franklin. He was standing apparently with his arm around her. She afterwards changed position, and was discovered in a kneeling posture in front, his head directly over hers, and both in a line. We were permitted to examine the spirit-drapery, flowers, and Dr. Franklin's hair. He was enveloped in a black cloak or tunic, drawn gracefully about him. This we took in our hands, holding it sufficiently long for examination and to notice its perfect resemblance to cloth. It was, however, different in respect to temperature, having a cold fresh feeling. His hair was to our sight and touch as real as my own. Estelle was enveloped in white gossamer, sprinkled with small figures or spots, which at times looked like spangles of silver, without lustre. We took this fabric in our hands, and found it to be real texture. The flowers in this instance were '*immortelles*,' and both the flower and stem having been examined seemed dry, like the '*immortelles*' at '*Pere la Chaise*.' The gossamer robe was exquisitely fine and transparent. Dr. Franklin was dressed in the style of his time. Estelle looked like a bride. After changing her position, a portion of her white robe was thrown over his head, while his cloak was wrapped around her. Subsequently, being told to close our eyes, a match was drawn several times by the spirit until it ignited, and it was left burning upon the marble-tipped bureau. With this I lighted the gas. During all these manifestations the room was locked, and perfectly secured from intrusion.

"*January 30th, 1862.*—A manifestation of great power and 'solid form.' A veiled figure robed in white stood by us, and opening the drapery which enveloped the head, we distinctly saw the eyes, forehead, and hair of Estelle, life-like, '*like flesh and blood*.' The lower part of the face was covered with the gossamer. This figure walked and floated through the room—kissed me, rested its arm, while fully visible, upon my head and shoulders, repeating the same to the medium. The arm was round, full, and flesh-like; I examined it both with my eyes and hands.

"*January 31st, 1862.*—Estelle and Dr. Franklin appeared alternately. Dr. Franklin's shirt-bosom and collar were as real

so appearance as though made of linen. We handled them and examined in the same manner his tunic, which was black and felt like cloth; his face and features were perfect and distinctly visible. This manifestation differs from that of last night. This having been spoken of by them as 'the fine spiritual form' which seems like the projection of form, colour, and expression, with stereoscopic effect. We now see that the rustling is produced by movements of the envelope or robe, and is doubtless electrical."

"*Friday Evening, February 7th.*—A glass globe about a foot in diameter, the upper part incomplete with ragged edges as though it had been broken off, was produced upon the table where it rested without the envelope, within a few inches of my hand. The glass glistened in the light like a soap bubble, and was perfectly transparent, the light being held behind it, to enable us to see through both sides at once. The glass seemed corrugated or ribbed at times, and when struck produced a sonorous effect like a glass bell, so loud that it could have been distinctly heard in every room on that floor of the house. The spirit-face of my wife was produced in the lower inside of the globe, and appeared as though looking through from underneath. The globe had the usual opening at the bottom as seen by me on bending over to examine the inside. . . . Afterwards a section, as it were, of the inside of this globe, was placed standing against the globe (which still remained in the same condition), and on the concave surface of this section was beautifully reflected or projected, the same face like a picture or face in a mirror. This is the first time so large, or indeed any object, has been produced without the spiritual envelope. In this case, however, the light itself was abundantly covered and supplied with this possibly indispensable accompaniment.

A GLIMPSE AT "ONCE A WEEK."

WE have before had occasion to point out that in those publications in which Spiritualism has been criticised in the most hostile spirit, there has yet, when their writers have been drawn for the time into a deeper current of thought and feeling than is their wont,—whenever, in fact, in speaking of the departed, their affections have been stirred, and they have allowed free play to their spiritual instincts, they have, as it were involuntarily, and in spite of the scepticism into which they have been educated, accepted spirit-intercourse as a truth that the heart recognizes, and have adopted the same tone which they satirize when employed by

us to express the facts which we and our friends, and many besides, have verified in our own experiences. It thus not unfrequently happens that the same publication which ridicules Spiritualism on one page, gives it countenance and support on another. This has recently happened to our contemporary, *Once a Week*. Taking up the other day the January part of that periodical, under the head of "The Latest Thing in Ghosts," we found what the writer evidently intended as a smart burlesque on "Mr. H.'s own narrative," and which our readers will remember we recently extracted from a publication to the full as sceptical as *Once a Week*, namely, *All the Year Round*. Well, when we had done with this smart writer, we turned the leaves over backwards till we came to a story called "Mrs. Fuller's Christmas Day," which having conscientiously read through to the end, we found our perseverance rewarded by the following concluding paragraph, which looked so like as if written for the *Spiritual Magazine*, that we began to wonder whether it was not owing to some mistake that it had found its way into the pages of our contemporary instead of our own. At all events we determined to graft it, and here it is:—

"But what was your other reason for going there (to the church) on Christmas-day," I asked the old lady? "I told you that that day they were to have been married, and when Charley was christened was the last Christmas-day I spent with my husband. I go there to meet him. I had a dream two years after he'd gone, and I'd heard nothing of him, and *I saw him and felt him sitting by me at church just as he did that day with his hand in mine*. I had it three times—not running—but three times, and I go to church on Christmas-day to meet my husband. It's now twenty-eight years ago since he left me, and I have never heard of him since; but *I feel that he is sure to come back and sit beside me*; so I go there and pray God to send him back to me, and when I shut my eyes, I can feel the baby on my knee, and his hand holding mine as it did then."

Whether this, or anything similar to it has actually happened within the knowledge or experience of this writer, we know not; it seems likely, being a sort of pendant to the story, with which it seems to have no necessary connexion; but at all events it is wonderfully like many actual experiences of which mediums, and many who do not know themselves as such, are cognizant. There is more of what may be called unconscious Spiritualism, in literature and in life, even among opponents, than people are generally aware of. Were we not better employed we might make quite a collection of "Elegant Extracts in Prose and Verse," illustrative of Spiritualism from our contemporary and other opposing periodicals of the day.

A GREAT many people have shouted "hurrah!" "many times and oft;" but comparatively few know its derivation and primary meaning. It originated among the eastern nations where it was used as a war cry, from the belief that every man who died in battle for his country, went to Heaven. It is derived from the Slavonic word "hurraj," which means "To Paradise."—*Herald of Progress*.

“THE FRIENDS OF GOD.”

NICHOLAS OF BASLE, AND DR. JOHN TAULER.

THE Rev. T. L. Harris, writing upon the Mission of the New Church, and how it is to be accomplished, observes “There were indications before Swedenborg, as if to show that the soul of the planet was in labour with a new type of mind. The German mystics, especially the members of that learned and devout fraternity, ‘The Friends of God,’ who walked by direct illumination, and who, before the outbreak of the Protestant reformation, enjoyed the foregleams of Heaven’s own millennial age.”

With a succinct account of this remarkable galaxy of noble, energetic, and divinely illumined men and women, we now are enabled to present our readers—thanks to the skilful translation and well-digested labours of Miss Susanna Winckworth, who with unwearying love of her subject, and unremitting industry, has not only beautifully rendered from the German into our language the almost miraculously preserved autobiography of Dr. Tauler, but has compiled, from other curious old documents recently discovered and edited in Germany by Professor Schmidt, of Strasburg, and from the learned works of the Professor himself, an interesting, thoughtful and graphic sketch of the mysterious fraternity entitled “The Friends of God,” who were Tauler’s coadjutors. The volume,* beautifully printed in old-fashioned type, and introduced by a preface from the pen of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, should find its way into the hands of all lovers of books, truly beautiful and good, especially as it contains food suited to the taste of every pious heart and earnest mind, whether their spiritual experience be of the outer or inner religious life. Both to Miss Winckworth and to Mr. Kingsley, although sincerely reverencing the devotion, illumination, intellectuality, and self-devotion of Tauler and his compeers, the quaint old chronicle contains a sore stumbling-block, in a thread of the supernatural running through the whole narrative, and linking together the lives of these “Friends of God,” a string of “pearls beyond price.” There are those, however, dwelling amongst us, to whom this thread of the marvellous will not only be familiar as their daily bread, but will prove in their hands to be a clue whereby they will gain the very centre of the labyrinth of their own individual spiritual experiences. To such persons the pages of

* *The History and Life of the Rev. Dr. John Tauler, of Strasburg; with 25 of his sermons (temp. 1340), translated from the German, with additional notes of Tauler’s Life and Times; by SUSANNA WINCKWORTH; and a preface by the Rev. Charles Kingsley. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 1857.*

this remarkable book will contain consolation and healing; and their hearts will burn within them whilst they read, for they will perceive that their own experience, painful, bewildering, and marvellous though it be, has been no exceptional one, but that baptized into the more hidden life of spiritual things, they have simply had to endure the needful purification through fire, as their predecessors have done, and as their successors must do before the dull ear of mortality becomes able to recognize the immediate Divine voice, and the blind eye be opened to the conscious reception of celestial glory. To those who have, thus wondrously exercised by God, been initiated into the veiled experiences of the inner soul-life, for which our Protestant Churches have no name, but which the Roman Catholic Church has wisely provided for, and termed "the supernatural degree," this book will contain nothing which will be *incredible* because *supernatural*, nothing *puzzling* because *mystical*. The laws regulating the innermost, as well as the outermost, are the same in all ages, and amongst all peoples; and the language of so-called mysticism is an universal language inscrutable alone to those to whom it has not yet been taught by God. Therefore, to those to whom it *has* been given to eat of the hidden manna, and who have received "the white stone with the new name" thereon, "which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it," the following pages containing in brief the holy dealings of "The Spirit with the Friends of God" will be read, not alone in the spirit of faith, but in the spirit of knowledge, and to them upon each page will appear the seal of Interior, Exterior, and Universal Truth.

Mr. Kingsley seems to have recognized this fact when he says in his preface, (speaking, however, rather of the sermons than of the life of Tauler and his associates,) "There is a class of readers to whom I expect these sermons to be at once attractive and very valuable; a class of whom I speak with extreme diffidence, having never had their experience. . . . I mean those who are commonly called mystics." Should it ever chance that this "experience" befalls Mr. Kingsley, and he becomes, spite of himself, "a mystic,"—no rare occurrence to the earnest truth-seeker and loving Christian—all stumbling over and kicking against the thread of marvel will cease, and his eyes opening to the truth, eternal as the Word of God, that the spirit manifests itself in wonder and in power "unto the end," he will exclaim, "Am I a master in Israel, and yet knew not these things?"

But now for the narrative. Miss Winckworth observes:—

"The title of 'Friends of God' is one which meets us continually in the writings of the mystics in the fourteenth century, and is used in various connections. Sometimes it seems to denote those who were partakers of a spiritual in

opposition to a formalistic piety; sometimes to denote the members of a particular body. Among those called 'Friends of God,' we find the names of individuals widely differing from each other in rank, vocation, opinion, and career; for they counted amongst their members Dominicans (such as Eckart, Tauler, Suso of Constance, and Henry of Nordlingen); and Franciscans (such as Otto of Passau); Knights, married and single; Nuns (such as Christina and Margaretta Ebner); Queen Agnes, the widow of King Andrew of Hungary, the rich banker Rulman Merswin, and Conrad the Abbot of Kaisersheim, in Bavaria, who boasts in a letter to Henry of Nordlingen, that he has not accepted the Bishop of Augsburg's absolution either for himself or his monastery; the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John, in Germany, besides the layman Nicholas of Basle, and the great mystical author of the Netherlands, Ruysbroeck.

"The appellation common to all these, with numbers of less distinguished persons, would seem to have been used among themselves to denominate those who could not but feel that they were more alive to the realities of religion and its spiritual nature, than was the case with the multitude around them. That those possessing common sympathies on the subject of highest import, should instinctively seek out and cling to each other, and thus an association should spontaneously grow up, even without any definite plan, is a natural and inevitable process, where a real deep religious life has arrived at self-consciousness; it is at all events clear that their union for common action was utterly independent of the attitude they assumed towards the conflicting questions of the day, for as we have seen in the Abbot of Kaisersheim, and Henry of Nordlingen, those are called 'Friends of God,' and treat each other as brethren, who are as far asunder in their politics as the Chartists and High Tories of our own days. Neither do they form a sect, but, on the contrary, repudiated the idea. The great wickedness, especially of the clergy, the contentions and dreadful catastrophes which mark the first half of the fourteenth century, would impel the pious to come from the world, and stimulate them to specially earnest and direct efforts to enkindle the religious life of the people. And so, during the terrors of the Interdict, they seem to have formed an association with no declared boundary, yet whose boundaries would be most distinctly recognized by all who were within the line. To the name they adopted, the text, John xv. 15, seems to have given occasion; for Tauler says, 'Then said our Lord to his disciples, 'From henceforth I call you not servants, but friends.' The 'henceforth' that he spoke of was from the time when they had forsaken all things and followed Him. Then were they his friends, and not servants; and therefore he who will be a true

friend of God must leave all things, and follow after Him.' From this passage, in the spirit of which many others concur, we see at once in what the right to this title consisted—namely, in the thorough self-surrender to God, the forsaking all things to follow God alone. Some of us, too, would be inclined to think that their continual insisting on the duty of passively yielding up the soul to Divine influence, and their exhortations to take all outward things as from God, would involve a danger of falling into an indolent quietism. But the fact, far from justifying our expectations, would afford another proof that when we leave off trying to do the work that God will do himself, we shall find our energies all the more vigorous to accomplish that which he has set us to do; for instead of regarding the events around them with passive indifference, like many of the earlier ascetics, they believed themselves called to exercise a very positive influence upon the course of events.

"This was, in a special sense, the case with Nicholas of Basle and his immediate companions, whom we find, from the recently discovered documents, to have entertained plans for the extension of religion and the reform of Christendom of a wider nature than it was safe to disclose, even to the brethren indiscriminately, at a time when the Dominican inquisitors, who, moreover, were of the Papal, while most of the 'Friends of God' were of the Imperial party, were actively engaged in hunting out heretics, especially those who might betray any leaning to the democratic and reformatory tendencies of the spiritual Franciscans and their cognate sects. Thus the knot of men who gathered round Nicholas as their centre, seem, as compared with the *Gottes freunde* at large to have formed a church within a church, having secret schemes into which the others were not initiated. From hints of such private schemes scattered through the writings of Nicholas, it was formerly imagined that he was a secret Waldensian, but the idea is not confirmed by more extended search, and his views appear in union with the church upon all important points. 'The only peculiarity of his belief,' observes Miss Winckworth with considerable expression of surprise, '*is his strong confidence in the reality of the visions and miraculous revelations imparted to himself and his friends*; but,' she continues, as in extenuation of this unaccountable weakness in otherwise so sensible and mentally powerful a man, 'it must be remembered that even this peculiarity he not only shares in common with the great Luther, who lived two centuries later, but with the liberal and sagacious Wesley, almost in our own days.'"

And here, condensing the old manuscript written by Tauler, and confided to Nicholas of Basle, we will, as briefly as may be,

give the occurrence whereby these two noble-hearted men became intimately bound together as "Friends of God :"—

"In the year of our Lord 1340, it came to pass that a master in Holy Scripture, preached oftentimes in a certain city (Strasbourg), and the people loved to hear him, and his teachings were the talk of the country for many leagues round. Now this came to the ears of a layman who was rich in God's grace, and he was warned three times in his sleep that he should go to a city where the master dwelt and hear him preach. Then the man thought within himself, 'I will go thither and wait to see what God is purposed to do or bring to pass there.' So he came to that city and heard the master preach five times. Then God gave this man to perceive that the master was a very loving, gentle, good-hearted man by nature, and had a good understanding of the Holy Scripture, but was dark as to the light of grace; and the man's heart did yearn over him, and he went to the master and said, 'Dear and honoured sir, I have travelled a good thirty leagues on your account to hear your teachings. Now, I have heard you preach five times, and I pray you in God's name to let me make my confession to you.' The master answered 'With all my heart.' Then the man confessed to the master in all simplicity, and when he desired to receive the Lord's body, the master gave it him. When this had lasted twelve weeks, the man said to the master, 'Dear sir, I beg you to preach us a sermon, showing us how a man may attain to the highest and utmost point it is given us to reach in this present time.' The master answered, 'Ah! dear son, what dost thou ask for? how shall I tell of such high things? I must needs give some study and labour to the matter before I can put such a sermon together.' But the man would not cease from his prayers till the master promised him that he should have his desire."

The day for the delivery of this carefully prepared sermon arrived, and "much people came to the church, and the man sat down in a place where he could hear well." The sermon consisted of "twenty-four articles, whereby a man may perceive who are the proper, true, reasonable, enlightened, contemplative men, and what sort of men it is to whom Christ may speak these words, 'Lo! see a true beholder of God in whom is no guile!' When this sermon was ended, the man went home to his lodgings and wrote it down word for word." And when he had finished it, he took it to the master who was much astonished at the man, and that he should so long have hidden his talent. Then the man made as though he would depart, and the master sought by various arguments to detain him, promising that if he would stay he would preach him another sermon, whereupon at length he frankly confesses the purpose of his visit to the city, saying,

“Dear master, you must know that I have not come hither for the sake of your preaching, but because I thought with God’s help to give you some good counsel. You are a great clerk, and have taught us a good lesson in this sermon, but you yourself do not live according to it; and yet you try to persuade me to stay here that you may preach me yet another sermon. Sir, I give you to know that neither your sermons, nor any outward words that man can speak, have power to work any good in me, for man’s words have in many ways hindered me more than they have helped me. And this is the reason: it often happened that when I came away from the sermon, I brought certain false notions away with me, which I hardly got rid of in a long time with great toil; *but if the highest Teacher of all Truth shall come to a man, he must be empty and quit of all things of time. Know ye that when this same Master cometh to me, he teaches me more in one hour than you or all the doctors from Adam to the Judgment Day will ever do.*” Again, the master much astonished, besought the man to remain with him, and let them celebrate the Lord’s death together. Whereupon the man answered, “Seeing that you adjure me so solemnly, it may be that in obedience to God I ought to stay with you; but I will not do it unless you promise to receive all that I have said to you, and all that I may yet say unto you, as under the seal of confession, so that none may know it.” This the master promised, even more and more amazed, and even somewhat scandalized at being thus addressed by a layman. Then said the man, “Sir, you must know that though you have taught us many good things in this sermon, the image came into my mind while you were preaching that it was as if one should take good wine and mix it with lees, so that it grew muddy. Your vessel is unclean, and much lees are cleaving to it; and the cause is, that you have suffered yourself to be killed by the letter, and are killing yourself still every day and hour; albeit, you know full well that the Scripture saith, the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. Know, that same letter which now killeth you will make you alive again, if so be you are willing; but in the life you are now living, know that you have no light, but you are in the night in which you are indeed able to understand the letter, but have not yet tasted the sweetness of the Holy Ghost; and withal you are yet a Pharisee. Where is your preaching now? Do you see now what you are when you are brought to the proof? You know yourself, when you were arrived at the age to understand good and evil, you began to learn the letter, and in so doing you sought your own welfare, and to this day you are in the same mind; that is to say, you are trusting to your learning and parts, and you do not love and intend God alone, but you intend and seek yourself,

and not the glory of God, as the Scripture teacheth. You have a leaning towards creatures, and specially towards one creature, and love that creature with your whole heart above measure, and that is, moreover, the cause why the letter killeth you. And whereas I said that you are a Pharisee, that is also true; but you are not one of the hypocritical Pharisees. Was it not a mark of the Pharisees that they loved and sought themselves in all things and not the glory of God?" As the man spoke these words, the master fell on his neck and kissed him, and said, "A likeness has come into my mind. It has happened to me as it did to the heathen woman at the well, for thou hast laid bare all my faults before my eyes; thou hast told me what I have had hidden up within me; but I tell thee of a truth that I knew it not myself, nor do I believe that any human being in the world knew it. I wonder greatly who can have told thee this of me? but doubt not that thou hast it from God. Now, therefore, I pray thee, dear son, that thou celebrate our Lord's death, and be thou my ghostly father, and let me be thy poor sinful son. I am minded, with God's help, to begin a better course, and will gladly follow thy counsel, whatsoever thou deemest best, if I may but amend my life." Then said the man, "I tell you of a truth, that the letter and learning lead many great doctors astray, and bring some into purgatory, and some into hell, according as their life here hath been. I tell you of a truth, it is no light matter that God should give a man such great understanding and skill and mastery in the Scripture, and he should not put it into practice in his life." "Then," said the master, "I pray thee to tell me how it is that thou didst begin thy spiritual life, and what have been thy exercises and thy history." The man said, "That is a simple request; but I tell you truly, if I should recount or write all the wondrous dealings of God with me, a poor sinner, for the last twelve years, I verily believe that you have not a book large enough to contain it if it were all written; however, I will tell you somewhat thereof for this time. The first thing that helped me was, that God found in me a sincere and self-surrendering humility. I do not think there is any need to tell you the bodily exercises by which I brought my flesh into subjection, for men's natures and dispositions are very unlike; but whenever a man has given himself up to God with utter humility, God will not fail to give him such exercises, by temptations and other trials, as He perceives to be profitable to the man, and such as he is well able to bear and endure if he be only willing. But this you ought to know: he who asks counsel of many people will be sure to go astray. The devil often stirs up a man to practise great austerities, with the intent that the man may grow sick and infirm thereby or weak in his brain,

or do himself some other injury. In the beginning I exercised myself in the lives of the saints with some severity, but grew so sick thereby that I was brought to death's door. And it came to pass one morning at the break of day, that I had exercised myself so that my eyelids closed from very weakness, and I fell asleep. And in sleep it was as though a voice spoke to me and said, 'Thou foolish man, if thou art bent upon killing thyself before thy time, thou wilt have to bear a heavy punishment; but if thou wilt suffer God to exercise thee, He could exercise thee better than thou thyself with the Devil's counsel.' When I heard speak of the Devil, I awoke in a great fright, rose up and walked out into a wood nigh to the town." This narrative goes on to say that "the man," pondering upon what had occurred, and much tossed to and fro in his mind, went and consulted an old hermit, who assured him that he had been acting upon the Devil's counsel, and conjured him to yield himself up entirely to God. But even still though seeking to obey the direction of the hermit, temptation assailed him in another form, the temptation of believing that through his natural reason he could attain to a knowledge of Divine things. Against this "counsel of the Devil" he struggles manfully, and one night when saying his matins he is more violently attacked than ever by this same temptation, and prays vehemently that God in His bountiful mercy would vouchsafe to discover something to him which should be above his sensual reason. God hears his prayers, and to resume the words of the manuscript—"At that same hour (as morning dawned) God showed His mercy upon me, so that my mind was filled with a clear understanding. And in that same hour I was deprived of all my natural reason, but the time seemed all too short for me. And when I was left to myself again, I saw a supernatural mighty wonder and sign, insomuch that I could have cried with St. Peter, 'Lord, it is good for me to be here!' Now know, dear sir, that in that self-same short hour I received more truth and more illumination in my understanding than all the teachers could ever teach me from now till the Judgment-day by word of mouth, and with all their natural learning and science." With various equally wonderful words and histories does "the man" continue to instruct "the master," regarding the dealings of the Holy Ghost with the souls of ignorant and sinful men, until at length, although at first vexed somewhat and loath to be instructed by a layman, the master himself confesses his sins, begs instruction from him, and is set to learn a remarkable task, namely the Golden A B C, a code of moral and spiritual training which the man beseeches of "the master" "to receive as from God, a child's task, which he sets you by the mouth of me, a poor and unworthy human being." "Then,"

said the master, "however thou mayst call this a child's task, methinks it needs a man's strength to attack it. Now tell me, dear son, how long a time wilt thou give me to learn this lesson?" The man answered, "five weeks in honour of the five wounds of Christ, that you may learn it well." It proves, however, a mightier task than the scholar even foresaw, for it required six weeks to learn the first line, which ran thus:—"*After a manly and not a childish sort, ye shall, with thorough earnestness, begin a new life.*"

Having acquired at length a knowledge of the whole moral alphabet, the man continues his instructions, warning him that since he had truly purposed to "leave all for Christ's sake and follow him," he must prepare for many and great perplexities; but that from wheresoever the cross should come which he had sworn to bear, he must remain ever stedfast, never flinching from any grief or humiliation; moreover that for a time "he should neither study nor preach, but demean himself with great simplicity towards his penitents, saying, after they had ended their confession that he himself would learn to counsel himself, and when he had done that, he would counsel them also; that when he was asked to preach he should say, and with reason, that he had not at present time for that." At this the master is much amazed and no little troubled, exclaiming, "Dear son, I will willingly do so; but how then shall I occupy myself?" Upon which the man replies, "You shall enter into your cell, and read your hours, and also chant in the choir if you feel inclined, and shall say mass every day. And what time is left you, you shall set before you the sufferings of our Lord, and contemplate your own life in the mirror of His, and also wean yourself from your old habits and cease from them. And then, when our Lord sees that the time is come, He will make of you a new man, so that you shall be born again of God. Nevertheless, you must know that before this come to pass, you must sell all that you have, and humbly yield it up to God; you must let all go, and, like Mary Magdalen, fall down at Christ's feet, and earnestly strive to enter on a new course. And so doing, without doubt, the eternal Heavenly Prince will look down upon you with the eye of His good pleasure, and He will not leave His work undone in you, but will urge you still further that you may be tried and purified as gold in the fire; and it may even come to pass that He shall give you to drink of the bitter cup that He gave to His only begotten son. For it is my belief that one bitter drop which God will pour out for you will be that your good works and all your refraining from evil, yea, your whole life will be despised and turned to nought in the eyes of the people; and all your spiritual children will forsake you, and think you are gone out of

your mind, and all your good friends and your brothers in the convent will be offended at your life, and say that you have taken to strange ways. But when these things come upon you, be not in any wise dismayed, but rejoice, for then your salvation draweth nigh. Howbeit, no doubt your human weakness will shrink back in terror and give way. But, dear sir, I counsel you in all faithfulness to take a certain space of time to consider these matters, and then in God's name do as God gives you grace to do." Then said the master, "that will I do, and wait and see whether, with the help of God, I may prevail."

After eleven days of bitter conflict the master sends for "the man," and assures him that he is strong hearted to commence the new life; and having rejoiced together, "the man" takes his departure home. Within a year, however, much of the tribulation foretold by "the man" falls upon Dr. Tauler. His spiritual children forsake him, and his familiar friends despise him, and through grief of mind he falls sick of body, and in much anguish of spirit sends for "the man," who, arriving, assures him that he has only to commit himself yet more wholly to God, who will never desert, however much He may try him, assuring him also that he himself had passed through the same baptism of fire. At the same time, however, he recommends him to take care of his body, "and to treat it well with good food which may strengthen it;" and says, "A box of spices was made for me, and I will have such an one made for you to strengthen your head. But you must know that I always gave myself up body and soul to God, that He might do with them what He pleased." Having also given him useful counsel regarding his mode of action when poverty shall fall upon him, saying, "If you lack money, or have need of some, put a part of your books in pawn, and do not suffer yourself to want for anything; but by no means sell the books, for a time will come when good books will be very useful, and you will have need of them," he takes his leave.

For two years the master suffers sore assaults from the devil, and all the trials foretold by the man came upon him—contempt of friends, poverty and sickness. On the Feast of St. Paul, he is "overtaken by the most grievous assault that can be imagined," so that when the time came for him to go in to matins, he remained lying sick in his cell. "And as he was lying in this weakness and great sadness, but fully awake, he heard with his bodily ears a voice saying: 'Stand fast in thy peace, and trust God, and know that when He was on earth in human nature, He made the sick whom He healed in body, sound also in soul.' Straightway when these words were uttered, he lost his senses and reason, and knew not how or where he was; but when he came to himself again, he felt within him that he was possessed

of a new strength in all his powers, outward and inward, and had also a clear understanding in those things which aforetime were dark to him, and wondered greatly whence this came."

Marvelling much what all this could mean, the master sends for his friend "the man," who rejoices with him greatly, telling him that now truly for the first time he had received the mighty gift of God's grace, and being enlightened by the Holy Ghost, could now begin once more to preach and to teach the Scriptures, even in their apparent contradictions; this being interpreted to him by the Holy Spirit, and Christ's life and sufferings upon earth being made clear to him. That he himself had now completed the work for which he had been used as the instrument, and had no more to instruct him in, and could only commend him to give ear to, and obey the commands of the true Master. Upon this the master redeems his books, and gives notice that he shall preach in three days.

On the appointed day a great multitude gathers together to hear the master, who ascends into the pulpit, and holding his hood before his eyes, prays, "O merciful, eternal God, if it be thy will, give me so to speak that it may be to the praise and glory of thy name, and the good of this people." Upon this a new trial besets him; he is seized with such violent weeping from tenderness of heart, that he cannot speak a word. At last a man in the crowd cries out, "Sir, how long are we to stand here? It is getting late; if you do not mean to preach, let us go home." But neither the impatience of the people, nor his own prayers at the moment, avail aught, "for he wept yet more and more," and "when he saw that God would have it so, he dismissed the people, saying with weeping eyes, 'Dear children, I am sorry from my heart that I have kept you here so long, for I cannot speak a word to-day for weeping; pray God for me, that He may help me, and then I will make amends to you, if God give me grace another time as soon as I am able.' So the people departed, and the tale spread abroad, so that he became a public laughing-stock, and his brethren strictly forbade him to preach any more, because he did the convent great injury thereby, and disgraced the order by the senseless practices that he had taken up, and which disordered his brain."

The faithful "man," however, consoles him, telling him that he must be of good cheer, "for the bridegroom is wont to behave so to all his best and dearest friends, and it is a certain sign that God is your good friend, for, without a doubt, He has seen some speck of pride that you have not been conscious of yourself, and therefore it is that you have been put to shame, therefore be of good cheer, and be joyful and humble. Neither should you think this a strange thing, for I have seen many such instances in other

people. I counsel you that you remain alone for the next five days, and endure without speaking to any the praise and glory of the five wounds of our Lord Jesus Christ. And when the five days are ended, beg your prior to give you permission to deliver a sermon in Latin; if he refuse, beg him to let you try in the school, and read a lecture to the brethren." And he did so; and read to his brethren such an excellent lecture as they had never heard in their lives before, so deep and so godly was his doctrine.

After this the master obtained permission to preach in "a convent of ladies." Here he preached a sermon from the text, "*Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him,*" a truly wonderful sermon, overflowing with the unction of the Spirit, and through the symbols of the bridegroom and the bride, our Lord and His Church, or each individual soul which is willing to unite itself unreservedly with Christ, unfolding God's work of grace in the soul, and bringing his own experience home to the hearts of his audience in a manner almost miraculous. "The people," pursues the manuscript, "were strangely moved by his words, one man cried out with a loud voice, 'It is true!' and fell down as if he were dead. Then a woman called out from the crowd and said, 'Master, leave off, or this man will die on our hands.' When the sermon was ended, the master went down and read mass, and gave the Lord's body to certain good people, but after the sermon 'the man' perceived that some forty people remained sitting in the churchyard. When mass was over, the master and 'the man' went out to the people to see how it was with them, but twelve only then remained. 'Then,' said the master, 'dear son, what dost thou think we had best do with these people?' Then the man went from one to another and touched them, but they lay as if they were dead, and scarcely moved. The master knew not what to think of this strange thing, for he had never seen the like before, and so he said to the man, 'Tell me, what thou dost think? Are the people alive or dead?' Then he smiled and said, 'If they were dead it would be your fault and the bridegroom's; how, then, should you bring them round again?' The master said, 'But if the bridegroom be with me in this business, ought I to awaken them?' Upon this they held a consultation, the conclusion arrived at being that the entranced people should be conveyed into the ladies' convent, where they were informed a nun lay in like condition. There they were well tended until their awakening. Though much amazed at the effects of the sermon, at the advice of his friend, 'the master' continued preaching both to clergy and laity, and in all directions with 'such wisdom and the grace of the Holy Spirit, that he came to be held in such esteem and honour throughout the land, and also in that city, that whenever the

people had any weighty matter to transact, he was called in to settle it with his wisdom, whether it concerned spiritual or temporal affairs, and whatever he counselled them was right in their eyes, and they listened to him gladly.' ”

After eight years of this active life worthy Dr. John Tauler was summoned from the earth, and prepared for his departure by a severe illness of twenty weeks. Then he perceived, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, that he was about to depart, and he sent for his friend, and “the man” hastened and came to the master, who received him after a most friendly sort; and “the man” was glad that he found him yet alive, and the master said, “It is a great consolation to me that thou art present at my end. I pray thee take those books which are lying there; thou wilt find written therein all thy discourses with me aforetime, and also my answers, and thou wilt find somewhat concerning my life, and the dealings of God with me, His poor unworthy servant. Dear son, if thou think fit, and if God give thee grace, make a little book of it; but, dear son, I lay my solemn admonition upon thee, that thou do not mention my name; for thou must know that of a truth, the life, and words, and works which God has wrought through me, a poor, unworthy, sinful man, are not mine, but belong to God Almighty now and for evermore; therefore, dear son, if thou wilt write it down for the profit of our fellow-Christians, write it so that neither my name nor thine be named, but thou mayst say ‘the master’ and ‘the man.’ ”

And for the space of eleven days the master had much discourse with “the man.” After that the time came that the master should die; then he said, “Dear son, I pray thee, in God’s name, to give thy consent to it; if God should permit my spirit to come back to thee, and tell thee how it fared with me.” The man answered, “Dear master, if God will have it so, I am also willing.” But it came to pass that at the last, the master had a most horrible death-struggle, insomuch that all the brethren in the convent, and also other people, were greatly terrified and were sore amazed at the dreadful anguish which they saw in his death. The whole city was filled with sorrow for his departure, and when they discovered who had been his bosom friend in secret, they desired to do the man honour, “but he was aware of their intent, and fled that same hour out of the city, and travelled home again.” Now (one night upon the journey) “the man” awoke and heard a voice close by; yet he saw no one. Then a shudder ran through him, and he made the sign of the cross; then the voice said, “Fear not, dear son, it is I, the master.” Then said “the man,” “I beseech you with my whole heart to tell me, if God will, how it standeth with you, and how it came to pass that

you had such a dreadful end. It is to be feared that your frightful end will be a great stumbling-block to your brethren in the convent." Then said the master's voice, "Dear son, that will I tell thee. Thou must know that our Lord God saw fit to appoint me such a hard death, in order that the holy angels might straightway receive my soul to themselves; and for the same cause thou shalt also have a like hard death. It was needful that I should suffer this as a purgatory; but know likewise, my dear son, that the evil spirits tormented me greatly, and assailed me with such cunning and instancy, that I was in constant fear lest my courage should fail me. But, however hard my death was, it was as nothing compared to the joy which the Almighty, Eternal, and Merciful God hath given me in return. Know, my dear son, that the same hour in which my soul left my body, the blessed angels received it, and conducted me to Paradise, and said to me, 'There shalt thou tarry five days, and shalt know no anxiety nor fear lest the evil spirits should harm thee any more, neither shalt thou labour any more, only thou shalt be deprived for these five days of the blissful company of the blessed in eternity. And then we will come again with joy, and bring thee to the unspeakable joys, and reward thee for thy good and faithful teaching and useful counsels;' all which I have received by thy excellent instruction, for the which I can never thank God and thee enough." Then said the man, "Dear master, I beseech you from the bottom of my heart, that when you come into the presence of God, you pray Him for me." But whatever "the man" said after this, or whatever questions he put, no one answered him again. And at daybreak he rose up, and wrote that same hour word to the prior and brethren of all things that the spirit had said unto him, and returned to his own house, and came also to a good and blessed end. A. M. H. W.

NEWSPAPERS AND GHOSTS.

THE newspapers, it is evident, will not allow the *Spiritual Magazine* to have the exclusive publication of ghostly narratives. They are always putting a finger in the pie and pulling out a plum of some kind. While particularly stout in denial of the phenomena of mediumship, to make the balance even, we suppose, they every now and then deposit a ghost in the opposite scale. Editors of weak nerves must be quite startled at the apparitions which stalk abroad in the columns of their own newspapers. Were we every year to collect all the spirit stories we read in newspapers we might form quite a pleasant little *Annual* for Christmas reading. Just as a taster, we give two or three of the latest; they may

not be so carefully authenticated as those we publish on our own responsibility, but the editors of these journals must settle with their readers as to the truth of what they insert. We would simply inform them that if they want more of the same sort, only better attested and more reliable, our columns are open to them free of charge. The first story which we give, and which is going the round of the press, is thus told by the London correspondent of *Saunders's News Letter* :—

“Really, what with Mr. Hume, Mr. Forster, and Sir Bulwer Lytton's ‘Strange Story,’ London society seems just now afflicted with a general phantom-mania. The last new phase of the malady is a ghost story, which has lately obtained extensive currency in what are called the ‘upper circles,’ and which claims for its believers two counsel learned in the law, and the Lord High Chancellor himself! I don't pretend to vouch that the story can pretend to the ‘ghost’ of a foundation for its existence—I merely testify that it is being talked of by ‘everybody,’ and that the first question asked at most dinner-tables is, ‘Have you heard of Lord Westbury's ghost?’ The story runs thus:—Lord Westbury lately purchased Hackwood House, an old mansion near Basingstoke, the property of Lord Bolton. Snatching a spare day or two, to obtain a more minute inspection of his investment, he took with him two of the gentlemen belonging to his official establishment, both members of the learned profession. On separating for the night, the bed-room destined for one of them, a Mr. R——, was found to be on the opposite side of the hall to those of the other gentlemen; he therefore shook hands and said ‘Good night’ in the hall, leaving the others talking there. He had not been very long asleep before he ‘felt’ himself awoke; but could neither hear nor perceive anything. By degrees, however, he became conscious of something luminous on the side of the room opposite his bed, which gradually assumed the appearance of a woman clothed in grey. He at first thought it was an optical illusion; next, that his companions were playing him some phosphoric trick, and then turning round he composed himself to sleep again. Further on in the night he was awoke again, and then at once he saw the same figure brilliantly conspicuous on the wall. Whilst he was gazing at it, it seemed to leave the wall and advance into the middle of the apartment. He immediately jumped out of bed, rushed to it, and of course found—nothing. He was so impressed with the power of the delusion, that he found it impossible to seek any more sleep, and as the day was beginning to break, he dressed and made his way into the grounds, where he walked about for some time, pondering over the illusion so forcibly produced upon him. On his return to his room, he wrote out

an exact account of what he thought he had seen, it being then quite clear to him that it was no trick played by others, but simply an hallucination of his own brain. At the breakfast table, however, he began to fancy that he had been cleverly imposed on by his friends, as they commenced at once bantering him on his 'night's rest,' 'broken sleep,' and so forth. Wishing to detect them if possible, he pretended unconsciousness and utter ignorance of their meaning, when, to his horror, one of them exclaimed, 'Come, come, don't think we didn't see one of the women in grey follow you into your room last night!' He rushed up stairs, produced his written account, which he gave them to read, and the consternation became general. On inquiry, of course, they found the legend of a murder done in days of yore; and the Lord Chancellor is supposed to be exceedingly vexed at an incident which has decidedly shut up one room in his house for ever, if not, in all probability, tabooed the mansion altogether. Thus much do the 'upper ten thousand' aver—how truly is quite another question."

We can inform our readers that the above anecdote is true, and that the Mr. R—— is Mr. Henry Philip Roche, the friend of the Lord Chancellor, and recently appointed by him as one of the Registrars of the London Court of Bankruptcy. We are fortunate in Lord Chancellors, having now added Lord Westbury to Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst. A correspondent, under the signature of "Veritas," in a letter to the editor of the *Bury and Norwich Post*, makes the following statement on a subject which, says the *Leeds Times*, "is exciting some discussion amongst the credulous and incredulous of that locality:"—

On the night of the 24th February I entered the Botanic Gardens at about ten minutes before eleven in order to secure a favourable position by the time the clock should strike the appointed hour. The spot I chose was among the shrubs close to the west end of what is commonly called the 'hill.' I heard the noisy mob in the churchyard, and was rather afraid lest the apparition should be frightened away by the tumult they occasioned. But it was not so; precisely at eleven o'clock I perceived two tall figures in white from top to toe issue from the ruins near the abbot's parlour, and glide with noiseless footsteps in the direction of the path which leads to the iron gate. I emerged from my hiding-place, and watched them steal up the path towards the gate. Almost immediately afterwards I heard the shouts of the mob confirm my own impression, and testify that what I had seen was not merely the creation of my own prejudiced imagination. After a short interval the figures returned, and retraced their steps across the grass towards the spot whence they had first appeared, where they were lost in the shades of the night. This, sir, is a true and unvarnished account of what I saw in the Abbey grounds last Monday night. Of course no one will give the slightest credence to it, but I think I have just as good a claim to be believed as 'Common Sense' and his four friends. Not that I want to impugn their veracity, but I strongly suspect that in spite of their united strength of mind and body their perambulations were more limited than they would have the public imagine. It is just possible that at eleven o'clock they were not near the part where the ghosts appeared, and so missed a sight which gave much satisfaction to me.

The following note was appended, but whether by the editor or the correspondent himself does not appear:—"One of the oldest members of the constabulary force is ready to add his testimony to the fact asserted above, having, as he avers, seen the apparitions exactly in the time and place specified, while himself in the 'Broad-walk' of the Abbey Gardens."

The last narrative for which we can find space, is from the *Western Daily News*. However strange and startling may be the notion of an apparition in an animal form, yet similar instances to the one given by our contemporary will be found recorded in Kerner's *Seeress of Prevorst*, Spicer's *Facts and Fantasies*, Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature*, and many other works both ancient and modern. The narrative is as follows:—

For some time past a considerable sensation has been created in that portion of St. Philip's called Kilkenny by the appearance of an apparition in the shape of a rabbit. It has been seen by the inhabitants at different times, and particularly upon the approach of any visitation of woe upon the occupants or houses in the locality. A short time since two men living in Little Ireland died suddenly, but before their death the apparition was distinctly seen by several to settle upon the fronts of the tenements occupied by them. It has the appearance and size of a white rabbit when first seen, but gradually increases until it is about as large as a sheep. At one time a man was hardly enough to chase it, and actually as he thought, placed his hat upon it, exclaiming at the same time, "I got thee now, Old Bun!" but, strange to say, upon removing the hat, nothing was found! At another time a man chased it into a corner, but upon getting close to it it vanished. It is creating quite a stir in the neighbourhood. Old women leave their homes at night only on the greatest urgency, and then in bodily fear. It is the chief subject of conversation in Little Ireland, &c., and might, perhaps, profitably employ the thought and energy of some clergyman residing in the district, with the view of allaying the unruly ghost that has the *penchant* for appearing in such a questionable shape as that of a "Bunny," thereby frightening sensible people out of their usual propriety.

JOSEPH BARKER'S EXPERIENCE IN AMERICA.*

MR. JOSEPH BARKER is a man well known to the working classes, especially in the North of England. He was formerly a Wesleyan minister, but in course of time he found that the limitations to which he was subject in this connexion did not allow of that freedom of thought and expression which he considered needful; and his religious views become of a more decidedly Unitarian type. More recently, he has been a prominent lecturer and writer in the ranks of "Secularism." His secularism is however of a comparatively mild and qualified type, and calculated to lead his wandering sheep into better pastures than those in which they have been hitherto feeding. He evinces an openness to

* Selected and condensed from *Barker's Review*, Nos. 18, 19 and 20.

conviction, and an earnestness in the pursuit of truth, and we trust that he will yet find rest in a theology that will satisfy alike the yearnings of the soul and the requirements of the reason.

About nine years ago he went to America, and resided there some time. As Spiritualism was then creating great excitement, and making a noise in the country; with a candour and impartiality that our Brewsters and Faradays and Brodies would do well to imitate:—"We resolved," he says, "to hear all sides, and weigh what we heard in even balances. And that we did to the best of our ability. We read the publications of the Spiritualists, and we read the publications of their opponents. We attended circles, visited mediums, consulted pretenders to clairvoyance, conversed with the leaders of the Spiritual movement, had frequent conversations with the celebrated Andrew Jackson Davis, the Prophet and Messiah of the Spiritualists, heard several of his lectures, read all his works, attended many public meetings, mingled much and freely in the society of Spiritualists in almost every part of the country, and gained from the party all the information we could. At the same time we mingled daily with their opponents. We heard much that the orthodox and all that the sceptical and infidel classes had to say on the subject."

He kept his eyes and ears open, and his mind at work, and has now published the result. His first experience was at the farm-house of a friendly neighbour and fellow countryman, in Ohio. "The medium was a girl of about eleven years of age." Soon after their sitting began they heard "the raps which, as we were told, were made by the spirits to indicate their presence." By means of the alphabet, in answer to an inquiry, "Samuel Barker," the name of a departed brother was spelt by the raps. Test questions were then put. Mr. Barker says, "I wrote down, for instance, without letting the medium see what I wrote, the questions, 'Where did you die?' 'What age were you when you died?' 'Of what complaint did you die?' Answers to these questions were spelled out as before.

"Several questions that we asked were answered correctly, though no one visibly present but ourselves knew the facts of the case. And in some cases correct answers were given to questions when we did not ourselves remember the facts till the answer brought it to our mind. The result of these sittings (for we had several of them) was to convince us that Spiritualism was not all fraud, nor all delusion; and I wrote to the *Boston Liberator* to that effect. There were, in many of the answers to the questions asked, marks of an intelligence which was neither mine nor the medium's, nor that of any other person present. Whose intelligence was it? Was it really that of my father and my brother? It looked very like it. And I said to myself,

and I said to others, 'This looks more like proof of the existence of disembodied spirits than anything else I have ever met with.' We cannot, however, say that we were fully convinced that the answers were the answers of disembodied spirits. We wanted further proof. We were astonished and startled with what we had seen, but not satisfied. Like many other Spiritualists, we craved for more. But whether the answers were the answers of spirits or not, it was plain there was something in what we had seen out of the ordinary course of things,—something that required an explanation. It is true, that the answers given to some questions were erroneous; but even the erroneous answers were, in some cases, as unaccountable as the true ones. At one sitting, Henry C. Wright, the celebrated Abolitionist and Non-resistant, was present. Using the language of the Spiritualists, we may say, that a spirit wished to communicate with him. He asked the name of the spirit, and it spelled out, by raps, the name John Wright. 'Are you the spirit of my brother John?' said Henry. The spirit answered, 'Yes.'

"Henry then asked his brother when and where he died, and a number of other questions, all of which were answered in the usual way by the alphabet. This was all news to Henry, and he seemed amazed. He had never heard of his brother's death. Yet the name of the place where he lived, his age, &c., were given correctly. Henry wrote to ask whether his brother *was* dead, and found that he was not. The whole tale was a fabrication. But who was the fabricator? Who spelled out the names of persons and places? To us the false communications seemed as mysterious as the true ones. We have sat in circles in various parts of the country, among persons whom we had never seen before, and who had, we believe, never before seen us, and have had the names of deceased friends spelled out, and, in some cases, *written* out by the mediums, and we have had communications and answers, in some cases, to written, and in other cases to mental, questions, known only, in the *usual* way, to ourselves, all happening just in the way that one would expect them to happen, supposing one's departed friends to exist, and to have the powers which believers in a future life suppose them to have. We do not remember that we ever felt thoroughly satisfied that the communications we received *were* from spirits, but we have often been obliged to confess that they had, so far as we could judge, all the appearance of being so. We need not multiply examples. Those given are fair samples of what we have seen a hundred times, in places a thousand miles apart."

Six years after this, Mr. Barker was in Philadelphia, as he tells us, "disgusted with the everlasting tales I heard about spirit wonders! Yet shortly after, I did myself witness something as

wonderful and unaccountable as the things which I had regarded, when told by others, as monstrous and impudent fictions. I will give the particulars:—There was a man called Dr. Redman, who was said to be a very remarkable *test* medium. It was said that the proofs he gave of the existence and power of separate spirits were such as few, if any, could resist. A very particular friend of mine, an excellent man, and a thorough unbeliever with regard to orthodox theology, requested me to go and test his powers. He said he and his family had seen very wonderful things that they could not account for, and they thought that I should see something unusual. After much entreaty I went, and the following is an account of what took place. He gave me eight small pieces of paper, about an inch wide and two inches long, and told me to take them aside, where no one could see me, and write on them the names of such of my departed friends as I might think fit, and then to wrap them all up like pellets and bring them to him. I took the papers, and wrote on some of them the names of my father and mother, my eldest and my youngest brothers, a sister, a sister-in-law and an aunt, and one I left blank. I retired to a corner to do the writing, where there was neither glass nor window, and I was so careful to give no one any chance of knowing what I wrote, that I wrote with a short pencil, so that even the motion of the top of my pencil could not be seen. I was, besides, entirely alone in that part of the room, with my face to the dark wall. The bits of paper the medium had given me were soft, so that I had no difficulty in rolling them into round pellets about the size of small peas. I rolled them up, and could no more have told which was blank and which was written on, nor which, among the seven I had written on, contained the name of one of my friends, and which the names of the rest, than I can tell at this moment what is taking place in the minds of a number of savages in the wilds of Nebraska or Australia. Well, having rolled them up as described, I laid them on a round table, about three feet broad. I laid on the table at the same time a letter, wrapped up, but not sealed, written to my father, but with no address outside. I laid down a few loose leaves of note-paper. The medium sat on one side the table, and I sat on the other, and the pellets of paper and the letter were between us. We had not sat above a minute, I think, when there came very lively raps on the table, and the medium seemed excited. He seized a pencil, and wrote on the outside of my letter, wrong side up and from right to left, so that what he wrote lay right for me reading, these words:—‘I came in with you, but you neither saw me nor felt me. William Barker.’ And immediately he seized me by the hand.

“This rather startled me. I felt really very strange. William

Barker was the name of my youngest brother, who had died in Ohio some two or three years before. I had never named him, I believe, in Philadelphia, and I have no reason to suppose that any one in the whole city of Philadelphia was aware that I had ever had such a brother, much less that he was dead. I did not tell the medium that the name that had been written was the name of a brother of mine; but I asked, 'Is the name of this person among those written on the paper pellets on the table?' The answer was instantly given by three loud raps, 'Yes.' I asked, 'Can he select the paper containing his name?' The answer, given as before, was 'Yes.' The medium then took up first one of the paper pellets and then another, laying them down again, till he came to the fifth, which he handed to me. I opened it out, and it contained my brother's name. I was startled again, and felt very strange. I asked, 'Will the person whose name is on the paper answer me some questions?' The answer was 'Yes.' I then took part of my note-paper, and with my left hand on edge, and the top of my short pencil concealed, I wrote '*Where d—*' intending to write, '*Where did you die?*' But as soon as I had written '*Where d—*,' the medium reached over my hand and wrote, upside down and backwards way as before, '*Put down a number of places, and I will tell you;*' thus answering my question before I had time to ask it in writing.

"I then wrote down a list of places, four in all, and pointed to each separately with my pencil, expecting raps when I touched the right one; but no raps came. The medium then said, 'Write down a few more.' I then discovered I had not, at first, written down the place where he died: so I wrote down two more places, the first of the two being the place where he died. The list then stood thus:—'Salem, Leeds, Ravenna, Akron, Cuyahoga Falls, New York.' The medium then took his pencil and moved it between the different names till he came to Cuyahoga Falls, when he scratched that out. That was the name of the place where he died. I then wrote a number of other questions, in no case giving the medium any chance of knowing what I wrote by any ordinary means, and in every case he answered the questions in writing as he had done before; and in every case but one the answers were such as to show both that the answerer knew what questions I had asked, and was acquainted with the matters to which they referred. The one exception was this, 'What age were you?' And the answer was, 'Yes.' When I had asked some ten or a dozen questions, and in every case but one got satisfactory answers, the medium said, 'There is a female spirit wishes to communicate with you.' 'Is her name among those on the table?' I asked. The answer, in three raps, was, 'Yes.' 'Can she select the paper containing

her name?' I asked. The answer again was, 'Yes.' The medium then took up one of the paper pellets, and put it down; then took up and put down a second; and then took up a third and handed it to me. I was just preparing to undo it to look for the name, when the medium reached over and wrote on a leaf of my note-paper—'It is my name. Elizabeth Barker.' And the moment he had written it, he stretched out his hand, smiling, and shook hands with me again. Whether it really was so or not, I will not say, but his smile seemed my mother's smile, and the expression of his face was the old expression of my mother's face; and when he shook hands with me, he drew his hand away in the manner in which my mother had always drawn her hand away. I say part of this might be fancy, but it seemed then to be simple fact, and it seems so still. I believe the tears started into my eyes, and my flesh seemed to creep on my hand. I felt stranger than ever. I opened the paper, and it was my mother's name, Elizabeth Barker. I asked a number of questions as before, and received a number of answers as appropriate as the other. But I had seen enough. I felt no desire to multiply experiments; so I came away. Some days after I accompanied a lady friend to the same medium. The manifestations were as remarkable as before, though of a somewhat different kind.*

"I had a particular friend in Philadelphia, an old unbeliever, called Thomas Illman. He was born at Thetford, England, and educated for the ministry in the Church of England. He was remarkably well informed. I never met with a sceptic who had read more or knew more on historical and religious subjects, or who was better acquainted with things in general, except Theodore Parker. He was the leader of the Philadelphia Freethinkers, and was many years president of the Sunday Institute of that city. He was a man of superior character, as well as of superior information, and a true gentleman. He told me many months before I paid a visit to Dr. Redman, that he once paid him a visit, and that he had seen what was utterly beyond his comprehension,—what seemed quite at variance with the notion that there was no spiritual world, and what compelled him to regard with charity and forbearance the views of Christians on this subject. At the time he told me of these things, I had become rather uncharitable towards the Spiritualists, and very distrustful of their statements, and the consequence was, that my friend's account of what he had witnessed, and of the effect it had on his mind, made but little impression on me. But when I saw things resembling what my friend had seen, his statements came

* Compare this account with those given by our friends during Dr. Redman's short visit to London about two years ago in No. 8 of the *Spiritual Magazine*.

back with great power, and helped to increase my astonishment. But my friend was now dead.

"A short time—not many days—before I visited Dr. Redman, I, in company with two friends, visited a female Trance medium. The Trance mediums profess to be able to pass into some kind of superior or abnormal state, in which they can see the spirits of the departed. This woman, after we had been in her company fifteen or twenty minutes, professed to see a spirit standing by my side, who, she said, professed to be a friend of mine. I wished her to describe his appearance, and she did so; but I could not, at the moment, recollect one exactly answering to the description. I said, 'Can you tell me his name?' She said she would try to ascertain what it was. In a few minutes she called for a slate and pencil, which were quickly brought, and she wrote the name 'Thomas.' I tried to recollect some departed friend called Thomas, but could only recollect a cousin of mine who had died nearly forty years ago—a very tall young man. 'But this is a little old man,' she said, 'with a large head.' Still, as if I were stupid, I could not think of any friend of that name and appearance. 'Cannot you tell his second name?' I asked. She said she would try; and, after a few moments, she wrote 'Illman.' Her description of the man was as correct, I consider, as a description of my friend could be, and his name was Thomas. But I was so far from thinking of Mr. Illman at the time, that everything failed to bring him to my mind till the woman mentioned his name. As I have said, I was exceedingly incredulous, distrustful, suspicious of Spiritualists at this time, and I had only gone with my friends to this medium at their urgent solicitation. As soon as the woman had written down Mr. Illman's name, I suspected that she knew me, and knew Mr. Illman, and had seen us together, or learned in some way that he was, when living, a friend of mine—that she was a cheat, and I troubled her no farther. But after my interview with Dr. Redman, I began to think I might have been too hasty in my conclusions.

"About two years and a half ago I was informed by a friend in Philadelphia that a very remarkable *spirit-reader* had come to town, and that he had witnessed some remarkable exhibitions of his power. He said he had proposed a meeting between the spirit-reader and me, and a few other friends, and that it was left for me to say what evening it should take place. We thanked him, and called one day on the spirit-reader to name an evening. We found him a very friendly and talkative-kind of man, and he told us a number of cases of persons who had visited him, and who *said* that he had correctly read their minds. One person had silently willed that if he really could read her spirit, he should take her by the hand, lead her into a certain room, open a certain

drawer, take out a work-box, unlock and open it, and take out of it a pair of scissors that she knew to be there. He said he did not know by what power he did it; but that his friends who made experiments assured him that he *had* the power, and that he really did read their minds. He said we might make an experiment then, if we thought well, and we determined to do so. On entering the house, I had put down my hat on a side table, in a dark part of the room, and had taken a book out of my own coat-pocket, and put it into my hat. My hat seemed as little observable as anything in the house, and the book was down out of sight; so I willed that he should take my hand and put it on the book. He took my hand, and held it for a few moments, and then slowly took me to the place where my hat was, and put my hand on the book. He said, 'Is that it?' I said, 'It is.' It so happened that on the night appointed for a meeting, I was unable to attend, and I had no opportunity of making further experiments. One day I and my wife were at the house of that most amiable and excellent gentleman lately deceased, Francis Jackson, of Boston, Massachusetts. A lady there was said to be a medium, and my wife was persuaded to sit down with her and another lady to a small table. In this case, to use the language of the Spiritualists, the spirit communicated not by raps, but by tipping the table on one side, or causing it to lean over to the person addressed. In this way the spirit spelled out the name of Mary, and then proceeded to spell out S-A-L-T, when it stopped. The medium seemed puzzled and disappointed, and concluded, that as Salt was not the name of a person, the spirit had blundered or played a hoax. 'But it *is* a name,' said my wife; 'it was *my* name: and Mary Salt was a favourite aunt of mine. In this case a name was spelled out of which my wife was not thinking, and of which the rest were utterly ignorant. How it happened we don't pretend to know; nor do we recollect what communication was obtained at the time. At this meeting at Mr. Jackson's, W. L. Garrison, Wendell Philips, and a number of the leading Abolitionists, were present. W. L. Garrison avowed himself a Spiritualist, and told a number of remarkable stories of spiritual phenomena which he had witnessed. Mr. Jackson, if we remember right, was a disbeliever both in Spiritualism and in a future state; but we see from the account of his death in *Garrison's Paper*, that he was a firm believer before he died. Many, if not most, of the leading Abolitionists, both of the East and of the West, were Spiritualists.

"I knew a great many infidels in America who became Spiritualists. Those who are aware that Robert Owen became a Spiritualist, and that his still abler and more accomplished son, Robert Dale Owen, has become one, may be able to believe me

when I say, that a very great number of my unbelieving acquaintances in America became Spiritualists. They may perhaps find it harder to believe me when I say, that those who became Spiritualists were, generally, the most respectable portion of the unbelievers. With few exceptions, those who ridiculed Spiritualism, and got out of temper with Spiritualists, were the less enlightened, less liberal, and less exemplary unbelievers. I say with few exceptions. For there were exceptions. Some few who were as well-disposed, and as well-informed as the rest, remained unconverted."

While narrating these facts we are thankful that Mr. Barker has also pointed out what, in his judgment, were "some exhibitions which were manifestly fraudulent, and others which were very suspicions;" as this shows him to have been no *gobemouche*, but a candid discriminating observer, and his testimony comes therefore with greater weight; and the more so as he has been the known advocate of views so widely different from our own.

His estimate of the character and influence of the Spiritualists in America, we must pass over, and we can do so with the better grace that it is, on the whole, exceedingly complimentary; but we may cite the following paragraph for the benefit of the clever writers in *Punch*, *Once a Week*, and other periodicals, who occasionally favour us with their lucubrations on Spiritualism:—

"In truth, so many respectable people embraced Spiritualism in America—so many people of talent, of wealth, of high position, and of some pretensions to learning and science, and so many people of good moral character, that Spiritualism came shortly to be *not* unpopular. And this is itself a proof that it is not a thing to be dismissed with a sneer or a laugh. Even taking it to be an epidemic disease, or a mere delusion, it deserves the attention of philosophers. Even if it swept over the world and passed away within the year, it would deserve to be carefully studied; how much more when it lasts so long, and threatens, or promises, to remain with us."

His exposition of the doctrines advocated by different classes of Spiritualists, though extremely interesting, we must also omit, for want of space, and close with his concluding reflections:—

"Whether they are right in their belief in the existence of disembodied spirits or not, we do not know. One thing is certain, they are not without grounds for their faith. They have what, to them, appears no less than ocular demonstration. They have what would once have appeared as conclusive as ocular demonstration to us. And though we are obliged to confess ourselves doubters, we cannot help feeling at times as if our doubts were unreasonable. We cannot help feeling as if the faith of the Spiritualists were more reasonable than our own unyielding

scepticism. It seems to us, at times, as if, in the nature of things, we *ought* to believe. And we certainly have no disposition to quarrel with *them* for believing. We think them perfectly justified in doing so. They have not, in our judgment, the least reason to be ashamed of their belief. We are more disposed to envy them their cheering and consoling belief than to quarrel with them for cherishing it. We hope they will be able to keep their faith, and we should be glad if they could convince the whole world that the doctrine of a happy immortality is true. We should esteem it a blessing—a great, inestimable blessing, to be ourselves convinced. Like mankind at large, we have a strong and inextinguishable desire for immortality. It is certain that men generally do not get enough of life and enjoyment here, and how could we have the heart to blame them for cherishing the hope of something more and better hereafter. It certainly seems too bad that men like Parker and Pascal should die in their prime, and know no resurrection. It seems too bad that any should wholly perish who have distinguished themselves by their virtues, or by their capacities of virtue. It seems too bad that good fathers, good mothers, and good children should be parted by death and have no reunion. The belief of immortality is certainly a great comfort. Lord Byron was not far from the truth when he said, that this hope, even if false, is worth all this world's best truths. To the mother who has lost her child; to the child who has lost his mother; to the friend who has lost his friend; to the just, who have seen the good pass away without due honour, or the youthful student and reformer perish without a chance of full development or of honourable service; to the benevolent who mourn over the many sorrows of a suffering race, the hope of a future life for man is past all price. And if the spirits of our departed friends still live—why should they not endeavour to communicate with us? Why should we quarrel with those who believe that they do so? In short, we are compelled to give the Spiritualists of America, we mean the better portion of them, credit for much that is good in their character, and much that is true in their doctrines, and we not only cannot blame them for their faith in immortality, or even for their belief in spirit-communication, but are inclined to believe that they are justified, under existing circumstances, in their belief, and to hope that their belief may ultimately be proved to be true.

“We are not ourselves disposed to be either uncharitable towards Spiritualists, or dogmatical with regard to Spiritualism. We are willing to go on with our work, teaching what we know, and doing what we can for our fellow-men, and waiting for fuller light.”

PROFESSIONAL MEDIUMSHIP.

SIR,—I am glad to learn from your last No. that you “begin to find the truth, so often asserted by some, of the danger of the money element, which has appeared necessary in the case of public mediums.” This has always appeared to me the rock-ahead, and the more I have become acquainted with the subject, the more has this conviction been strengthened. I have not seen either Mr. Foster or Mr. Colchester, nor had any relation with them, nor are the subjoined remarks pointed at any individual. With a few verbal alterations, they were written more than three years ago, though not published in consequence of the discontinuance of the publication for which they were intended. It seems to me, however, that the present is an appropriate time to freely ventilate the question of professional mediumship on broader grounds than personal ones. I know the plausible reasons on which the practice is defended or excused. But I wish Spiritualists, and mediums in particular, to take at once the highest ground both in principle and practice, and keep firmly to it, despite the temptations of a seeming expediency. Yours, &c., T. S.

In every corn field there are tares : in every country the true coin and the counterfeit circulate together : charlatans, impostors, and other disreputable characters encumber every cause, no matter how true and sacred. In the age of Christ there were many false Messiahs, and even to his Apostles Jesus said : “Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil.” That there should be those who would take advantage of the deep desire of the heart to *know* of, and to hold communion with the beloved in the spirit-world to palm off their “lying wonders,” and make “much gain by soothsaying,” is only what a knowledge of human nature would lead us to expect. While human nature remains as it is, it may not be possible to wholly eradicate the evil ; but this renders it the more necessary that we should do nothing, that may either directly or indirectly strengthen it, or countenance anything leading to it. We know that ill weeds will grow apace if a careful vigilant husbandry be not exercised. We cannot prevent trickery, as we have no power to remodel human nature, but we may do something—much, to abate it by thinking and feeling and acting rightly in relation to it, and the causes which lead to it. As to how this may be done, and our own duty in the matter, I have a few words to say :—

There are those who prey on the gullibility of their fellow-creatures as a distinct calling—adapting their wares to the varying demands of the market ; anglers for coin, who fish

indifferently in all streams ; but it is not against these, chiefly, that Spiritualists require to be on their guard, or from whom the greatest mischief is to be apprehended ; but rather from those who, while they may play off counterfeits, are yet persons in whose presence genuine spirit manifestations do occur, or have formerly occurred, and who have generally gained whatever reputation they may possess by these, and not by the miserable deceptions to which they have recourse. I am far from thinking that even professional mediums commonly adopt any such disgraceful practices ; but that there are some who wholly or in part do so, most persons who have had much experience with public mediums I think will admit. Is it sufficient in such cases to shake the dust off our feet, and denounce either publicly or privately the guilty individuals ? I, for one, think not. Does it never occur to us that we may ourselves have been to blame ; that in encouraging paid mediumship we have been holding out a temptation which all have not the virtue to resist ? In every walk of life there are persons honest, but of weak principles, who, urged by their necessities and tempted by opportunity, are unable to resist that "love of money" which is "the root of all evil." And if, in the case of mediums, we have excited, or ministered to this craving, do we not, if they fall, share with them the responsibility, just as when we unguardedly expose our property, we tempt the needy man to steal ?

When a person first discovers, probably to his great astonishment, that he has the gift or faculty of mediumship, he has generally no thought of turning it to a pecuniary account, but his family, friends, and neighbours, soon hear of it (it is seldom that such a matter can long be kept a secret), and are naturally anxious to witness the phenomena ; new phases of mediumship become developed ; his reputation is extended ; his time is largely taken up by visitors, perhaps—if one of the numerous class to whom time is money—to his pecuniary loss. Money is offered him as compensation ; probably, it is at first declined ; but he is soon persuaded, or persuades himself, that there can be no harm in receiving it, and when next pressed upon him he does not refuse. From this point he soon begins to regard the exercise of his mediumship as a regular source of income ; he has no idea in how frail a reed he is trusting ; he knows not in what the faculty consists, or whence it comes, or how it may be retained ; his power, perhaps, declines, or ceases altogether ; the more striking phenomena that attract visitors cannot be obtained, or occur only at irregular, uncertain intervals ; visitors go away disappointed ; there is a falling-off in the receipts. What is to be done ? The need of money is pressing, and no other means of readily obtaining it is

at hand. Then comes the temptation: "Couldn't you by a little ingenuity get up some clever imitation. Perhaps in a short time the genuine phenomena may again occur, and there will be no harm done?" The temptation is repelled, but it comes again and again with greater force. At length the deceit is successfully attempted; it is repeated; perhaps there are true manifestations, also, which help to carry off the false ones; the impostor becomes emboldened, and plunges deeper in the downward path, till at length detection, exposure, and disgrace justly overtake him, and through his malpractices the cause also is dragged with him into the dirt.

I again repeat that I do not mean to assert that professional mediums are in general dishonest—that the manifestations witnessed in their presence are not ordinarily genuine; but, however this may be, it is clear that we cannot expect the same reliance to be placed on professional mediumship, as on that witnessed in private families and respectable circles, where the mediums are known, and known to be honest and disinterested, and are consequently respected. Wherever the "money element" enters, suspicion enters with it; it is almost an inevitable guest.

But, it is said, we pay our lawyers, our physicians, our divines, why should we not pay our mediums? For the present, it must suffice to point out an obvious but important distinction. A large sum of money has to be invested in the education of professional men; years have to be devoted to acquiring the requisite proficiency; their time must be devoted mainly to its study and practice: mediumship, on the contrary, is just one of those things that money cannot buy, that study cannot acquire; it is the free gift of God; or, if you prefer it, a natural endowment; one which, like every other gift or endowment, carries with it its own responsibility, and is to be used, not for selfish ends, but for the good of others. And can mediums imagine that departed worthies, the spirits of the great and good, will attend upon them, and co-operate in their exhibitions, merely to turn in for them so many half-crowns or guineas? True, there may be spirits who will do this, but whether they are likely to get much good from consociation and communion with these, is a matter I would leave for their own reflection. I am aware that if persons, who have no other source of income than the employment of their time, give up that time wholly, or in greater part, to the exercise of mediumship, their services must be paid; but this degradation of mediumship, this turning it into a trade, is just what seems to me so objectionable,—so fraught with danger and mischief, that we should discourage it all we can. Never, in my judgment, should the exercise of mediumship be allowed to supersede or seriously interfere with the ordinary duties and avocations of life.

Never should it be made a cloak for indolence, or an incitement to the greed of gain. What time mediums can afford to spare without injury to themselves or others might then be given freely to the employment of this faculty, in the love of truth and of doing good; so, I believe, and not otherwise, will God's blessing rest upon it. If they really can give no time to it, it is not incumbent upon them to do so; better that they should abstain from it, than convert it into a marketable commodity.

All who have had much practical experience in Spiritualism, must be aware that unity of purpose, harmony of feeling, and religious elevation, are the most favourable, if not the necessary, conditions for the highest kinds of spiritual communion; but how are these conditions possible in a heterogeneous public assembly, where an admittance fee is the only needful qualification? Surely, in place of this, there should be some regard to fitness and honesty of purpose, on the part of professed inquirers, as well as honesty in the exercise of mediumship. Whatever other qualifications too a medium may possess, if his character be one that cannot command respect—if he be one whom we cannot countenance in any other capacity—we certainly should not countenance him in this; if we respect Spiritualism and respect ourselves, we must place the moral qualification before every other.

If professional mediumship were discountenanced and abandoned, Spiritualism would soon rise above the region of vulgar suspicion into a serener atmosphere; its progress at first might seem less rapid, but it would be more satisfactory and sure. Mediums, too, would gain immensely—gain in peace of mind and self-respect—gain in public opinion and in the esteem of all who know them. I am not a medium, but were I one, I would rather turn shoe-black or crossing-sweeper for a livelihood than seek it by prostituting spiritual gifts to my personal and worldly ends. I am sure that much of the discredit attaching to Spiritualism may be traced to its connection with this "money element." I have seen it to be so in England, and, as far as I can judge from the spiritualist publications of America, (of which for years I have been a constant reader), it is so there, and even in an aggravated form. There, mediumship, like watchmaking, is organised into its various branches, and mediums puff their wares like other tradesmen. It is sickening to read the advertisements in which they set forth their qualifications and their terms, and the wonderful virtues of their "spirit-syrup," "spirit-lotion," and—"spirit-matches!"* Thank God we have not come to this pass in England! I hope we never may. And to avert it we should

* It is but fair to add that since the above was written this nuisance has been considerably abated.

set ourselves resolutely against the setting up of the tables of the money-changers, even in the outer courts of the temple of Spiritualism. We know into what an awful crime even an Apostle of Christ's was tempted, by "thirty pieces of silver." Mediums should remember who it was that gave the solemn warning—"YE CANNOT SERVE GOD AND MAMMON."

But how, it is asked, apart from professional mediumship, can Spiritualism be practically investigated, except in a few privileged cases? I answer—first, that there is not the same need for extensive practical investigation that there has been. If the world is not satisfied with the millions who have witnessed, and the thousands (including many men of the highest attainments) who have given their public testimony to the phenomena during the last fifteen years—to go no farther back, we can hardly hope that additional testimony (at least, unless the facts deposed to are freed from the prejudicial element to which I have referred), is likely to be of much avail. But, further, I believe if there were less public, there would be a great deal more private mediumship. Earnest inquirers would form circles for investigation. And where these consisted of members of a family, or of friends who knew and could trust each other, scepticism would be far less stubborn than it now is. Phenomena less marked than they may have seen with public mediums would then convince the witnesses that there was at least "something in it," because they would feel satisfied that what they saw was genuine. And, again, it is to be hoped that the absence of professional mediumship would stimulate many in independent circumstances whose gifts are now known only in their own families and private circles, to feel more deeply than they now seem to do the responsibilities of their position, and, in the interests of truth, to enlarge their sphere of usefulness. But, however this might be, I hold that Spiritualism like Christianity itself, should be "*first pure*," and, as a natural consequence, it would be "then peaceable, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy."

INTERNAL RESPIRATION.—ITS LOSS, AND WHAT IT INVOLVED.

"THE creature," says an apostle, "was made subject to vanity, not willingly." Man fell. This is a universally acknowledged fact; but how it was caused, in what it consists, and what it involved, so far as man is affected organically, is not clearly understood. This article will be devoted to the showing that the loss of Internal Respiration and the disuse of those organs

and functions in the human system through which it was ultimated, is *the marked peculiarity* of his fallen state. Man has been brought into different conditions not only psychologically, but physically, in consequence of "the fall."

Swedenborg is our authority on this important point, and a higher authority, in the way of seership, cannot be produced. His account of the cessation of Internal Respiration is very brief but terrible. He declares that when it was annihilated in the breast, "they were of themselves choked or suffocated." It would appear according to him that the greater portion of the race perished. We are not to suppose, however, that the condition of things which led to this, the most awful catastrophe in the history of our planet, was suddenly induced. The fall was not sudden, but gradual. Man gradually declined in faith and love; thus generation after generation, they had less and less of the life and light of heaven, consequently less and less of the gift of Internal Respiration, until, with the last posterity of this primitive race, there remained scarcely anything of it. The reason given by Swedenborg for their losing this mode of breathing is, because faith and love were gradually leaving them. It is very important to note this, because it calls our attention to the cause of Internal Respiration, which, he says, is a heavenly state of the affections, and, consequently, of the thoughts, for, properly speaking, these are identical. The quality of man's respiration being as to his life's love and state of thinking. It is important to observe this for another reason. If ever Internal Respiration is to become once more a condition of humanity on our earth; it will be seen that it cannot be superinduced in any mechanical way, but only by the expulsion of evil affection, self-love, and the love of the world, and the reception of spiritual truths.

Swedenborg says, "When there remained no more faith and love, but the persuasion of what is false, Internal Respiration ceased, and with it all communication with angels and all perception."—*Arcana Celestia*, par. 1,120. The reason is obvious, for since, as we have shown, Internal Respiration is incident to the higher states of religious life, it follows that when this form of life ceases to exist, Internal Respiration must cease also.

Much is said in the *Spiritual Magazine*, and by Spiritualists generally, in relation to open intercourse with the spiritual world and its inhabitants; but we respectfully submit that *subjective* intercourse with the angels of heaven is impossible except as man can breathe internally, that is, in the manner of the most ancient people. He may, indeed, have *objective* intercourse with spiritual beings, but the higher and desirable form of intercourse cannot be obtained until the most ancient conditions of will and understanding are re-established; but as we have much to say on

this point, we will reserve it for the present. The loss of Internal Respiration was accompanied by the following physical peculiarity—viz., by its changing and retiring towards the region of the back, proceeding in an outward and downward direction, until finally it terminated in choking and suffocation. "This is," according to the Bible, "as it was in the days of Noah," when the flood of evil and false persuasions came and swept them all away. So that the fall of man culminated in the dreadful climax of physical dissolution to the men of the antediluvian race. The channel of communication with the source of their life by means of Internal Respiration being closed up, they perished. The Evangelist says, in reference to them, "They were taken with surfeiting and drunkenness." Immersed in cupidities, they inverted the influx of heaven, shut it off, rather, and died.

But Swedenborg informs us that a remnant of the posterity of the most ancient people escaped the general dissolution. These having some degree of natural goodness, as the basis of a new condition of human existence, were able to pass through the ordeal of an organic change and began to breathe, for the first time in human experience, the external atmosphere. Hence we arrive at a new initial point of human existence, accompanied with a new psychological phenomenon. The novel mode of breathing the external air, as compared with the original condition of mankind, seems like the working of a miracle for the purpose of perpetuating their existence. It is each man's forlorn hope of life. From being purely spiritual in his intuitions, thoughts, sensations, and activities, man's perceptions have become natural. His spiritual vision is closed. The heavens with their magnificent scenery and shining inhabitants are veiled in darkness. He visits his dream-land—so bright and beautiful—no more. For him the wonder-world of heavenly forms has no existence. No longer is he found with its celestial airs, charmed with its harmonious numbers, and thrilled into extacy by its flaming tongues of eloquence. The transcendent gift of perception which gave man intuitive knowledge of nature and of nature's God, and of the good and true universally, has perished. The vision people are no more. The subjective seers have past away. These gifts, graces, and privileges, departed when the fire breath expired. Psychologically, man is greatly degenerate compared with these primeval people. After man fell from his first estate he no longer received revelation fresh from heaven; but had to draw on his memory for those traditionary inspirations of the golden past, by which he received, in lieu of the seership perceptions of his progenitors, the obscure light of conscience.

Swedenborg says, "When Internal Respiration ceased, there

was no communication with heaven afterwards, except such as was external, unknown and imperceptible. When perception could no longer be enjoyed, some of the revelations obtained in this way were preserved and taught to posterity in the form of doctrine, by which *conscience* was formed." The reason given by him for this new and inferior mode of instruction is this: "The Lord foresaw that perception would cease, inasmuch as it was conditioned on Internal Respiration as a means."—See *Arcana Celestia*, par. 609. Shut off from immediate *conscious* intercourse with the spirit through the medium of Internal Respiration, the body lost its vital fires and forces, and its pulses, which had formerly beat in unison with those of the spirit, flagged and dropped several octaves lower; and thus the physical man, deprived of its vitality, fell into disorder through the influence of earthly and tumultuous hell-born passions, and consequently became a prey to innumerable diseases; yea, to all the ills that flesh is heir to, and to death in its present fearful form. Both physically and mentally, spiritually and morally, man is a ruin—a shadow of his former self. He is entombed in a grave of clay. His eye is closed, his heart is in the grasp of the serpent's jaws, his body, from head to foot, is feeble and made subject to vanity—the whole creation groaneth in bondage even until now. Man's physical degeneration dates from the Flood. The best that can be said of man's new and external mode of breathing is that it enables him to live in a sort of semi-spiritual condition, until means are instituted to restore him to his state of primal integrity.

It is a state of suspension, a sort of forlorn hope, degenerate man's last resource as the condition of a higher life. Those revelations which form conscience he has at second hand, through mediums specially prepared to instruct him. The want of Internal Respiration, as a personal gift, prevents him from having revelations of truth direct from heaven, consciously and perceptibly.

We cannot conclude this chapter without observing that the word Noah signifies "a ceasing," sometimes "rest." The Noahitic condition of humanity, compared with the most ancient, is indeed a grievous *ceasing*; but it is also a *rest*, for unless some had been able to pass through the crisis of the cessation of inner breathing to external breathing, the entire race would have perished.

What hope have we that humanity will be restored to its original conditions and privileges? This question will be duly considered in subsequent articles.

RESPIRO.

Notices of Books.

Fraud, Fancy, Fact: which is it? An Enquiry into the Mystery of Spiritualism; with a Narrative of Personal Experience. By Mrs. ERIC BAKER. Hodson and Son, Portugal-street, Lincoln's Inn.

THIS little *brochure* of 16 pages is temperately, clearly, and sensibly written. The writer's narrative of personal experience is particularly valuable from her peculiar facilities for investigation, and the opportunity these afforded her for adding further corroboration to the truth of the statements in the *Cornhill*, and for completely demolishing the silly stuff with which the writer in *Once a Week* insulted the understanding of all intelligent well-informed persons as an explanation of Spiritualism. We cannot do better than allow the writer to present her straightforward testimony in her own language:—

Our after representations, especially of any extraordinary and striking event, are always at the best mere recollections of our impressions of ideas dictated by our emotions at the time; by the surprise and astonishment, which the suddenness and hurry of the occurrence did not allow us to reduce to reason, or to correct by the sober standard of experience or philosophy. Two causes of error on the part of even the most honest witnesses are here explained: the first is prepossession prior to the event. Now I am acquainted with many persons whose prepossessions were utterly opposed to the reality of spiritual phenomena; which phenomena, after repeated experiences, they were obliged reluctantly to acknowledge to be true. The second of these causes is the suddenness and hurry of the occurrence and surprise which it awakens, and the consequent incapacity to consider calmly, and examine deliberately; but I myself have had opportunities, such as have been given to few, of witnessing the manifestations daily for a period of two months, residing under the same roof with a celebrated medium (Mr. Home); the phenomena thus ceased to be either startling or unexpected, and left me ample time to reduce to reason my impressions, and correct them by the sober standard of prudence and philosophy. A constant and careful reader of all that is written on the subject of Spiritualism, my attention was attracted in the course of last year by an article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, entitled "Stranger than Fiction," as also by a critique and attempted explanation of the incidents described in the same, which, under the title of "Spirit Rapping made Easy," and bearing the signature of "Katerfelto," appeared in the October and November numbers of *Once a Week*. These papers engaged my especial notice from the fact of my having witnessed, although under somewhat different conditions, all the phenomena they described; conditions which, as I shall endeavour to show, rendered the existence of trick and employment of jugglery impossible. I propose, therefore, now to examine (circumstances having prevented my doing so earlier) the incidents related, and their explanation, comparing them at the same time with my own experience.

To detail the circumstance which led to my acquaintance with Mr. Home would be foreign to my subject, and uninteresting to my readers; it will suffice to say, that for the space of two months we were inmates of the same house, and our party being composed of but three other persons, with whom from my childhood I had been on the closest terms of intimacy, I had ample opportunities of ascertaining, not only that Mr. Home was neither a "skilful conjuror," "clever ventriloquist," nor "superior player on the mouth harmonium;" that he possessed neither a "self-acting accordion" "magic lantern," nor "lazy tongs," but that had he been master of such divers accomplishments, and owner of these varied implements, he would have been incapable of employing them for the purpose of deception; while my long and intimate knowledge of those whose guests both he and I at that time were, precluded the possibility of suspecting

them to be his "accomplices," or including them in the category of "accommodating dupes."

Other persons were freely and frequently admitted to these *séances*, whose names alone, did I feel myself justified in making use of them, would be a sufficient guarantee for the veracity of their assertions, and the candour of their testimony. I will now proceed to the examination of the *Cornhill* narrative, as quoted and explained in "Spirit Rapping made Easy."

Some seven or eight persons are described as being seated at a round table in the centre of a drawing-room; the windows *draped* with *heavy curtains*, and protected by *spring blinds*; the space in the front of the window being *unoccupied*, and the circle closely packed; some sheets of paper, pencils, an accordion, hand-bell, flowers, &c., &c., were placed upon the table, and an intimation received through the spirits that the lights *must be extinguished*. Katerfelto invites attention to the words *italicized*, as, according to him, they indicate important circumstances. "The tassel of the cord of the spring blind began to tremble," says the author of "Stranger than Fiction," "and slowly, and with apparent difficulty, the blind began to descend. A whisper passed round the table about hands having been seen or felt, the table cover was drawn over our knees, and I distinctly felt a twitch several times repeated at my knee, like the sensation of a boy's hand, partly scratching, partly striking and pulling me in play through the semi-darkness. Mr. Home's head was dimly visible against the curtains, and his hands might be seen in a *faint white heap* before him." Having quoted thus far from the *Cornhill* narrative, let us turn to the explanation offered by Katerfelto. "I am not surprised," says he (as a preliminary observation, after assuming that Mr. Home was previously acquainted with the furniture of the room, the manner in which it was disposed, &c., and that he arranged the spectators in such positions as best suited his own requirements), "that the lights were required to be *extinguished*. As for the performance of an elaborate class of tricks, it is necessary that the room should be as obscure as possible; the instrument by which the blind was drawn down was probably a strong pair of lazy tongs, inserted at the side, and under cover of the thick curtains with which the windows were draped; to the same instrument (worked, in all probability by Mr. Home himself) must be attributed the raising and drawing of the table cover over the knees of the spectators, the twitching, scratching, pulling, &c. We are told that Mr. Home's hands might be seen in a *faint white heap* before him; that is to say, they were probably held one over another, so there could be no visible diminution of the heap if one were withdrawn." The writer of the *Cornhill* mystery next observes what appeared to be a large hand under the table cover, "which, with the fingers clustered to a point, raised it between him and the table; I seized it," he adds, "and felt it very sensibly, but it went out like air in my grasp."

The indefatigable lazy tongs are again declared to be at work, only covered this time with velvet or caoutchouc. "It was as black as pitch," goes on to say the author of "Stranger than Fiction," "but we could just make out a dark mass rising awkwardly above the edge of the table, and clumsily emitting a sound as it passed over into the space beneath. A quarter of an hour afterwards we heard the accordion begin to play when it lay on the ground." This the writer of "Spirit Rapping made Easy" also explains, by assuming that Mr. Home was, in all probability, a superior performer on the mouth harmonium, to which instrument are to be attributed the charming sounds for which the accordion obtained the credit. In contradiction to these statements, I will observe, that *darkness* is by no means a necessary condition of spiritual *séances*, inasmuch as some of the most remarkable phenomena which I have witnessed took place at a table, in the centre of which a large carcel lamp was burning during the whole *séance*; in a room never previously entered by Mr. Home, and with the furniture of which he could not, therefore, be acquainted; a room, of which the windows were neither protected by spring blinds, nor draped with heavy curtains; while so far from placing the spectators in such positions as might best suit his requirements, his invariable answers to the questions occasionally put to him of, "Where shall I sit?" was, "Wherever you like." With regard to his own position, he was always careful to place his hands on the table during the mani-

festations, in such a manner as both might be seen; while his feet were always drawn away as far as possible from the table beneath his chair, a circumstance to which (aware of the disposition on the part of many to attribute the phenomena to trick) he frequently drew attention.

To refute the assertion that the sounds attributed to the accordion proceeded in fact from a mouth harmonium, played by Mr. Home himself, I will relate a fact witnessed by myself and five other persons: an accordion was placed on the ground, but not quite close to the table at which we sat, and at some distance from Mr. Home. After some preliminary chords of singular sweetness, it performed a piece of music actually composed by the father-in-law of one of the circle, a well-known composer and teacher of music in former years, a lady present having been one of his pupils, who immediately recognized the composition. The room being amply lighted all the time, Mr. Home could hardly have made use of his harmonium undetected.

It has been asserted by the sceptical, that during the consultations of the alphabet, for the purpose of obtaining communications and answers, the medium is always observed to keep what is called a "sharp look out" on the eyes and hands of the consulters. In contradiction to this statement, I will say, that I received on one occasion, a long, interesting, and even important communication (inasmuch as it threw some light on a family affair, which had always been involved in considerable obscurity), from the spirit (for so it declared itself to be) of a very near relation. Unwilling that those present should be made acquainted with the subject of our communication, I held the alphabet in such a manner as to screen it from every one present, while the letters necessary to the formation of the answers were indicated, not by the ordinary raps, but by gentle pressures on my knees; the hands of this spirit were distinctly visible, both to me and several other persons, and not only repeatedly and warmly pressed my own, but at my request, those of other individuals present.

Katerfelto's ingenious theory of velvet covered lazy tongs, cannot, I think, be maintained before the simple fact, that on one occasion, our circle being composed of six persons (not including Mr. Home), six hands were visible at one and the same moment, those of Mr. Home being in their usual position. The appearance of these hands was perfectly natural; part of the arm was also occasionally seen draped in a kind of gauzy transparent substance, looking something like the hanging sleeve of a white *peignoir*; the hands were also warm to the touch; on being strongly pressed they appeared to dissolve. I invariably observed that the communications received were always accompanied by physical manifestations, indicative of the peculiar conditions and occupations of those by whom they were professedly made when on earth (assuming the hypothesis of their being departed spirits), thus the near relation of whom I have spoken, at the time of his death an officer in the navy, was always preceded by extraordinary movements on the part of the table, representing, with strange exactness, the tossing and rolling of a ship, and accompanied by noises imitative of the straining of the masts, and creaking of the timbers. An officer who had served in the Crimean war, whose name (which has been much before the world) is synonymous with all that is to be honoured and esteemed, being on one occasion present, received communications from two brother officers killed in action, which were accompanied by remarkable manifestations in the form of a prolonged rumbling noise, exactly resembling the discharge of artillery, interspersed with the sharp cracking sounds of occasional musketry. On another occasion, Mr. Home was observed to shiver violently, as though seized by a sudden cold, and on being questioned as to this symptom, he replied that a spirit was present who had *met his death by water*; this spirit proved, in fact, to be that of the brother of a lady present, who had been drowned while bathing. The communications we received were always strikingly characteristic of those by whom they were made, and in strict accordance with the opinions they had always in life expressed; the rapidity and clearness of their replies to *mental* interrogation was also remarkable in the extreme. I have also seen communications made by means of the alphabet in several languages, Polish amongst the number, with which neither Mr. Home nor any one present (except the individual communicated with) was acquainted.

Physical demonstrations, such as the elevation of large and heavy tables, the displacement of chairs and other pieces of furniture, without the aid of any visible agency, have been so frequently described in the various interesting and able works which have been written on the subject, that any details which I could mention would be superfluous. I will only say that I have frequently seen a large round table, supported by a claw, rise and remain suspended at a height of two feet from the ground, for at least thirty seconds, all our chairs, Mr. Home's included, having been previously withdrawn from it to some distance, so that nothing might impede its movements; it frequently tilted over, until its surface formed an inclined plane, at an angle of about 45 degrees or more, the lamp and other objects remaining all the time upright and motionless; for this Katerfelto accounts by saying, that *velvet* cloth would neutralize their tendencies to slide, and to this I will reply by stating, that the table of which I speak was at no time covered by a velvet cloth, and that I have seen the same manœuvre performed by a table with an *uncovered marble top*.

In discussing the hypotheses of "hallucination," and "dominant ideas," which have been put forward to account for these phenomena, Mrs. Baker very properly inquires:—

Who are the persons most subject to hallucinations? The persons most susceptible of receiving impressions through the medium of a disordered fancy, are generally young, credulous, impressionable, and imaginative; while the causes of hallucinations are an excited curiosity, a dominant idea, expectant attention, &c., &c., and a nervous, excitable, or hysterical temperament. But witnesses can be referred to, who were neither young, superstitious, nor fanciful, whose pulses "making most healthful music," proved their freedom from any such bodily conditions as could help to account for their credulity. The names of men could be cited whose age was mature, whose habits those of sober thought, who were accustomed to the calm investigation of facts, &c., and whose health was robust. It might be shown that the dominant idea of many amongst them was, that the manifestations were a humbug, and that their attention was expectant, only for the discovery of the cheat.

It is pointed out that on the hypothesis of hallucination it is necessary to suppose, not only "that the imaginations of different persons may be disordered for the first time (so far as our powers of judgment extend), and disordered exactly at the same time, and in the same manner, but that sympathy and contagion can enable a person to arrive at knowledge, new not only to all others present, but even to himself, until announced by rappings; so that facts, of which till then he was utterly ignorant, have been verified by subsequent inquiry." In like manner, the supporters of the theory of automatic action must "suppose it to suit itself to the numberless contingencies of casual conversation, and to supply a person with answers to widely different questions, proposed by persons with whose thoughts he (the owner of the automatic brain) has no acquaintance." Neither fraud, nor fancy, nor any variety or combination of these, can solve the problem; the author concludes, therefore, from observation and reason, that the "manifestations" are "literal facts, realities." The evidence all points to a spiritual origin, and the writer concludes with entreating for her subject "at least the same share of notice as has been bestowed on it by the thinking and scientific men of other countries."

THE Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. III.]

JUNE, 1862.

[No. 6.]

SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY.—THE SEERESS OF PREVORST.

INFINITE are the uses of Biography—of all biography, in so far as it is genuine, unfolding to us something, ever so little, of the real life of man; which sort of biography is indeed rare, much that is so called being simply extracts from the parish register; glimpses of things about a man rather than of him, telling us indeed little more than the epitaph:—

“Here lies the body of John Tompkins, who
Departed this life, aged forty-two,
After a long and painful illness, that
He bore with Christian fortitude, though fat;
He died, lamented greatly by this poem,
And all who had the happiness to know him.”

Lives that are outwardly uneventful, could we “through all forms of show and fashion” penetrate to their centre, and there read the history of “the Soul, its Sorrows and its Aspirations,” would often be found of far greater significance than those of many who play their part on the stage of life with much pomp and circumstance, and on whom the curtain falls with universal *éclat*. “The true Shekinah is Man,” and next in value “to know thyself,” is the lesson “know thy neighbour—thy fellow-man; know him by loving sympathy and communion, for thus only canst thou know him and experience that man is dear to man:

‘For this single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart.’”

How many great cosmical truths, and truths transcending this visible cosmos, lie folded up within the human microcosm, and may be learned by a reverent study of the spiritual forces operating upon and within us! How seldom does a ray of light on those subjects which it most concerns us to know, beam in upon us from the published lives of even the world’s greatest men! And where there is light, how frequently instead of being placed on a hill is it placed under a bushel! How frequently is

the subject of the biography so draped as effectually to disguise the true image and lineaments of the spirit-man!

At the best, 'tis little we can know of the soul and its workings; we may catch glimpses of its divine beauty, but it is a veiled Isis, and the veil cannot be raised by mortal hand:

“We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen,
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.”

Only in the spirit-world can the genuine biography be fully written and the character perfectly daguerreotyped; only there where the veils and wrappings of the spirit are removed, can the man be fully revealed in the spiritual majesty and beauty of angelhood, or in the monstrous fruition of his evil lusts embodied in all horrent and terrific forms!

The little that is to be learnt from books of men and women—that is of their spiritual selves, where not gathered from some form of autobiography, is, for the most part, to be gleaned from incidental passages in their experience which have escaped the vigilance of biographers and editors, fearful lest the publication of some “weakness” on the part of their idol should diminish its reputation with the world.

There is a resemblance, a oneness combined with an infinite diversity in human nature, of which the unity in variety in the human countenance may be regarded as the outward correspondence and expression: while then to most of us the spirit-world is as a fountain sealed—a fountain, it is believed by many, whose waters have long ceased to flow, and is now wholly dried up, it is no wonder that there are some gifted with an inner vision that can pierce the veil which separates the world of spirit from the world of sense, and discern somewhat of the “open secret” that lies beyond; and who, being in an especial manner open to spiritual influx, are constituted channels and conduits through which the influences of the spirit-world—the streams of a present living inspiration may flow forth to water the arid soil, and refresh the thirsty traveller. Such persons may again be regarded as spiritual electrometers; or, as lenses, by aid of which may be seen, with more or less distinctness, spiritual realities invisible at present to ordinary and unaided vision.

There is no department of literature that I have found more suggestive—more capable of yielding instruction—more rich in its illustrations of Spiritualism, than is to be found in the pages of biography. Sometimes a whole life is thus lit up with the halo of a spiritual glory, sometimes it darts a fitful gleam, once or twice only in a lifetime, or the record of these is all that is preserved to us. These instances it is the more necessary to collect, as

they are apt to be neglected or forgotten, and when viewed apart from facts of a kindred nature are more easily explained away. Believing that what has so interested me may not be without interest for others, I purpose to present "Spiritualism illustrated in Biography" in a series of papers, in which some of these scattered rays may be gathered into a focus, sometimes, as the result of my "gleanings" in this department of "the corn fields" of literature, offering an entire sheaf of biography—at others, bringing home only a few golden grains, but not without hope that better qualified labourers may soon enter upon the field and gather abundant harvests.

Perhaps I cannot better commence this gallery of illustrations than with Frederica Hauffe, the Seeress of Prevorst. I know of no case in which the varied phases and phenomena of Spiritualism is so fully exhibited. "We might safely say," says Dr. Rogers, "that the wonderful phenomena presented in this lady's life cover nearly, if not the whole field of the present 'manifestations,' and extend much beyond." Her life is written by the late Dr. Justinus Kerner, chief Physician at Weinsberg, a man of unquestionable ability and integrity. His translator remarks:—"The sincerity and good faith of Dr. Kerner in this affair has never, we believe, been impugned, even by the most determined sceptic. He is well known in Germany as an exceedingly sensible, amiable, and religious man. . . The point of attack for those who seek one must be his sagacity; but except the assailant were one who had the same opportunities for observation and investigation that he had, the gratuitous imputation of credulity should be cautiously received." I must in this, as probably in other instances, claim the indulgence of those readers familiar with her history; but as the translation of Kerner's work, by Mrs. Crowe, is becoming scarce, even a slight sketch may be of service to those unable to procure a copy of it; and her experience is too important to be omitted in any design like the present.

The little village of Prevorst, in which Frederica Hauffe was born, is situate in a mountainous region; the inhabitants are a simple, hardy race; like mountaineers in general, they are peculiarly susceptible to magnetic influences; and are familiar with the application of the divining rod, as it is called, to the discovery of springs and water-courses: notwithstanding their generally robust character, they are frequently, especially in youth, subject to nervous derangements, and have great susceptibility to sympathetic remedies.

Among this simple peasantry, the daughter of a forester, brought up in the midst of nature, inured to the keen mountain air, Frederica grew up a blooming joyous child: "at a very early age" she displayed a peculiar openness to spiritual impressions,

exhibited in presentiments, prophetic dreams and "instructive, premonitory, or prophetic visions;" and even while a child, in her hand, the hazel rod pointed out metals and water. While yet quite young, for the sake of instruction, she was placed under the care of her grandparents at the neighbouring town of Löwenstein. They were good, pious folks, "but, to their extreme regret, she became too early acquainted with spiritual and supernatural matters; for there was something in the nature of the girl that could no more be kept back than could the growth of her body."

Her extreme susceptibility to physical impressions "was accompanied by a consciousness of the presence of spirits." Thus, in the Castle of Löwenstein was an old kitchen which she could never look into or enter without being much disturbed. In the very same place, we are told, some years afterwards the spectre of a woman, was to her great horror, seen by a lady who had never been informed of the sensations experienced by the child.

The first apparition she witnessed, as was generally the case with those she saw in after life, occasioned her no apprehension. She calmly looked at it, and then going to her grandfather, told him that "there was a strange man in the passage, and that he should go and see him; but the old man, alarmed at the circumstance, for he also had seen a similar apparition in the same place, though he had never mentioned it, did all he could to persuade her that she was mistaken, and from that time never allowed her to leave the room at night. So far indeed from such experiences causing her any alarm, she continued "the most joyous among her companions," until recalled to her native village by the prolonged sickness of her parents, when sorrow and night-watchings by the sick-bed began to sadden her life, and, probably, tended to farther develope in her a consciousness of things ordinarily hidden from mortal vision.

In her nineteenth year, she was by her family betrothed to Herr Hauße, a worthy man, and one with whom there seemed every reason to believe her future would be a comfortable and happy one; but, whether from a presentiment of the years of suffering and sickness before her, or, from other hidden feelings, of which we only knew with certainty that, if such there were, they were not occasioned by another attachment, she sank into a dejection, for which her friends could in no way account, she past whole days in weeping, did not sleep for five weeks, and became absorbed in the overpowering life-feeling of her childhood.

It happened that her wedding-day was also the day of the funeral of her much-respected pastor, the venerable minister of Oberstenfeld, who was upwards of sixty years of age. His

preaching and personal intercourse had had considerable influence on her life, and his death to her simple and susceptible nature occasioned considerable grief. She followed the beloved remains to the churchyard. Her heart, till then so heavy, was suddenly relieved and calmed as she stood beside the grave. She remained there long, and left it tranquil, but indifferent to the world and all its concerns; henceforth, the peculiar inward life, which her biographer dates from this period, went forward without a pause. Later, in somnambulic state, she alluded to this occurrence at a time when her departed pastor used often to appear to her as a form of light, cheering and protecting her from the influence of an evil spirit. I transcribe the translation of a few of her simple lines referring to this event:

“I prayed upon thy grave
For one blessing only,
That the wings of this angel
Might henceforward
O'er the tide-path of life,
Waft around me the peace of heaven,
There standest thou, angel, now; my prayer was heard.”

After her marriage she lived at Kürnbach, a place on the borders of Würtemberg and Baden. Its position is low, gloomy, shut in by hills; in all the influences of earth and atmosphere the reverse of Prevorst. Considering the extreme susceptibility she afterwards manifested to sidereal and imponderable influences, it is probable that this change of place exercised a prejudicial influence over her; at all events, her experience confirms the observation that places situate low, induce, especially on persons of delicate organisation, spasmodic attacks; as mountainous regions, on the contrary, augment the magnetic influence.

After a severe spasmodic attack, in which the only relief she experienced was from a physician who had been called in placing his hand on her head, when she not only became calm, and obtained sleep, but, so long as he remained in the room, saw and heard him alone, and was insensible to the presence of all others; her grandmother, of Löwenstein, appeared to her at night, standing by her bedside, and silently looking at her. Three days after, she was informed of the death of that lady, who had expired on that very night. From that time, she frequently in her sleep alluded to the presence of her grandmother, and she afterwards recognized her as her protecting spirit. It was at this period, also (March, 1822), that, in a dream, she described a machine and its construction, the use of which, she affirmed, would restore her to health, and drew the figure of it upon paper, but no attention was paid to this intimation.

Magnetic passes and breathings on the pit of the stomach relieved her, and it is probable that a regular course of magnetic

treatment at this time would have been highly beneficial to her, but the distance at which her physician resided, and the scruples of her husband about her leaving home, prevented it. Her susceptibility to all sorts of spiritual influence became deeper; "prophetic dreams, divinations, and prophetic visions in glass and mirrors, gave evidence of her inner life." Thus, in a glass of water that stood on the table, she saw persons half an hour before they entered the house; a travelling carriage, with the horses and passengers, were in like manner described before their arrival. She also manifested the power of second sight. She saw a coffin in the hall, impeding her way, and in it the body of her paternal grandfather. So distinct was this to her apprehension, that she called her parents and the physician to see it. On the following morning, the same vision was presented at her bedside. Six weeks afterwards the grandfather died, having been in perfect health till a few days before his death. She now began to speak and write in a strange language, which she called her inner tongue. She affirmed it to be the natural language of all men. Kerner says that "it was very sonorous; and as she was perfectly consistent in her use of it, those who were much about her gradually grew to understand it. She said by it only could she fully express her innermost feelings; and that, when she had to express these in German, she was obliged first to translate them from this language. It was not from her head, but from the epigastric region that it proceeded. She knew nothing of it when she was awake. The names of things in this language she told us expressed their properties and quality. Philologists discovered in it a resemblance to the Coptic, Arabic, and Hebrew." After giving some examples of this, he adds, "The written character of this language was always connected with numbers. She said that words with numbers had a much deeper and more comprehensive signification than without. She often said, in her sleepwaking state, that the ghosts spoke this language; for although spirits could read the thoughts, the soul, to which this language belonged, took it with it when it went above; because the soul formed an ethereal body for the spirit." The seeress further observed concerning this inner language, that "one word of it frequently expressed more than whole lines of ordinary language; and that, after death, in one single symbol or character of it, man would read his whole life." "It is constantly observed," says Kerner, "that persons in a sleepwaking state, and those who are deep in the inner life, find it impossible to express what they feel in ordinary language. Another somnambule used often to say to me, when she could not express herself, 'Can no one speak to me in the language of nature?' The Seherin observed by Mayers said, that to man, in the magnetic state, all nature

was disclosed, spiritual and material; but that there were certain things which could not be well expressed in words, and thus arose apparent inconsistencies and errors. In the archives of animal magnetism, an example is given of this peculiar speech; the resemblance of which to the eastern languages, doubtless, arises from its being a remnant of the early language of mankind. Thus, sleep-wakers cannot easily recall the names of persons and things, and they cast away all conventionalities of speech. Mayer's Seherin says, that as the eyes and ears of man are deteriorated by the fall, so he has lost, in a great degree, the language of his sensations; but it still exists in us, and would be found, more or less, if sought for. Every sensation or perception has its proper figure or sign, and this we can no longer express. In order to describe these perceptions, Mrs. H—— constructed figures, which she called 'her sun-sphere,' 'her life-sphere,' and so forth. Many instances proved how perfect her memory for this inner language was. On bringing her the lithograph of what she had written a year before, she objected that there was a dot too much over one of the signs; and, on referring to the copy which I had by me, I found she was right. She had no copy herself."*

At one time she spoke for three days only in verse. Her visions of spirits became more frequent; she also began to see her own image. She first saw it "clad in white, seated on a stool, whilst she was lying in bed. She contemplated the vision for some time, and would have cried out, but could not. At length she made herself heard, and on the entrance of her husband it disappeared." This she always called the "nerve-spirit," and regarded it as the dynamic of man's temporal existence. She said that "through it the soul was united to the body, and the body with the world," and that by its means spirits were "brought into connexion with a material in the atmosphere, which enables them to make themselves felt and

* Concerning this inner language, Swedenborg, in his treatise on *Heaven and Hell*, remarks:—"Writing in the inmost heaven consists of various inflected and circumflected forms, and the inflexions and circumflections are according to the form of heaven. By these the angels express the arcana of their wisdom, many of which cannot be uttered by words; and, what is wonderful, the angels are skilled in such writing without being taught, for it is implanted in them like their speech . . . and therefore this writing is heavenly writing, which is not taught, but inherent, because all extension of the thoughts and affections of the angels, and thus all communication of their intelligence and wisdom, proceeds according to the form of heaven, and hence their writing also flows into that form. I have been told that the most ancient people on this earth wrote in the same manner before the invention of letters, and that it was transferred into the letters of the Hebrew language, which in ancient times were all inflected. Not one of them had the square form in use at this day; and hence it is that the very dots, iotas, and minutest parts of the word contain heavenly arcana and things Divine."

heard by man, and also to suspend the property of gravity, and move heavy articles." Speaking of this at a subsequent time, she said, "It often appears to me that I am out of my body, and then I hover over it, and think of it; but this is not a pleasant feeling, because I recognize my body. But if my soul were bound more closely to my nerve-spirit, then would this be in closer union with my nerves; but the bonds of my nerve-spirit are becoming daily weaker." Other spirit-seers have also described a state, in which they perceived their spirit out of their body, which only enfolded it as a thin gauze.

So debilitated had she now become, partly through bleeding and other injudicious treatment, that she seemed to exist only through the nervous emanations of others. It became necessary that some one should always hold her hand, and if the person was weak, it increased her debility. The physician prescribed magnetic passes and medicines; but she fell into the magnetic sleep and prescribed for herself. When in the deep sleep, she declared that magnetism alone could save her, and the magnetic influence of others was of frequent use to her; but, unfortunately, care was not taken as to the character and constitutions of those with whom she was thus brought into *rappor*t, so that it is doubtful whether, on the whole, the harm was not greater than the benefit she received from them. At about this time, for seven days, at the same hour, she felt herself magnetized by a spirit, visible only to herself, and in whom she recognized her grandmother, who magnetized her with three fingers outspread like rays, the passes being directed to the epigastric region. She now could not endure the light of day, and became so sensible to magnetic influences, that even the nails in the walls had to be removed, and (what has been frequently reproduced in our own day) "articles whose near neighbourhood to her was injurious, were removed by an unseen hand; such objects, a silver spoon, for example, would be perceptibly conveyed from her hand to a more convenient distance, and laid on a plate; not thrown, for the things passed slowly through the air, as lifted by invisible agency." What is more singular, an amulet of black lead, prescribed by a quack, would occasionally, "untouched by any one, run about her head, breast, and bed-covering, like a living thing, so that they had to pick it up from the floor, and restore it to her. This incredible circumstance happened in the presence of many trustworthy witnesses who testify to the fact."

On the 25th of November, 1826, she was removed to Weinsberg, under care of Dr. Kerner, who determined to disregard her prescriptions, to discard magnetism altogether, and rely wholly on the homœopathic pharmacopœia. He, however, soon found that this treatment was of no service to her; his smallest

doses always produced in her effects the reverse of what he expected. "The physician," he says, "might blush to see how much more efficacious means she prescribed for herself (in the sleepwaking state) than he and his pharmacopœia could furnish." Finding his own medical treatment a failure, Kerner at length asked her, when in the sleep, whether a constant and regular course of magnetism would be of use to her? She said that she could not answer till the next evening at seven o'clock, after she had had seven magnetic passes. The result of these seven passes was that she was able to sit up in bed the following morning, and felt stronger than she had done during the whole of Kerner's medical attendance, as he acknowledges. She prescribed a magnetic treatment, and again described the machine indicated by her in the early stage of her disease. The consequence of following these directions, and laying all others aside, was, in the language of her physician, that "although restoration to health was no longer possible, and many distressing symptoms were often present, yet, by these means, this unfortunate lady was as much relieved as the nature of her case rendered practicable; but the shock she received from the death of her father entirely counteracted this beneficial influence, and for the future all that remained to her was the life of a sylph."

Both Kerner and Eschenmayer speak of the peculiar light emitted from her eyes. The latter says:—"Her eyes had something spiritual in their expression, and always remained clear and bright in spite of her great suffering. They were penetrating, and, in conversation, very varying; they were sometimes suddenly fixed, and seemed to emit sparks, a certain sign that she beheld some strange apparitions. When this happened, she would presently burst forth into words." Kerner says:—"From her eyes there shone a really spiritual light, of which every one who saw her became immediately sensible; and whilst in this state, she was more a spirit than a being of mortal mould." He also tells us that "she was sensible of the spiritual essences of all things, of which we have no perception, especially of metals, plants, men and animals. All imponderable matters, even the different colours of the prism, produced on her sensible effects." This averment of all things having a spiritual essence is common among those gifted with the higher kinds of seership. Swedenborg, Böhme, Fox, Harris, Davis, all affirm it.

The eye has always been regarded as "the window of the soul," and as reflecting in an especial manner its movements and perturbations. When the seeress "looked into the right eye of a person, she saw, behind the reflected image of herself, another, which appeared neither to be her own, nor that of the person into whose eye she was looking. She believed it to be the

picture of that person's inner self. In many persons, this internal image appeared more earnest than the external, or the reverse: it bespoke the character of the person; but, with many, it was more beautiful and pure than the other. If she looked into the left eye, she saw immediately whatever internal disease existed—whether in the stomach, lungs, or elsewhere—and prescribed for it. In my left eye (Kerner's) she saw prescriptions for herself; and in that of a man, who had only a left eye, she saw both his inward malady, and the image of his inner man. In the right eye of an animal, as a dog or a fowl, she saw a blue flame—doubtless its soul," says the worthy physician, fortifying his position with the reflection of Schubert, "that we often see, in the eyes of an animal, glimpses of a hidden, secret world, as through a door, uniting the other world with this; and there frequently appears in the eyes of dying animals, uselessly slain, or tortured by the hand of man, a gleam of deep self-consciousness, which is prepared to bear witness against us in the other world."

When she saw people who had lost a limb, she still saw the form of the limb attached to the body: this lends additional weight to the well-known fact that persons still have feeling in a limb that has been amputated. At Weinsberg she again saw, and felt herself magnetised by her guardian spirit,* and objects whose near neighbourhood was injurious to her continued to be removed by the same invisible agency. As was the case at an earlier period, she still often saw a spectral form behind the person she was looking at. Sometimes this appeared to be the image of his inner self, at others, his protecting spirit. Thus, behind a woman whom she had never seen, she once perceived a shadowy form, with slender limbs and palpitating movements. This woman proved to be a person of a most restless disposition; while behind a servant-girl of Dr. Kerner's, she often saw the form of a boy of about twelve years of age; on being questioned, the girl said she had no relative of that age, but afterwards recollected that her brother who had died when three years old would have been just twelve. Several prophetic dreams and instances of second sight occurring to her at this time are recorded by her biographer.

Her father died at Oberstenfeld the 2nd of May, 1827. On that night about nine o'clock, Mrs. H—— exclaimed in her sleep—"Ah! God." She awoke, as if aroused by the exclamation, and said that she had heard two voices proceeding from herself. At the same hour, Dr. Föhr, the physician who had attended the

* It may be worth noting, that while her grandmother appeared to her in the form she bore on earth, she did *not* appear in the same attire. She seemed to wear a robe with a girdle, and on her head was something like a veil. Margaret Fuller Ossoli remarks that her "women ghosts all wear veils, put on the way admired by the Italian poets, of whom, however, she could know nothing."

deceased, being with an uncle of Mrs. H—— in a chamber next to that where the body lay—in which there was only the corpse—heard the words—“Ah! God!” so distinctly, that he went to see who was there, but found only the body; nor was any one in that part of the house from whom the voice could have proceeded. Mrs. H—— attributed the circumstance to her intense anxiety about her father, which had caused the going forth of her spirit to the place where he lay, and that thinking earnestly of the physician and his skill, was the reason that he heard the exclamation made by her spirit over the coffin, and which it repeated on its return when Kerner heard it.

In an article entitled, “Spirit Rapping no Novelty,” in No. 13 of the *Spiritual Magazine*, I have given several instances of the phenomenon called “spirit-rapping,” at times prior to the manifestations in America. The following anecdotes of the Seeress are further illustrations of this. Kerner says:—As I had been told by her parents, a year before her father’s death, that, at the period of her early magnetic state, she was able to make herself heard by her friends, as they lay in bed at night, in the same village, but in other houses, by a knocking—as is said of the dead—I asked her, in her sleep, whether she was able to do so now, and at what distance? She answered, that she would sometime do it—that to the spirit space was nothing. Sometime after this, as we were going to bed—my children and servants being already asleep—we heard a knocking, as if in the air, over our heads. There were six knocks, at intervals of half a minute. It was a hollow, yet clear sound—soft, but distinct. We were certain there was no one near us, nor over us, from whom it could proceed; and our house stands by itself. On the following evening, when she was asleep—when we had mentioned the knocking to nobody whatever—she asked me whether she should soon knock to us again? which, as she said it was hurtful to her, I declined.”

And again he tells us, “In my own house, I can bear witness, not only to the sounds of throwing, knocking, &c., but a small table was flung into a room without any visible means; the pewter plates in the kitchen were hurled about, in the hearing of the whole house—circumstances laughable to others, and which would be so to me, had I not witnessed them in my sound mind; but which become doubly significant, when I compare them to many accounts I have heard of the like nature, where there was no somnambule in question.”

At her father’s house, at Oberstenfeld, “it had long been observed, by the various tenants who lodged in it, that many strange noises were heard—as knockings on the walls and barrels in the cellars, throwing of gravel, rolling of balls, and even some

times a musical sound like that of a triangle—none of which could be accounted for; and at length Mrs. H——, and other members of her family, occasionally perceived a spectral female figure. Sounds, as of persons passing to and fro, were common in the room in which her father worked; and he was actually obliged to change his apartment, because an unknown animal frequently sat on his shoulder or his foot. A noise like the ringing of glasses was also frequently heard, but no investigation threw any light on the cause.”

Speaking of a spirit who frequently came to her, Kerner says:—“His appearance was always preceded by knockings on the walls, noises in the air, and other sounds, which were heard by many different people, as can be testified by more than twenty credible witnesses. There was a trampling up and down stairs by day and night to be heard, but no one to be seen, as well as knockings on the walls and in the cellars; but, however suddenly a person flew to the place to try and detect whence the noise proceeded, they could see nothing. If they went outside, the knocking was immediately heard inside, and *vice versa*. However securely they closed the kitchen door—nay, if they tied it with cords, it was found open in the morning; and though they frequently rushed to the spot on hearing it open or shut, they never could find anybody. Sounds as of breaking wood, of pewter plates being knocked together, and the crackling of a fire in the oven, were also commonly heard, but the cause of them could not be discovered. A sound resembling that of a triangle was also frequently heard; and not only Mrs. H——, but others of her family, often saw a spectral female form. The noises in the house became at length so remarkable, that her father declared he could stay in it no longer; and they were not only audible to every body in it, but to the passengers in the street, who stopped to listen to them as they passed.”

The Rev. Mr. Hermann wrote several questions for a spirit who visited Mrs. H—— to answer. From the time these were shown to the spirit, Mr. Hermann “found himself awakened at a particular hour every night, and felt immediately an earnest disposition to prayer. There was always, at the same time, a knocking in his room—sometimes on the floor, and sometimes on the walls—which his wife heard as well as himself; but they saw nothing.”

Her power of clairvoyance in relation to both physical and mental things was of a very high order, and is well attested, but as cases of clairvoyance, are now comparatively common, instances need not be specified. It may, however, be interesting to state that by the adoption of the course prescribed by her in the clairvoyant state, the Countess Von Maldeghem was cured of insanity after all the usual remedies had been tried in vain.

Kerner distinguishes the following degrees in her magnetic condition:—"1st. That in which she ordinarily was, wherein she appeared to be awake, although she was not, but, on the contrary, was in the first stage of her inner life. She said that many persons were in this state, of whom it was not suspected, and who were not aware of it themselves. 2ndly. The magnetic dream. She believed many persons to be in this condition who were considered insane. 3rdly. In the half-waking state, which exhibited itself more especially by her writing and speaking the inner language (before alluded to). She said that she spoke this language when her spirit was in intimate conjunction with her soul. 4th. The sleep-waking state, when she was clairvoyant, and prescribed. But between the third and fourth there appeared to me an intermediate one—the cataleptic, wherein she lay torpid and cold. She said, in her half-waking state, she thought only with the cerebellum; of the cerebrum she felt nothing—it was asleep. In this state, she thought more with her soul; her thoughts were clearer, and her spirit had more power over her than in her waking state. In the perfect sleepwaking state, the spirit had the supremacy; and, when she was perfectly clairvoyant, she said her thoughts proceeded wholly from the spirit, and the epigastric region."

On the 18th October, 1827, she said, in the sleepwaking state, that henceforth she would be more awake to external life, and that the past would be to her as a dream. And so it happened. She was extremely surprised at the improvement in her own health, and did not recognize any who had been but recently about her.

Several experiments were made to test the reality of her spirit-vision. Kerner relates that "An acquaintance of Mrs. H——'s, who sometimes visited her, one day informed us that a friend of hers was dead. This person had promised her that he would appear to her after death, and we consequently hourly expected to learn that she had seen his ghost; but days, weeks and months passed without any such event happening. Then the acquaintance owned, that not believing in the reality of these apparitions, he had said it for an experiment; the person was not dead. Another experiment was made as follows: Mrs. H—— was frequently visited by the spectre of a deceased person, of whom she had never seen or heard anything whatever. A friend bade her learn of this ghost the period of his birth, which neither she nor I knew. This was done; but when our friend made inquiry of his relations whether the time mentioned was correct, they said, 'No.' This our friend wrote to us; and I read the letter to Mrs. H——, advancing it as a strong argument against the reality of the apparitions. She answered, unmoved, that she

would inquire again. She did so, and the answer was the same. I wrote again to my friend, saying so, and begging him to ascertain more particularly the period of the birth in question; and, on doing this, he found that the relations had been in error; the time had been correctly named."

He adds, "I could relate many other equally remarkable facts, but that I should be encroaching too much on the privacy of the parties concerned." He details twenty-two facts that occurred at Weinsberg in evidence of the presence and operations of spirits. Concerning these he says, "Of the greatest number, I was myself a witness; and what I took upon the credit of others, I most curiously investigated, and anxiously sought, if by any possibility a natural explanation of them could be found; but in vain." These facts are further corroborated by councillors, professors, and other official persons.

Her statement concerning the spirits who appeared to her is so interesting that I subjoin a somewhat lengthened extract. Her words are:—"I see many with whom I come into no approximation, and others who come to me, with whom I converse, and who remain near me for months; I see them at various times by day and night, whether I am alone or in company. I am perfectly awake at the time, and am not sensible of any circumstance or sensation that calls them up. I see them alike whether I am strong or weak, plethoric or in a state of inanition, glad or sorrowful, amused or otherwise; and I cannot dismiss them. Not that they are always with me, but they come at their own pleasure, like mortal visitors, and equally whether I am in a spiritual or corporeal state at the time. When I am in my calmest and most healthy sleep, they awaken me—I know not how, but I feel that I am awakened by them—and that I should have slept on had they not come to my bedside. I observe frequently that, when a ghost visits me by night, those who sleep in the same room with me are, by their dreams, made aware of its presence; they speak afterwards of the apparition they saw in their dream, although I have not breathed a syllable on the subject to them. Whilst the ghosts are with me, I see and hear everything around me as usual, and can think of other subjects; and though I can avert my eyes from them, it is difficult for me to do it—I feel in a sort of magnetic *rapport* with them. They appear to me like a thin cloud, that one could see through—which, however, I cannot do. I never observed that they threw any shadow. I see them more clearly by sun or moonlight than in the dark; but whether I could see them in absolute darkness, I do not know. If any object comes between me and them, they are hidden from me. I cannot see them with closed eyes, nor when I turn my face from them; but I am so sensible of

their presence, that I could designate the exact spot they are standing upon; and I can hear them speak although I stop my ears. I cannot endure that they should approach me very near; they give me a feeling of debility. Other persons who do not see them are frequently sensible of the effects of their proximity when they are with me; they have a disposition to faintness, and feel a constriction and oppression of the nerves; even animals are not exempt from this effect. The appearance of the ghosts is the same as when they were alive, but colourless—rather greyish; so is their attire—like a cloud. The brighter and happier spirits are differently clothed; they have a long loose shining robe, with a girdle round the waist. The features of spectres are as when alive, but mostly sad and gloomy. Their eyes are bright—often like a flame. I have never seen any with hair. All the female ghosts have the same head-covering—even when over it, as is sometimes the case, they have that they wore when alive. This consists in a sort of veil, which comes over the forehead and covers the hair. The forms of the good spirits appear bright—those of the evil dusky. Whether it is only under this form that my senses can perceive them, and whether, to a more spiritualized being, they would not appear as spirits, I cannot say; but I suspect it. Their gait is like the gait of the living, only that the better spirits seem to float, and the evil ones tread heavier; so that their footsteps may sometimes be heard, not by me alone, but by those who are with me. They have various ways of attracting attention by other sounds besides speech; and this faculty they exercise frequently on those who can neither see them nor hear their voices. These sounds consist in sighing, knocking, noises as of the throwing of sand or gravel, rustling of paper, rolling of a ball, shuffling as in slippers, &c., &c. They are also able to move heavy articles, and to open and shut doors, although they can pass through them unopened, or through the walls. I observe that the darker a spectre is, the stronger is his voice, and the more ghostly powers of making noises, and so forth, he seems to have. The sounds they produce are by means of the air, and the nerve-spirit, which is still with them. I never saw a ghost when he was in the act of producing any sound except speech, so that I conclude they cannot do it visibly; neither have I ever seen them in the act of opening or shutting a door, only directly afterwards. They move their mouths in speaking, and their voices are various, as those of the living. They cannot answer me all that I desire; wicked spirits are more willing or able to do this, but I avoid conversing with them. These I can dismiss by a written word, used as an amulet, and free others from them as well as myself. When I talk to them piously, I have seen the spirits, especially the darker ones, draw

in my words, as it were, whereby they become brighter; but I feel much weaker. The spirits of the happy invigorate me, and give me a very different feeling to the others. I observe that the happy spirits have the same difficulty in answering questions regarding earthly matters, as the evil ones have in doing it with respect to heavenly ones; the first belong not to earth, nor the last to heaven. With the high and blessed spirits I am not in a condition to converse; I can only venture on a short interrogation."

On one occasion so great was the impression made on her by a female spirit, and so distinct, that on the following morning she made a drawing of it, which was lithographed at the desire of Eschenmayer.

Three weeks before her decease, which occurred on the 5th of August, 1829, she had three times a return of the second-sight indicating (as she believed) her approaching end. "In one of her last days she told me," says her physician, "*that, during her fever, she often saw visions; all sorts of forms passed before her eyes, but it was impossible to express how entirely different these ocular illusions were to the real discerning of spirits; and she only wished other people were in a condition to compare these two kinds of perception each with one another, both of which were equally distinct from our ordinary perception, and also from that of the second-sight.*"

She was in a very pious state of mind at the time of her death, and she requested those present to sing hymns to her. At ten o'clock in the evening, her sister saw a tall bright form enter the chamber, and, at the same instant, the dying woman uttered a loud cry of joy; her spirit seemed then to be set free, and after a short interval it had passed wholly from the form.

In the *post mortem* examination, her skull was found to be remarkably well formed, and the brain, in all its parts, so sound and healthy, that Dr. Off, who conducted the examination, declared that in all his experience he had never met with one more perfect; neither in the spinal marrow, nor in the nerves of the breast or abdominal region, was the slightest trace of disease discovered.

In the night succeeding her death, of which Kerner says he had not the least idea, as she had some time before returned to Löwenstein, he saw her in a dream, with two other female forms, and apparently perfectly recovered. He adds that "it is a fact that, after her death, Mrs. H—— appeared seven times to her eldest sister—a very truthful and upright person—under such peculiar circumstances, as well warranted the interference of a friendly spirit; but, as this remarkable history is connected with family affairs, the time is not yet arrived when the particulars can with propriety be disclosed."

Here then, near forty years ago, in the life of this poor, un-

taught peasant woman, we have brought together those modes of spirit-manifestation which call forth so much denial when their occurrence at the present day is affirmed; manifestations in dream, vision, voice, touch, writing, drawing, presentiment, prediction, apparitions, second-sight, clairvoyance, crystal-seeing, movements of objects, rappings, trance-speaking, thought-reading, and the spirit-language. Her statements concerning the life-spheres, amulets, the occult properties of numbers, the sun-spheres, spiritual correspondences, the aromal state, and other matters, some of which remind us of the disclosures of other seers of a larger scope, will meet with very various reception. We have not deemed it necessary to detail them, but in her life by Kerner they are fully set forth. Of their value, or whether they possess any, in our present state of knowledge, or rather of ignorance on these topics, it would, perhaps, be premature to speak; but it may be well to point out that many facts of her life illustrate past beliefs, and that many of her impressions, especially of those from minerals and plants, coincide with ancient practices, the meaning and significance of which are now but little understood. Of her impressions from minerals and plants, it is remarked by Margaret Fuller Ossoli, that "The hazel woke her immediately and gave her more power, therefore the witch with her hazel wand probably found herself superior to those around her. We may also mention, in reference to witchcraft, that Dr. K. asserts that, in certain moods of mind, she had no weight, but was upborne upon water like cork, thus confirming the propriety and justice of our forefather's ordeal for witchcraft. The laurel produced on her the highest magnetic effect, therefore the Sybils had good reason for wearing it on their brows. The laurel had on her, as on most sleepwalkers, a distinguishing magnetic effect. We thus see why the priestess at Delphi, previous to uttering her oracles, shook a laurel tree, and then seated herself on a tripod covered with laurel boughs. In the temple of Æsculapius, and others, the laurel was used to excite sleep and dreams. From grapes she declared impressions which corresponded with those caused by the wines made from them. Many kinds were given her, one after the other, by the person who raised them, and who gives a certificate as to the accuracy of her impressions, and his belief that she could not have derived them from any cause, but that of the touch. She prescribed vegetable substances to be used in her machine (as a kind of vapour bath) and with good results to herself. She enjoyed contact with minerals, deriving from those she liked a sense of concentrated life. Her impressions of the precious stones corresponded with many superstitions of the ancients, which led to the preference of certain gems for amulets, on which they had engraved talismanic figures."

The same lady concludes her notice of the seeress by observing that "certainly, I think he would be dull, who could see no meaning or beauty in the history of the forester's daughter of Prevorst. She lived but nine-and-twenty years, yet in that time had traversed a larger portion of the field of thought than all her race before, in their many and long lives." T. S.

MR. LOWE, OF THE "CRITIC."

In our number for April, we observed, that

We were lately very nearly having an official opinion from Mr. Hall, the chief magistrate of Bow-street, on the subject of mediumship. The day after Mr. Lowe, the editor of the *Critic*, and his two friends were so cleverly relieved of three guineas by Mr. Foster, Mr. Lowe, smarting under his loss, applied to Mr. Hall, at Bow-street, for a warrant against the medium for obtaining money under false pretences. The charge was made against the general practice of mediumship—not for any cheating during the sittings. Mr. Hall, in the absence of this, refused to grant a warrant, stating that the charge on the general ground would be beset with difficulties, *but had there been any of the pellet reading which our correspondent speaks of, he would at once, and very properly in our opinion, have granted a warrant.* As for Mr. Lowe, and the three guineas which he is making such a weird lament over, we propose a shilling subscription to make up the sum, on condition that he will henceforth drop the subject altogether out of his journal.

Whereon Mr. Lowe, in the *Critic* of 5th April, remarks:—

We cannot imagine from what source the writer of this derived his information, but we can assure him that there is not a word of truth in this statement from the beginning to the end. Mr. Lowe makes no "weird lament" over the money, but considers it very well expended in having led up to much useful discussion, and especially to the denunciation of Foster as an impostor by the *Spiritual Magazine*. Nor did he apply to Mr. Hall for a warrant against the medium, either on the day after the *séance*, or upon any other occasion. Nor did he make any charge against the general practice of mediumship. Consequently Mr. Hall did not refuse to grant the warrant (which was not applied for); nor did he state "*had there been any of the pellet reading he would at once have granted a warrant.*" The whole statement is a pure fabrication; and although we will not mete to the *Spiritual Magazine* the hard measure of taking this as a standard of its veracity on other matters, we may be pardoned for suggesting that it affords a reasonable ground for believing that there is no great difficulty in practising upon its credulity in merely mundane matters.

Our readers will observe that we did not say that Mr. Hall had used the words in italics, but merely that in our opinion he would have granted the warrant under those stated circumstances. We did not notice (because we had not seen it) this contradiction in our May number, and therefore Mr. Lowe takes fresh courage, and repeats his denial in the *Critic*, of 10th May as follows:—

We have examined the current number of the *Spiritual Magazine* with some interest, excited less by the prospect of getting the latest intelligence from the world of spirits, as by curiosity to see what explanation would be offered as to the strange mis-statement respecting ourselves and a gentleman known to be connected with this journal. The *Spiritual Magazine*, however, passes the

matter *sub silentio*. This is hardly fair, and certainly not candid. Here is a matter, not spiritual at all, and therefore quite within the inquiry of any one; requiring no circle, harmonious or otherwise, for its proper elucidation and development. It was stated that an application had been made to a certain magistrate for a warrant, and that the magistrate refused upon grounds minutely described. The reply was that the application and refusal were alike imaginary; that no such occurrence had taken place. Surely the person who put forward that statement owes some explanation to himself; for us, we are not very careful in the matter. These pages of the *Spiritual Magazine* are constantly filled with marvellous accounts of spirit-hands, and spirit-pinches, and spirit-writings, and spirit-drawings, and even spirit-sleeves. What are we to think? Are they as real as the application for the warrant at Bow-street? In referring to this, we may add, incidentally, that we have heard that Mr. Foster has returned to America. Our informant adds, that the report that the interference of the law was to be invoked had something to do with hastening that event. If so, we think that society owes a debt of gratitude to the *Spiritual Magazine*.

The readers of the *Critic* would no doubt infer from this, that Mr. Lowe did not visit Mr. Hall at Bow-street, and spread his wrongs before him, for the purpose of obtaining redress. This is evidently what Mr. Lowe wishes to convey to them. If so, they were greatly deceived. Mr. Lowe's visit to Mr. Hall is a matter of common notoriety, on which we were very well informed at the time; Mr. Lowe has told right and left, that he visited Mr. Hall and laid his dealings with Mr. Foster before him, and Mr. Hall in like manner has reported Mr. Lowe's call for his assistance. Mr. Hall told Mr. Lowe that, upon his statement, he did not think that he had any means of redress at the police court, as the case was beset with legal difficulties. Mr. Lowe applied to Mr. Hall for advice, which, of course, meant for a warrant, but on this Mr. Lowe thinks that he can play off a quibble since his application was not in words for a warrant, but only for advice. Mr. Lowe talks of want of candour; let us only say, that when we wish to see "Candour with her open face," we won't look at Mr. Lowe. We distinctly accuse him of endeavouring to deceive his readers as to a plain matter of fact in which he was personally engaged.

Since the foregoing was in type, we have received the following interesting letter on the subject:—

London, May 10th, 1862.

SIR,—The *Critic* of last Saturday week calls on you to deny—or rather, perhaps, to correct a previous statement of yours, in reference to Mr. Lowe (the editor of the *Critic*) having applied to Mr. Hall, of Bow-street, for a *warrant* against the American medium, Foster, because he had taken money from Mr. Lowe and two of his friends for a sitting to exhibit his powers. As Mr. Lowe has so repeatedly called on you to give publicity to his denial as to the truth of this statement, it struck me as not improbable that you might be about to comply with his demands in the forthcoming number of the magazine.

My present object in writing is, to advise you *not* to make any retraction whatever, for your statement is substantially true—nay, it is even short of the truth, for not only did Mr. Lowe call on Mr. Hall and lay a statement in reference to Mr. Foster before him, but he, Mr. Lowe, also went to Scotland-yard with the same object—only, as it happened, he did not see Sir Richard Mayne, though he enquired for him. Mr. Lowe affects to get over the matter by an unworthy quibble. He says that he considered himself justified in laying the matter before Mr. Hall, but leaving it entirely to the discretion of the magistrate as to whether he should or not issue a warrant; and because, as he says, he did not *ask* for a warrant in as many words, you are called on for a retraction. It was with the same object he called on Sir Richard Mayne, only he did not find him. Still, I believe he laid the matter before his sub; but *he did see* Mr. Hall.* I know what I state to be true, though I am obliged for the present to withhold my name. I would suggest that in your next number you should ask Mr. Lowe whether he did not apply to Mr. Hall on the subject, and also at Scotland-yard as well.

A FRIEND.

MR. L.'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

MR. L.'s spiritual diary, continued from our last, records phenomena of increasing interest. They have now reached a point of development beyond any, we believe, hitherto attained. The *modus operandi* by which flowers and other forms having an actual substance are created or evolved, and again dissipated, has been shown by the spirits, and witnessed by our correspondent and those present with him. We shall be glad to chronicle further facts of this kind, and from new quarters, if any such should transpire, and can be properly authenticated. Possibly, in this direction we may find further explanation of a subject discussed by several of our correspondents—and which is still a puzzle to many—the costume of spirits, and other accessories of their appearance, and their substantial, or seeming substantial, nature. We hope that this particular phase of the subject may soon receive, at competent hands, that experimental investigation which, if made under proper conditions, will probably still further advance our knowledge of these novel and most interesting developments.

* We can add that the application was made to Mr. Hall in the presence of his clerk, who joined in the discussion.—ED.

" *Sunday Evening, February 9th, 1862.*—My wife appeared leaning upon the bureau, with white lace hanging in front of and around her head. This lace or open work (like embroidery) was so real, that the figures were plainly discernible, and could have been sketched. As she stood in front of the bureau, the top of the mirror was plainly visible over her head, reflecting her form and surroundings. There were flowers in her hair, and in other respects her appearance was similar to those previously described. The body of her dress or robe was of spotted white gossamer, while the lace work was in diamonds and flowers.

" *Wednesday Evening, February 12th, 1862.*—I found the power strong, and soon after entering the room messages were rapped out upon the door across the entire width of the room, 15 feet distant from the medium and myself. About 15 minutes after extinguishing the light, my wife came to us in exquisite beauty; if possible, more vividly than ever, and directly over the table. In her bosom was a white rose, green leaves and other smaller flowers. A card which she had written upon was visibly given to me, handed back, and returned to me repeatedly by her while she was in full view. Her hand, real in form and colour, was affectionately extended to me, and caressed me with a touch so full of tenderness and love that I could not restrain my tears, for to me it was really her hand, her native gentleness was expressed through it. The card was as follows:—'Dear C.—Beautiful spring is approaching; flowery spring. Over you lightly fall its shadows, and may no sorrow, no clouds, touch the brightness of your future. Have you not noticed, Dear C., that all your life you have been prospered, guided and directed by the guardians of your happiness? You have always been followed by an invisible protecting power, which will ever be near when danger threatens, to step between you and difficulty, to lead you into paths of happiness and peace. We are now more closely linked, from our constant intercourse. There is not a day closes without a lasting blessing from us. As life is short, live well and live purely. . . . Fear not the world; there will be a day when this great truth will be seen in its true light and prized as it should be. . . . Be happy—all is well. Good night.—ESTELLE.'

" *Saturday Evening, February 15th.*—Atmosphere unfavourable and damp. This meeting was held especially for Mr. G—, my brother-in-law. There were present, the medium, Mr. G—, and myself. I asked for a manifestation of power, and we at once received the following message:—'*Listen and hear it come through the air; hands off the table.*' Immediately a terrific metallic shock was produced, as though a heavy chain in a bag swung by a strong man had been struck with his whole power upon the table, *jarring the whole house.* This was repeated three

times, with decreasing force. A heavy marble-topped table moved across the room, and a large box did the same, no person touching or being near either of them. An umbrella which had been lying upon the table floated through the room, touching each of us upon the head, and was finally placed in G——'s hand. These physical manifestations were given doubtless to convince an additional witness of the reality of spirit or invisible power. If such was the object, the purpose was well served, for every possible precaution had been taken by him, *even to the sealing of the doors and windows.*

"*Sunday Evening, February 16th, 1862.*—Appearance of my wife and of natural flowers. I had been promised a new manifestation, '*something natural as life.*' We sat longer than usual in quiet, and received the infallible message, '*no failure.*' The spirit announced her presence by gentle taps upon my shoulder, accompanied by rustlings, kissed me, and asked for a card and a pin, then another pin, all of which I handed over my shoulder, together with a small strand of my hair, which latter was particularly requested. The taking of each of these articles was accompanied by rustlings, and as the spirit hand was extended over my shoulder visibly, the drapery fell upon my hand and arm. Some 10 minutes were now occupied by the spirit in arranging the card, pins, &c., when the following message was received: "*I will give you a spirit-flower.*" Immediately afterwards an apparently *freshly gathered flower* was placed at my nose, and that of the medium. My wife now appeared in white, holding the card in one hand, and the spirit-light in the other, while we discovered fastened to the card, a leaf and flower. I asked if I could have the flower, and was answered in the affirmative. My hand was then taken by the spirit, opened, and the card placed thereon, while I was particularly and repeatedly enjoined to '*be very careful,*' and '*do not drop or disturb it.*' With the other hand I now lighted the gas, and found to my surprise and astonishment a leaf of laurel about two and a half inches in length, pinned upon the card, and a pale pink flower pinned to the centre of the leaf, with the strand of hair passed through and tied in the leaf. We examined it carefully, smelled it, touched it, and found it fragrant and fresh. The card had not been during all this time within reach of the medium, who sat on my right, while the spirit stood at my left, and the doors were as usual carefully and securely locked. After a careful examination of five or ten minutes, we were requested to darken the room. Before doing so, wishing to preserve the leaf and flower, I placed them and the card upon a book in a remote part of the room, and returning to the medium, turned out the gas. The following message was then communicated:—'*I gave you the sacred pri-*

vilege of seeing this flower from our spirit-home ; it has vanished.' I immediately relighted the gas, and directed my steps across the room, when I found the card and the pins precisely as I had left them, but the leaf and flower were gone. By raps—'Next time you shall see the flowers dissolve in the light.' The following was also written upon another card by the spirit of Benjamin Franklin:—'My son, we are achieving a great victory at this moment.—B. F.*'

"*Saturday Evening, February 22nd, 1862.*—Appearance of flowers.—Cloudy, atmosphere damp, conditions unfavourable. At the expiration of half an hour, a bright light rose to the surface of the table, of the usual cylindrical form, covered with gossamer. Held directly over this was a sprig of roses about six inches in length, containing two half-blown white roses, and a bud with leaves. The flowers, leaves and stem were perfect. They were placed at my nose, and smelled as though freshly gathered, but the perfume in this instance was weak and delicate. We took them in our fingers, and I carefully examined the stem and flowers. The request was made as before to 'be very careful.' I noticed an adhesive (viscous) feeling, which was explained as being the result of a damp impure atmosphere. These flowers were held near and over the light, which seemed to feed and give them substance in the same manner as the hand. I have noticed that all these spiritual creations are nourished and fed or materialized by means of the electrical reservoir or cylinder, and that when they begin to diminish or pass off, incrassation or increase takes place the moment they are brought in contact with, or in proximity to, the electrical light. By raps we were told to '*Notice and see them dissolve.*' The sprig was placed over the light, the flowers drooped, and in less than one minute, melted as though made of wax, their substance seeming to spread as they disappeared. By raps, '*See them come again.*' A faint line immediately shot across the cylinder, grew into a stem, and in about the same time required for its dissolution, the stem, bud and roses had grown into created perfection. This was several times repeated, and was truly wonderful. We were promised the phenomenon of their probable disappearance in the gaslight when the atmosphere became pure and clear.

"*Sunday Evening, February 23rd, 1862.*—Flowers.—Atmosphere very damp, conditions unfavourable. The flowers were reproduced in the same manner as last evening. I felt them carefully, and a rose was placed in my mouth, so that I took its leaves between my lips. They were delicate, as natural

* Fort Donnelson, on the Tennessee River, was taken on this day by the Federal Forces, February 16th.

rose leaves, and cold, and there was a peculiar freshness about them, but very little fragrance. The following message was written upon a card: 'My dear C——. Again we have to contend with the atmosphere; but how much we have been able to do, owing to the many powerful aids who have been so kind to us. Do you realize the great blessings we are giving you? Do you realize what a great proof you have received in being permitted to see the flowers which decorate our sacred walks? . . . The time is coming (has come) when this subject will be honored. Good night.—ESTELLE.'

"*Tuesday Evening, February 25th, 1862.*—Appearance in presence of a third witness, Mr. G——, the medium and myself. The room in which we sat was connected with another smaller room by sliding doors, but the doors and windows leading into these two were carefully sealed. After sitting about half an hour, we were directed to open these sliding doors, while the medium and myself proceeded to a window against which was hung a dark curtain to exclude the light as usual. Meanwhile, Mr. G—— remained by the table. Upon reaching the window, a vivid light rose from the floor, discovering to us the form of a male spirit standing against the white wall adjoining the window. At first his face was not visible, or rather was concealed by the unusual quantity of dark drapery by which he was enveloped; but after two or three efforts the face of Dr. Franklin was recognized. During this time Mr. G—— was not permitted to leave the table. At last the conditions having become stronger, or rather the effect of his presence having been partially overcome, the following message was received: '*Dear Friend, approach.*' Mr. G—— now came to us, when the spirit of Dr. Franklin immediately became visible to him. He saw the hair was real, for while we stood before him it was frequently placed over and on the light to shew its substantiality. He did not, however, see the spirit in the same degree of perfection that we do, but sufficiently well to recognize the face of Dr. Franklin as represented in his portraits. The eyes, hair, features and expression, together with a portion of the drapery, were all visibly perfect, but the power of the electrical light was considerably weakened from the effects of Mr. G——'s presence. These effects were very curious. With Mr. G——, in the other room, the light was bright and vivid, decreasing as he approached in proportion to the distance; again brightening as he receded, and *vice versa*, shewing that the sphere of a person in the earth-form has a direct influence upon these creations of the invisible world, and that this influence may be a disturbing one, from no other cause except surprise, fear, or any violent emotion resulting from inexperience in the phenomena."

SCIENCE AND THE RAPPINGS.

THE writer of an article in the last number of the *St. James's Magazine*, entitled "Modern Mysticism and Modern Science," appears to be at a great loss for a physical theory of the manifestations, and especially of the rappings. We are always glad to help our brethren of the press in their little difficulties on this subject, and consider ourselves particularly fortunate to be in a position to furnish the writer, as well as the readers of the above article to a much more rational and scientific theory than the old and seedy one of knee and toe-joint cracking which he has refurbished. It is quoted by Mr. Spicer, from the scientific correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*; and, as Mr. Spicer remarks, "the precision, elegance and lucidity of the explanation must make itself obvious to the meanest capacity." Our profound expositor of "Modern Science" across the water observes:—

The only true and legitimate manner of accounting for the taps is the physiological defect of the membranous system. The obtuseness of the abdominal indicator causes the cartilaginous compressor to coagulate into the diaphragm, and depresses the duodenum into the fandango. Now, if the taps were caused by the vocation of the electricity from the extremities, the *tympanum* would also dissolve into spiritual sinetum, and the olfactory ossificator would ferment, and become identical with the pigmentum. Now, this is not the case; in order to produce the taps, the spiritual rotundum must be elevated down to the spiritual spero. But, as I said before, the inferior ligaments must not subtend over the digitorum sufficiently to disorganize the stercicletum. A friend of ours, who graduated with 'distinguished honours' at one of the Northern Universities, says that he must dissent *in toto* from the idea that the "depression of the duodenum into the fandango" could, by any possibility, cause the "olfactory ossificator to ferment, and become identical with the pigmentum." He says the thing cannot be done; and after quoting several learned authorities on the subject, winds up his argument by the remark, that—"The vibratory motion communicated to the tunica albugenia by the parturition of the alveola process, effectually disintegrates the pericardiac influences of the epigastrium, and produces a compound corpuscular movement of the lymphatic glands; which abnormal and diagonal state of the nervous system deteriorates a preponderance of the lacteal fluid to the posterior portion of the cerebellum, and predisposes the patient to preternatural distension of the auricular membranous orifice; in which case, the rappings become painfully and distinctly audible."

Now, as remarked by a cute editor down south in the *Georgia Chronicle*, "whether this is or is not so, we will not undertake to say, but will leave the whole matter in the hands of the learned *savans*, in the full confidence that little can be added to the above triumphant and incontrovertible exposition."

A SIGN OF PROGRESS.

A DOZEN years ago an honest country gentleman who firmly believed that he had seen a ghost, was forced to keep his belief to himself, if he would not be laughed down by his enlightened friends. Quite another view is now prevalent. A thorough disbelief in ghosts has become rather vulgar than otherwise.—*Times*.

"ST. DOROTHEA."

Beneath the arches carved so quaintly,
 Carved with many an image saintly—
 Like a lily drooping faintly,
 Goeth Dorothea slowly
 Forth, to meet her death !

Sorely cruel tongues have tried her,
 Yet the jeering crowd beside her
 Cease to mock her or deride her,
 As the maiden prayeth ever
 With her latest breath.

In the light of that bright morning,
 From the wassail, home returning,
 On his cheek the wine-flush burning,
 Met she, face to face, a reveller,
 With his train attendant.

"Ho ! whither bound ? to what far aidenn ?
 With thy sweet eyes sorrow laden."
 Calmly then returned the maiden,
 " I my earthly life am giving,
 Paradise to gain."

Loud he laughed—the laugh of scorning !
 "Send me hither—ere the morning—
 Fruits and flowers of sweet adorning,
 Gathered by thy hand, fair maiden,
 From the trees of Paradise !

Then will I believe the story
 Of the martyred saints in glory ;
 And, ere these flowing locks be hoary,
 I, my pleasant sins forsaking,
 Will follow thee to Heaven !"

Went the maiden to her doom—
 Bravely, as befitteth one
 Who knoweth that beyond the tomb
 There awaiteth her in Heaven—
 The martyr's crown of glory !

As the radiant day declining,
 In the crimsoned west was shining ;
 On his couch, the prince reclining,
 Thought upon that maiden saintly,
 In her bright youth dying !

Memories of the past came o'er him,
 And his sins rose up before him ;
 Fear and awful dread hung o'er him.
 Tossing restless on his pillow,
 Thoughts of duties long neglected

Stung his soul to very madness ;
 Till remorseful tears of sadness
 Chased away his sinful gladness,
 Whilst upon his couch reclining
 At the close of day,

Suddenly a strain, revealing
 The melodious soul of feeling
 Round the gorgeous room is stealing,
 And a heavenly light is beaming
 On the purple splendour.

Lo ! before the prince there stands
 A youth from Heaven's angelic bands ;
 Holding, with outstretchéd hands,
 Fruit and flowers of bloom undying,
 Gathered fresh from Paradise.

"Dorothea sends thee these !
 Plucked from the immortal trees.
 Arise ! and eat for thy soul's ease ;
 Then, of all thy sins repenting,
 Live henceforth for Heaven only !

The Lord is merciful as ever.
 Up ! and do thy best endeavour,
 Nothing then thy soul shall sever,
 From the love of Him who waiteth
 To receive thee to His glory !"

Gone and past the heavenly vision !
 But, with tears of true contrition
 Sought the sorrowing prince remission,
 And his many sins forgiven,
 Lived and died—a saint most holy !

ELIZA HAY.

INTERNAL RESPIRATION.—ITS RETURN.

IF the reader has carefully followed us in previous articles, he will have seen what Internal Respiration is, what it involves, what are its conditions and results, and how it came to be lost. Our attention is now to be directed to a very important inquiry, "Is it to return?" Hitherto we have confined ourselves very much to the testimony of Swedenborg, because it is in his writings alone where we find this wonderful subject considered on the points we have discussed. It may therefore be proper that we should gather from the same source whatever testimony is afforded us in relation to the point now under consideration. But we will not confine ourselves to his writings in seeking for light on the question. On turning our attention to the Epistles of the Apostles we find much which gives us the impression "that humanity is to be restored to its original conditions—physically, as well as otherwise." Paul declares, "the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the Sons of God, because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the Sons of God. We ourselves groan within ourselves waiting for the adoption; to wit, the redemption of our bodies," Röm. viii., 19, 22. Unquestionably the Apostle had the conviction that man has fallen away from an elevated condition of the physical nature, and that there would come a time when the *body* would be redeemed. Indeed, it seems as if he were anticipating the change in his day. If we turn to the ancient prophets we find many passages which inspire us with similar expectations; as for example, in Isaiah, where it is said, "And they that spring from thee shall build up the old waste places, and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in. And they shall build up the wastes of old times; and they shall restore the former desolations; and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations," chap. lx., 13 v. Those acquainted with the spiritual law of biblical exposition, are aware that in the inmost of these words are celestial things—that is, things which relate to inmost affections. Now, we have seen that Internal Respiration is a celestial condition, that is, it is inseparably connected with love to the Lord; consequently all such passages which relate to the restoration of "old times," signify the return of primeval states. This class of passages points to the return of the long lost age of gold. What has been so universally inwrought into human convictions, hopes, and intuitions, as this golden age? It has been the burden of the Seer, the theme of the Poet, and the object of the Christian's

faith, during the weary night of the world's deviation from "the old paths." In consequence of spiritual influx the expectation is a thousand-fold quickened.

The return of Internal Respiration may be strongly inferred from what Swedenborg says concerning the descent of a celestial church. This church, according to him, is to be the crown of all preceding churches, not excepting the most ancient. He enters into minute discrimination of the differences between what he calls the spiritual and celestial churches. The spiritual church comprises all religious institutions in existence since the Flood. But the new church proper is to be a celestial church—the crown of churches—a church "joined to the angels in the skies." The difference between a spiritual church and a celestial church we give in his own words. The spiritual church consists of those who have a new will formed in the understanding; but the celestial church consists of those who have the original will restored. He says, "The celestial church has place with man who is being regenerated as to the will; whereas the spiritual church has place with man who is capable of being regenerated as to the intellectual part."—*Arcana Celestia*, 5,113.

This is one of the most important declarations in the writings of this super-eminent Seer. It is the hinge on which this entire question of the return of internal respiration turns. The reason is, that the restoration of the old mind will bring him back to his primeval state, that is, it will make love to the Lord the ruling principle of the mind. We have seen that it was because of this state of the will that the most ancient people had Internal Respiration, and by means of respiration, they had perception, and conscious commerce with the angels of heaven. If this kind of affection was accompanied with these states and privileges in former ages, what reason can be given that the man of the new celestial church will not enjoy the same experience—the same, or similar gifts and blessings.

It has been questioned if man's original will-part ever can be restored. Some have supposed that the extent to which man can now be regenerated is, by the formation of a new will in the understanding; but this is only a spiritual condition, not a celestial. The testimony of Swedenborg on this point is very interesting. He says, "There are few in whom anything sound exists in the will-part, thus there are few who can become celestial men; but several who can become spiritual."—*Arcana Celestia*, 6,296. This was just as it was in the days of Noah; there were some who could pass through the flood crisis and become spiritual. We are, then, to have a celestial church—that is, a church of those who have love to the Lord as the governing principle of life. We have many prophecies in the Old Testament touching

this new condition of humanity. "After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people: and they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying know the Lord, for they shall all know me, from the least of them to the greatest of them, saith the Lord—Jeremiah xxxi. 33, 34. Such are called in Isaiah "taught of the Lord"—liv. 13. Swedenborg applies these passages to those who compose the celestial church, who are taught by direct revelation from heaven, because they have remaining soundness in the will-part.

We find men of this genius all through the history of the church—substantial men, lowly, watchers on the towers of expectation, waiting through the long night of oppressive darkness for the day-dawn of a new celestial age. Long had they waited because of hindrances in the cause world of the spirit, to the descent of celestial states in their fulness, power and glory. But these hindrances are now removed. Redeeming influences are descending and preparing such men as the mediums of new conditions.

The Apostle John represents this class, for he stands as the type of that principle by which they are distinguished—love. Because he was a man of this genius, Swedenborg says revelation was made to him out of heaven; for revelation cannot be made to any but those who are in charity and love. They, and they alone have "perception," because they receive these things, not with the hearing only, but also with the love; and to receive with love is to receive fully, since the things so received are lived, and those who thus receive see those things in the understanding in which is the sensation of internal sight. "That this has been the case," says Swedenborg, "has been evident to me by much experience, and might be illustrated by much rational argument; but upon this subject it is not expedient to expatiate at present."* See *Apocalypse Explained*, par. 8.

Here is a beautiful description of the state of the celestial man of the new church. He is to have the "sensation of internal sight," in proof of which Swedenborg adduces his own experience which we will by and bye consider.

From the descriptions given of the new celestial church in

* "Why is it," it may be asked, "that he so frequently declares that upon Internal Respiration and its concomitant states it is not expedient to expatiate at the present?" The reason obviously is, because these celestial conditions related to the man of the new church proper—the new celestial church—hence, to unfulfilled prophecy. It is remarkable that, in his great work, the *Arcana Cœlestia*, he stops at the very commencement of such prophecy in the middle of the 10th verse of the 19th chapter, at these words, "See that ye do it not."

the Bible, we are led to anticipate the possession and enjoyment of the most transcendent gifts and privileges. The very streets of the city are of pure gold, transparent as glass—Rev. xxi. 21. The reason given is “because all of that church is the good of love flowing together with light out of heaven from the Lord.” Hence it is said there is no need of the light of the sun or the moon to shine in it; for the glory of the Lord is the light of it, and its lamp is the Lamb. Being opened to the Lord in the interior of their minds, the nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it. From love man shall once more be able to perceive Divine truth in its own light, for by light is here meant “the perception of Divine truth from interior illumination.”

The sum of the whole matter is therefore this: the ruined will-part of the human mind is to be restored; in other words, instead of self-love, love to the Lord is to become the ruling principle of man’s life. We have seen that when this state formerly existed, man had thereby Internal Respiration, and by Internal Respiration he had interior illumination; and that, according to Swedenborg, and to the hopes of every age, and the intuition of all true seers, the church of the future is also to have this interior illumination or perception. Having therefore love to the Lord and perception—the former the *cause* of Internal Respiration, and the latter the *effect* of the same—it will be for those who question the return of Internal Respiration, or who deny its return, to show how love to the Lord and perception can exist without that of which such love is the *cause*, and perception the *effect*. They are in fact co-existing states. They cannot be separated, but must be together, in mutual dependance and relation.

Swedenborg says in his book, *The Athanasian Creed*, “with a man-angel, *i.e.*, a celestial man, all the degrees of his life extending to the Lord are open.” Now, when such is the condition of any man, it causes him to respire again with the angels, because his will is joined to them by his veriest life; and as every degree of life, as we have seen, has its own peculiar respiration, this being the *inmost* degree of life, it must be accompanied with *Internal* Respiration. It cannot be otherwise; the conclusion is therefore irresistible. Internal Respiration is to be restored, with the restoration of the original will; it must be so. The new celestial church—the church that is to be, and which is in the morning of its advent—is described as “a woman clothed with the sun,” having on her head a crown of twelve stars, the coronal circle of all the knowledges of heaven; and the moon is under her feet, to represent that her light is no longer secondary, and from reflection, but is the result of her sunny state—superior illumination. The man of the most ancient church was solar-sun seeing,—be-

cause of the gift of Internal Respiration. The man of after ages of the church walked in moonlight, having only the obscure light of conscience for his guidance. But the promise concerning the new celestial church is "The light of the moon will be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun seven-fold, in the day the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people, and healeth the stroke of their wound."—Isaiah xxx. 26.

In our next paper, the return of Internal Respiration will be argued from the restoration of conjugal love.

RESPIRO.

CHEATING MEDIUMS.

A CORRESPONDENT at New York has written to us, taking a view of this subject, which appears to us to be worthy of consideration. It would certainly seem, from the many instances known to us, that mediums for physical manifestations, being generally of an impulsive and passive nature, are peculiarly liable to be powerfully acted on by sudden attacks of temptation either from within or from without, and that like others who perhaps have less excuse, they frequently give way and fall easy victims to bad influences.

Another correspondent suggests that, in the general ignorance which prevails on the subject of spiritual manifestations, it is a merciful dispensation of Providence that mediums, in thus exhibiting unmistakeable depravity, prevent their being idolized, as they might otherwise be by the ignorant. Even with such a drawback, the belief in these external facts is making very rapid progress, and we have no doubt that their acceptance will ere long lead some, who are the most competent to the inquiry, to pursue it into those higher and more purely spiritual regions whence alone true knowledge of the vast subject is to be obtained. The following is an extract from our correspond of Spiritualism,

"This much we know, if we know anything—
that there are undeveloped spirits who do all in their power to throw ridicule and disgrace on these manifestations, and if they can use mediums to do that when entranced, which they would not do in the normal state, I do not at all doubt their desire to do so. And this theory, if considered, may explain, and has long explained to my mind, the many charges of cheating which have been brought against mediums. Trance mediums, as you know, can be controlled by any spirit who can get into sympathy with them; and you also know that like attracts like. Now, if a medium's vanity and love of fame or of money has been stronger

than his love of truth, he could attract a spirit to him who would aid in gratifying his vanity or other desires in the manner we have known. I believe this to have been the case when the Davenport boys and the Fay brothers were supposed to have been detected cheating. Spirits made the boys do what they were unconscious of doing of themselves."

A RUSSIAN STORY.

THE following curious incident, related by the Baroness d'Oberkirch, occurred during the journey of Paul, and the Grand Duchess, under the assumed title of Count and Countess du Nord through part of France and Flanders in June, 1782. Some remarkable stories had been told by the Prince de Ligne and others; when the prince turning to the Count du Nord, said, "And you, monseigneur, have you nothing to tell? Is Russia without the marvellous? The Grand Duke raised his head and answered, "Kourakim (Prince Kourakim his great friend and confidant) Kourakim knows that I could tell my tale as well as another. Is it not true Kourakim that something very strange has happened to me?" "So strange, monseigneur, that notwithstanding the confidence I felt in whatever you say, I can only look on it as a trick of your imagination. "It is but too true, replied Paul, "and here it is; but I must first demand from each, and all of you, that what I shall relate remain within your own breasts." "We all promised," says the Baroness d'Oberkirch, "and I, at least, have faithfully kept my word. If these memoirs ever see light, it will be when the present generation will have passed away, and none will live, who could feel interest in the tale. Here then are the prince's own words:—

"I was one evening, or rather one night, in the streets of St. Petersburg with Kourakim, and two servants. We had been together all the evening in my palace talking, and smoking, and we thought to refresh ourselves by an incognito moonlight walk. The weather was not cold, for it was the finest part of our Spring; very different however from the vernal beauty of more southern countries. Our conversation was neither religious, nor serious; but on the contrary, very gay; and Kourakim was uttering jest after jest on the people that we occasionally met. I was preceded by one of the servants, and the other was behind Kourakim, who walked a few steps behind me. The moonlight was so strong, that one could read a letter; and consequently, the shadows were very dark. As I turned a street, I saw in a doorway, a tall slight man wrapped up in a cloak like a Spaniard,

and with a military hat drawn over his eyes. He appeared to be waiting for some person; and just as I passed he stepped out, and walked on my left side; but without uttering a word. I could not distinguish a single feature of his face, and it appeared to me that his feet in touching the flags made a very strange sound, as of stone falling upon stone. I was very much surprised at this; but still more when after a little time, I felt my left side, to which he kept quite close, become icy cold. I shivered, and turning to Kourakim, said, 'This is a strange companion we have got.' 'What companion?' said he. 'This man that is walking on my left hand, and who makes noise enough, I think, to make him remarked.'

"Kourakim opened his eyes with amazement, and declared that there was no person at my left hand. 'What! do you not see there a man between me and the wall?' 'Your highness touches the wall itself, and there is not room for any person between you and it.'

"I put out my hand, and did in fact feel the stone; but still the man was there, walking in the same step as I, and his foot making a noise like a hammer. I looked at him more attentively than before, and beheld shining from under his hat the most brilliant eyes that I ever saw, before or since: they looked fixedly at me, and almost fascinated me. 'Ah!' said I to Kourakim, 'I cannot tell you what I feel; but it is something very strange.'

"I trembled, not with fear, but cold; some sensation I cannot describe was penetrating through all my limbs, and it appeared to me that the blood was congealing in my veins. Suddenly, a deep and melancholy voice came from under the cloak that covered his mouth, and said: 'Paul!' Impelled by some unknown power, I mechanically said: 'What do you want?' 'Paul,' said he again, but affectionately, and even more sadly than before. I could not speak. Again he called me by name, and then he stood still: I felt obliged to do the same. 'Paul! poor Paul! poor Prince!' I returned to Kourakim, who had also stopped, and said: 'Do you hear?' 'Nothing,' said he, 'absolutely nothing.' As for me, that voice is still sounding in my ear. I made a desperate effort, and asked this mysterious man who he was, and what he wanted. 'Who am I? Poor Paul! I am one who feels an interest in you, and who wishes that you would not attach yourself too much to this world, for you will not remain long in it. Live justly, and you will die in peace. Dread remorse—it is the most bitter punishment of a noble mind.' He then resumed his walk, still looking at me with that penetrating eye, and as I had stopped when he stopped, so I felt obliged to go on when he went on. He did not speak, and I did

not feel inclined to address him. I followed, for he was now the leader. This continued for more than an hour. I did not know through what places I passed. Kourakim cannot believe it at all. See how he smiles; he thinks still that this is all a dream.

“At last we drew near the ‘Grande Place,’ which is between the bridge of the Neva and the Palace of the Senators. He went straight towards a particular part of the ‘place,’ I following, of course, and then he stopped. ‘Adieu, Paul,’ said he, ‘you will see me here again, and in another place beside.’ Then his hat rose as of its own accord, and revealed to my astonished gaze the eagle eye, the embrowned forehead and severe smile of my grandfather ‘*Peter the Great.*’ When I recovered from my fear and surprise, he had disappeared.

“It is on this very spot that the Empress is erecting the monument which will soon be the admiration of all Europe. It is an equestrian figure representing the Czar Peter, and is placed upon a rock. I did not recommend to my mother this place, chosen, or rather divined, by the phantom; and I do not know how to describe the feeling I experienced when first I saw this statue. *I am afraid of being afraid*, in spite of Prince Kourakim, who wants to persuade me that I dreamed this as I walked along the streets. I remember the least occurrence of this vision, for I still assert that it was one, and can recall every part of it as distinctly as if it only occurred yesterday. When I returned home, my left side was absolutely frozen; and it was several hours before I could feel any heat, although I went into a warm bed, and had a great quantity of bedclothes over me.’

“On the 28th of August,” continues Baroness d’Oberkirch, “a letter was received from St. Petersburg, which contained a detailed account of the inauguration of the statue of Peter the Great on the 18th of August. It was an equestrian statue sculptured by the chisel of M. Falconet. It is erected on the Grande Place, between the Senate House, and the Bridge of the Neva, and placed on an immense rock of granite brought from Siberia. Peter seems to be trying to reach the top, an allegorical allusion to his life which every one can understand, and which is made, if possible, more plain by a serpent lying at his horse’s feet. The Empress Catherine II. presided at this fête, sitting on the balcony of the Senate House. While this letter was being read, the Count du Nord made me a private signal, by putting his finger on his lips; and, though he affected to smile, I perceived that he was almost as pale as death.”

A NOCTURNAL VISITOR.

UNDER this heading a correspondent who signs himself "Firefly," writes to *The Field* newspaper in April last, giving the following description of some mysterious noises in his country-house, which he pretends to disbelieve the origin of, though giving at the same time the best reasons to show he entirely and fearfully believes. Most likely either the young lady or the servant is a medium for such occurrences, and the gentleman had better investigate in that direction, rather than in a Sadducean spirit, which is not likely to elicit truth.

The following is his account of what occurred, and of his own feelings in regard to it:—"For the past week one of the rooms in my house has been the scene of either a spiritual or bodily rapper in the form of some animal or insect, which has contrived every night to keep the occupiers awake by a series of knocks or raps, which issue apparently at different times from various quarters of the room, and I wish to know if it is possible for any insect, timber-boring beetle or other kind, to produce this noise; the sound is exactly similar to that made by anyone striking wood-work, such as shutter or door, with a small stick or their knuckles; and the taps, which are quite distinct, vary from one to ten in number. This knocking commences about ten at night. Were I a believer in spirit-rapping (*which, fortunately, I am not*), there would here be a fine field for my imagination to run wild in, and I should request the assistance of some medium to explain these mysterious knocks; as it is I hope some of your correspondents will be able to elucidate the matter. I have occupied the house (which is a very old one) for some months, but never have heard any knocking until last week, when a young lady who is staying with me, having noticed the singular noise on retiring to her room, called my maid to listen to it; the girl, a firm believer in spirits, became very much alarmed, and called me. I heard the knocks most distinctly, and they certainly seemed to me to be too loud to have been made by any insect. The noises still continue, and I have had some part of the paper cut down, the roof, lead gutter, &c., carefully examined, but we have not yet been able to discover our midnight visitor. The most ridiculous part of the matter was, my servant believing the knocks to proceed from a spirit, and wishing to prove the fact, politely requested the unseen rapper to tap twice—two distinct raps were heard; she then tried three times, three knocks were given, and so on up to ten, when she declared she felt a hand grasping her throat, and said she was choking. I of course saw at once it was only an hysterical attack, and the imaginary hand was not anything but the *globus hystericus*—a little cold water

soon relieved her; however, I believe she is still firmly convinced that the ghost attempted to throttle her because she addressed it; the coincidence was, I confess, very startling that the taps corresponded with the number she asked for, but I have tried the experiment since unsuccessfully; I have called, but the ghost will not answer me as it did her; for if I ask it to knock twice it will tap five or six times. I really wish the mystery were solved, as the house will soon obtain the unenviable reputation of being haunted."—FIREFLY.

WE have received the following from a known correspondent at Darlington, and see no reason to doubt its truth:—

"A detached house in a small village of South Wales, was occupied by a gentleman, his wife, and one female servant; they were continually disturbed by a ringing of bells—they rung at all hours. At first, some trick was suspected on the part of the servant, or some one in league with her; at length, all the wires were cut—it still continued, and the circumstance getting noised abroad, the vicar, the doctor, and other respectable people living in the village, came to witness and investigate the matter. The lady became very ill through fright; the *tongues* of the bells were all muffled, they still were violently agitated, though no sound was elicited, and although the wires were still cut; so at last the bells were taken down altogether, and the house continued undisturbed for about three weeks. One afternoon, the lady, who had been out walking, opened the front door, and in the passage, sitting down just under the place where the bells had hung, was an old man; she thought at first he was some one on business waiting in the hall, but a second look showed her that he was dressed in a costume, the style of which she had never seen, except in old pictures—huge shirt ruffles, and large silver buckles in his shoes. She was so terrified that she fell to the floor senseless, and had a severe illness of some months' duration. From that time forth, no extraordinary sounds or sights have been heard or witnessed there. The lady, a friend of mine, *firmly* believes that she has seen a spirit, but I feel strongly inclined to think the bells rung by trickery, and that the vision she saw was caused by previous excitement on the subject of the bells ringing, on the commencement of a serious brain fever. I must, however, tell you that an elderly woman in the same village declared that the dress my friend described was the same as that worn by an old gentleman, who had hanged himself seventy years ago on the spot where my friend's house was built.

HOW TO SEARCH FOR TRUTH.

THIS great question seems to have been settled on the 1st October last, by the learned Dr. Ramsbotham, and he disclosed the method in his inaugural address to a class of medical students, who are certainly not unlikely to avail themselves of the Doctor's advice. We are really sorry to find youth so badly advised by the Professor of a liberal science, and that at the outset of their career they should be instructed to ignore the first principles of a true search after the coy goddess. Truly we have much work before us yet, but we shall go on with a good heart, and we will not despair even of Dr. Ramsbotham, if we can only get him to follow an improved method of courting.

He felt assured he need not caution them against being led away by such mischievous absurdity. *The gain of gold* would not counterbalance the loss of professional respectability, nor even of self-esteem. Sedulously avoiding *the puerility of homœopathy, the juggle of animal magnetism, or the blasphemies of spiritual manifestations*, let them early accustom themselves to the search for Truth. She was coy and retiring, and to be fairly won must be ardently wooed; but, though shrinking from the rude gaze of the world, *she rarely flew from her sincere and devoted worshippers*. IN THIS WAY they would arrive at what should be the summit of their desires, the haven of their hopes. They would command the regard of their fellow men—they would live useful and honoured—they would in time accumulate those temporal goods which seldom failed to reward industry.

Notices of Books.

THE BLENDING STATE.

MR. RANDOLPH, who was favourably known to many in London a few years ago, when the truth of the phenomena of Spiritualism was first attracting attention, has recently published a book which is perhaps one of the most remarkable of all those which this subject has brought forth. Its first title is certainly not well adapted to it, for instead of telling us of "dealings with the dead,"* it speaks of and reveals to us an intensity of life, which for reality and objectiveness, stands out in bold relief against all the theories of the soul, and its after life, which are current amongst us. The book is full of thought not less beautiful than bold, not less deep than true. The writer travels into the Soul-land with a tenfold keenness of sense and perception, and paints for us in glowing colours the beauty and the radiant scenes of its unfolding life. The birth of the astonished soul from the dead

* Dealings with the Dead. The Human Soul, its migrations and transmigrations. By P. B. Randolph. Published by M. Randolph, Utica, New York, and Baillière, Regent-street.

body into its own higher life, and into the gradual perception of its new state, and the unfolding and development of its faculties for its new enjoyments, are here all told with a reality which we have never seen equalled. We do not believe it possible that such a picture could have been drawn by any one who had not really visited the scene which he portrays, although the mode in which such a scene is arrived at, whether through the physical eye, or through the psychical state producing subjective visions, is more difficult to tell. In either case the scene is equally real to the beholder, and for aught we know, may be equally real in its nature. So little do we know of the essential causes of objects presented to the eye of either the body or the mind.

We remember to have seen Mr. Randolph some years ago on several occasions during his trance states, in which he discoursed on subjects similar to those disclosed in this book, and with a power which almost enabled us to look through his eyes into the heights and depths which he traversed in his soul-flights. Since that time he himself seems to have been undergoing and suffering the pains of development and unfolding of his mind, till, as we believe, he has attained the grade of a Christian Spiritualist of a high order. Doubtless it was necessary for him that he should pass through the phases of intellectual pride, of unbelief, and of disbelief, and that he should have had personal experience of all the modes of the modern manifestations, that he should have experienced the species of perception induced by drugs and all the states of clairvoyance, and of mesmerically induced phenomena. It is, we take it, impossible in ordinary states to ascend to the highest without beginning with the lowest, and going through, with more or less rapidity, all the intervening stages. By these means alone have we the sure foothold for ourselves, and the power of human sympathy with others, which are necessary to enable us to announce, and for others to receive newly found principles of truth. By these means only can we arrive at those higher intuitional states in which the mind runs with such rapidity through the stages, that it appears to reach the resulting truth, as if it stood alone and apart from its ladder of causes. We will not regret one step in the ladder which Mr. Randolph has had to mount, since he appears to have acquired much knowledge by the way. We even think that he speaks too slightly of some of these necessary steps in "modern Spiritualism," though it may be that he only wishes to emancipate true Spiritualism from the thralldom of many of its so-called supporters who would make it to consist in "raps and tips, and table-turning, writing, and speaking mediumship."

Accordingly he is anxious to disclaim all such modes as having been used in the production of his book, and this leads us to the

opening pages of it where he tells us that "The process by which what follows came, is to me weirdly strange, and novel as anything can well be. I call this process *THE BLENDING*." He distinguishes the state from that of ordinary mediums, many of whom state that "their bodies are for the time vacated by their souls, and that during such vacation, the soul of some one else who has died and yet lives, takes possession of the physical structure, and proceeds to give forth his or her wisdom or folly for the enlightenment or darkening of men's minds. Another class tell us that they are *impressed* by a departed one; others declare that they are *obsessed*. This book does not owe its origin to either or any of these methods." The author proceeds to explain the meaning of *The Blending* in this way:—

"Machiavelli, the great Italian diplomat, is said to have gained a thorough and complete knowledge and insight of the state, frame of mind, and intentions of other men, through a wonderful power which he, above most, if not all men, possessed, of completely identifying himself by an intense desire and volition, with those with whom he came in contact. To such an extent and degree did he possess this power, that it was an easy task to circumvent and overreach most, if not all of his diplomatic opponents. He placed himself by a mental effort, and physical as well, in the exact position occupied for the time being by his antagonist, or the person he designed to read.

"No matter what the mood indicated by the physical appearance, or the outward manifestation of what was going on within, away down in the deeps of being, was, he immediately moulded his features by the model thus furnished. 'I am now in his place,' said he, mentally, 'and will see how to act, think and feel from his position; and, for the time being, I sink my own personality, my opinions, views—in short all my self-hood, prejudices, likes, dislikes, and all else beside;—in a word, I transmute Machiavelli into the other man:—which being effected, I shall be, to all intents and purposes, that other man for the time being, and of course will feel as he feels, see as he sees, know as he knows, and be impelled to action by the identical motives whereby he is prompted.

"All the world knows that Machiavelli succeeded to a wonderful extent; and by this power of assumption, this easy, yet mysterious blending, he often, in fact, nearly always, baffled his foes, and the foes of the State, so that now a successful diplomatist is said to be pursuing the Machiavellian policy.

"Almost any person can make successful experiments in this—Science shall I call it?—and will be surprised at the results. A man or woman appears before you with features bearing the impress of a certain kind of thought—and you can find out of what

kind, by placing your own features, so far as possible, in the same shape; keep them thus for several minutes, and you will become absorbed in the same that absorbs the individual before you, and in a short time will become an adept in the art of Soul-reading.

"Many men, and a still greater number of women, who possessed the power alluded to, have existed in all times past; but, above all others, the age we live in has been prolific of such—so that now it is not at all difficult to find those who will enter at will, almost, the very abysses, labyrinths, and most secret recesses of your being. Indeed, persons abound in nearly all the great cities of the world who attain high honour and renown—to say nothing of the benefits of competence, and even wealth—by the exercise of this marvellous faculty.

"It seems to me that the expression of the Crucified, 'I and my Father are one,' contains a direct affirmation of the possibility of this blending. God was to Jesus the very essence of goodness; Jesus strove to be also most thoroughly good, and succeeded in reaching that point where Himself was in perfect blending with the entire universe of Goodness, and therefore with the Fount of all Excellence. Perfect blending is perfect love; and whether that love be toward the person, the outer self, the body; or toward the soul, or the mental treasures, or the secret self of another, the results are in degree, if not in kind, the same. Mental telegraphy will be a perfect success, whenever two persons can be found in whom the power of entering the region of Sympathia shall normally exist. A few can transmit thought to, and receive thought back from others, even now; but presently scores of people will develop the ability. Now, this blending is not a mere magnetic union of physical spheres, but is a Soul-process nearly altogether."

He then tells how in life he knew Cynthia and loved her "as sisters love." "Often have we sat beside each other, that poor sick girl and I, and though no word broke the stillness of the sacred hour, yet not a region of our souls was there but was explored by the other; not a silent thought that was not mutually understood and replied to." Presently she died; after a year or two he began to understand that at times her soul was near him, and often he did not seem to be himself, but had the conviction that he was Cynthia for the time. "By and bye, there came a consciousness of *this blending*, so deep, so clearly defined, so calm, that at last I began to appreciate a mighty, almost resistless will behind it all, for I was myself and Cynthia, in separate instants—now she, now myself—at first very imperfectly, but gradually approaching an absolute and complete mergement of soul.

"This continued for nearly two years, at intervals, and after about eighteen months had passed, one portion of the process

seemed to have reached completeness—for in a degree it changed, and instead of momentary, as before, the transmutations became longer, until at last, as now, the changes last sixty, and in one instance has reached two hundred and forty-five minutes. It may here be asked: 'Where are *you* in the interim?' and the answer is: 'We are two in one, yet the stronger rules the hour.' It will be seen, therefore, that this condition is as widely separated from those incident to the 'Mediums,' as theirs is supposed to be different from the ordinary wakeful mood. They reach their state by a sort of retrocession from themselves; they fall, or claim to fall, into a peculiar kind of slumber, their own faculties going, as it were, to sleep. On the contrary, *mine* is the direct opposite of this, for, instead of a sleep of any sort, there comes an *intense wakefulness*. Nor is this all in which we differ; as are the processes and states apart, so also are the results different. The process, strange, weird, and altogether unusual, to which allusion has been made, went on for a long time; and by slow degrees I felt that my own personality was not lost to me, but completely swallowed up, so to speak, in that of a far more potent mentality. A subtlety of thought, perception and understanding became mine at times, altogether greater than I had ever known before; and occasionally, during these strange blendings of my being with another, I felt that other's feelings, thought that other's thoughts, read that other's past, aspired with that other's aspirations, and talked, spoke, and reasoned with and under that other's inspirations."

About this time the author visited the village where had lived his Cynthia—he visited her grave, and afterwards her house, and he lay him down upon the sofa on which she had reclined in the bygone days "when suddenly it seemed that I was no longer myself—for so deep and perfect was the blending, that I had not merely an insurmountable assurance that my body contained, for the time being, *two* complete souls, but even the very thoughts, modes of expression, and memory of the departed one was mine; and yet this possession did not, for an instant, subvert my own individuality. I was there, and so was she. For the time being, we two were not merely as, but to all intents and purposes, we actually were *one*. Arising from the recumbent position, my body assumed certain singularities of movement peculiar to her before she flew up to her home in the bright empyrean, and these words were spoken: 'The experiences and history of a soul must be written, for the benefit of the people. I, we, intend to write it. A book shall be produced, containing the facts of a living, dying, dead and transfigured human being—containing the reasons why men live after death, and the methods of their after life and being. This book shall contain an account of the experience of two

human beings—the one, while temporarily disenthralled; the other, when permanently so—shall contain the experience of Cynthia during her passage from earth to the grave of earthly hope and being, and a history of what befell thereafter.”

This, then, is the history of the book, and this is his account of *the blending*, in which, however, we fail to see the striking difference of which the author speaks, from that of not uncommon states of mediumship. So far as we understand the idea of *the soul in communion*, as described by Luos through the planchette, it appears to be somewhat similar, whilst we have known few mediums who would not state that hardly ever were they so possessed or impressed, or obsessed by spirits, that there was no *self* present and acting in the manifestation of writing or speaking. The author, on the contrary, in some places attributes to Cynthia the same absolute possession, which he says the mediums claim for their spirits, although in other parts he differences the states in a way which, as we have said, we do not fully understand, and states that the results are also as different, inasmuch as by the blending process he has been enabled to reach to far higher truths, and to have far deeper perceptions concerning the soul-world, than have been arrived at by ordinary mediumship.

As the book itself is the result to which the author refers, we have the means before us of forming a judgment, and which we have expressed to some extent in our preliminary observations. It would be impossible within our space to give either an analysis of, or sufficient extracts from the work itself, to give the reader a true idea of its contents. Although its origin is in the spiritual state called *the blending*, and may as stated come from Cynthia in the spiritual world, we find in it many glaring defects, and we come willingly to the conclusion that even Cynthia and our author in the blended state have not produced a perfect book, but, on the contrary, one that would be vastly improved by a careful re-writing. We are told that the whole book was written in twenty-six hours. If so, it is a miracle of what can be produced in so short a time, but which miracle was greatly surpassed by the poems of the Rev. T. L. Harris, which, though produced in correspondingly short periods, show more finish and artistic skill than Mr. Randolph's book. Nothing is more clear to us than that there is much of Mr. Randolph's mind to be perceived all through this book, and so far as we can form a judgment of his capacity from what we saw of him five years ago, and what we have read of him since, we can fancy that he might, by an ordinary process of unfolding and intromission, have himself seen and described the scenes and the soul states which make up his book. This in no degree derogates from either the truth or the grandeur of many of his descriptions, whilst it accounts for

Cynthia's wondrous narration of her passing from earth to the spiritual birth, and of her new sensations, being interpolated with long philosophical disquisitions, which keep both her and us waiting at the most critical moments of her new state, in the utmost anxiety for her next development.

We much wish that she had confined the first portion of the book to a simple description of the great change, from the mortal and physical to the immortal and spiritual, and that the other parts had been also put together in chapters by themselves. There is matter enough to make it worth while to do this in any new edition, and in its present state all the glowing beauties of the book would be lost upon the ordinary critics of the press, who would only be anxious to parade its defects of authorship, and ignorantly to demand if this were the best method of book-making just communicated from the spiritual world.

Such a book is worthy of far more than twenty-six hours, or days of writing and re-writing, and we wish that more had been bestowed upon it. So far as we are acquainted with spirit-writing and spirit-speaking, both would always have been greatly improved by more thought and careful pruning. In saying this we say nothing which lessens the value of intuition, but only that probably we are not yet in the best state for high intuitions to come through. Intuitions and inspirations of the modern kind require perhaps all the more labour upon them after they are born, in order to bring them into their full forms of use and adaptation to the general mind.

In a future number we hope to present to our readers the history of Cynthia's birth through the gate of death, and her unfolding in the immortal state. We think it the best that we have met with of all those purporting to come from spiritual sources.

Outlines of Ten Years' Investigations into the Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. By THOMAS P. BARKAS. London: Pitman, Paternoster-row. Newcastle: T. P. Barkas.

It is a very common notion, that Spiritualism is only a vulgar superstition which can have no lodgment in minds acquainted with natural laws and familiar with the facts and methods of science; it is useless to point to Hare, Ashburner, Wilkinson, Gregory, Townshend, and Reichenbach,—names not unknown to science, as among its believers and defenders; those who ought to know have ruled that Spiritualists are a benighted people who know not science, and are groping in outer and utter darkness. It may then encourage some of the more timid votaries of the goddess to read this work of Mr. Barkas, when we tell them that

the author has devoted a considerable portion of his life to the study of the natural sciences, and that in a Newcastle paper, that always intelligent person, the "able editor," while opposing the views of Mr. Barkas on this subject (as of course the editor of a respectable family paper is bound to do), recognises him as "our scientific townsman." When they further learn that Mr. Barkas has had this subject under investigation for ten years, that in addition to witnessing its phenomena, "he has read scores of books and hundreds of pamphlets and papers" relating to it; and, moreover, that he is a cautious man, "careful rather to understate than overstate the facts," they may think it just possible that his conclusions are as likely to be right as those of the smart young men who, having already decided that the alleged facts are impossible, deem it superfluous and a waste of their valuable time to investigate the evidence, and generally read nothing on the subject—what is published in the papers and the brilliant effusions of their own genius alone excepted.

Mr. Barkas's letters on Spiritualism in the *North of England News and Advertiser*, "drew forth eight leading articles from the editor, forty-three letters from correspondents, the majority being on the negative side, and five poetical effusions burlesquing the inquiry, and ridiculing the inquirers." The interest thus excited is a sufficient reason for the republication in a more permanent form of the substance of the letters and lectures that called it forth. The value of the book, however, would, in our judgment, have been materially increased if it had been recast in another mould, with a simple allusion in the Introduction to the form and circumstances under which it originally appeared.

Beside narrating experiences and discussing theories of the "manifestations," Mr. Barkas has brought together a number of facts and testimonies from various sources. This makes it a useful book for inquirers; and, combined with its low price, should obtain for it an extensive circulation.

America and her Destiny; an Inspirational Discourse. By
EMMA HARDINGE. New York.

MISS HARDINGE is an Englishwoman who has been in America about seven years, and is well known there as a trance speaker and an earnest advocate of Spiritualism. But it is more for her noble and humane efforts to establish an institution which will provide healthful means of support to outcast and homeless women than for her mediumship, that Miss Hardinge has won the admiration and interest of the public. Yet the credit of the enterprise this lady gives entirely to her spirit associates. She affirms that they inspired her to the effort—that she had neither

thought nor desire for such reform. When the work was first broached to her for acceptance, she shrank from it; it was repugnant to her tastes. But the invisibles bent her unwilling hands to the task, and now it is not only the medium but the woman who is engaged heart and soul in the enterprise.

In this labour of philanthropy Miss Hardinge has travelled in America from state to state, enlisting the co-operation of all parties, though, as might be expected, it has been chiefly the believers in Spiritualism who have responded to her appeals. As an evidence of her own disinterestedness and generosity, we may mention that, previous to the commencement of the present unhappy struggle in America, which has made it advisable to almost suspend her public labours in this direction for the present, she had placed 1,500 dollars, the proceeds of her nightly lectures, in the hands of a committee, in furtherance of the institution to which her advocacy was devoted. We doubt not that, as soon as men's minds can be turned from the feverish excitements of war, her efforts will be resumed, and that ere long a substantial monument of her untiring enthusiasm in behalf of the fallen of her sex, as well as a practical evidence of the goodness and sympathy with suffering humanity of the "ministering spirits" who influence her, will be erected.

Of the present extemporaneous and inspirational discourse, we have only to remark that it is earnest and eloquent in its expression of great principles; while fully recognising the evils of the past and present, it looks with hope and confidence and enthusiasm to the future. The following description of America will convey some idea of its picturesque and glowing style:—

The spicy breath of a burning South, the hardy strength of a frozen North, with the full range of every intermediate temperature. Not a blossom, fruit, or root of far Ind or temperate Britain, but what finds here a soil adapted to it. Song birds of mild zones, gaudy-coloured beauties of tropic climes, rich furred beasts of the North, dainty-skinned creatures of the South, grain and roots, stuffs of fine and coarsest loom, all are the spontaneous wealth of your varied land! Exhaust the mineral treasures of your mountains if you can; count up the wealth of gold and glittering gems that burnish your mines; measure your mighty rivers, and drain your inland seas; sigh for wider prairies, or fairer nooks and glens. Virginia's hills and springs, and brave Ohio forests, the Alleghanies' heights, and wild Kentucky's caves, shall join in one vast choral hymn of challenge to the wide, wide world to rival. And with all this luxury of varied wealth and beauty, the planet-gemmed flag of this family of States waves over *an unit*! One in speech, in manners, costume, interests—one in commerce, institutions, mutual dependence. Less difference of rank, dress, and opinions, disunites the vast range of American States, than splits up human love and kindness in the east and west of London's seven-mile length. A chain of lakes girdle in one embrace your North and West; from out their hearts rush forth, like veins and arteries, vast rivers, connecting in one unbroken length the West and South. Your telegraphic lines and rails, like nerves, bind up the whole; your postal stations make up one speech; your trade one interest; your ships one voice to every distant land. From farthest Maine to Louisiana swamps, your land is traversed by intersecting lines of interest, to break or rend

the least of which would destroy the whole. But even if you would suicidally thus unnerve your human institutions, you must drain your lakes and dry up your rivers, pile up your hills till they touch the skies, and overflow your prairies, before you can destroy the glorious union of physical body and members which God has built up in the great continent of America. She floats one mighty body, cradled in the arms of Atlantic and Pacific Oceans! The South is her burning left hand, giving produce; the North her hardy right, the manufacturer; the East is her busy brain; the West her giant feet; and when you talk of "Union," you forget SHE IS ONE ALREADY. America is God's, not yours, to make or unmake, and having made it ONE, He has left you nothing to unite, nothing but your own ambitious passions to disunite each other, not the country. Oh, man! child of a destiny grander and wider than the limitations of time or country, has God, in the womb of time and rolling ages, created lands, called nations into being, and reared up America a standard for the world, that you, like peevish, discontented children, should tear it as a rag, and mete it out like sops to feed ambitious, hungry wolves! He rocked it in the cradle of great seas to hide it from ye till, in the fulness of time, it was strong and vigorous, and fit for the possession of the highest types of civilization—fit to be a refuge for dying nations, a strength to weak ones—a central heart, from which goes out the tidal flow of life, to which returns the ebb from every nation. Propose to thwart such purposes as these! Had ye the strength of fabled Lucifer, you would only war, like him, against your God, to fall like him. YOU CANNOT DO IT.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Perhaps it may not be uninteresting just now when spirit communications are being generally considered either as delusion or imposture—or, when granted as facts, are regarded only as the work of the Devil—to afford some information relating to spiritual-rappings recorded as emanating from spiritual beings, and to be found in "The Wisdom of Angels," by T. L. Harris, pp. 81, 82. Can any of your American friends say in what state of bodily condition the Rev. T. L. Harris now is, if alive and moving about in the ordinary condition, and affording instruction to others? Yours, &c., B. D.

London, May 1, 1862.

"It is true, that various modes of communication are liable to abuse, and also that they are greatly perverted in many instances. Bear in mind however, that whatsoever is perverted, in many instances, may be reverted; and whatsoever is abused, used; and that all things which are unlawful are the perverted phenomenal manifestation of that which is lawful, and, indeed, in its origin, Divine; as, for instance, the phenomena termed 'spiritual rappings' which indeed were practised in the golden age.

"There is a peculiar essence generated in the human organisation, and produced by the combined elements of thought and feeling, which serves as a basis for the sphere of harmony of the human form. This fluid is detached from the inner coatings of the nerves. When the nervous system is actively employed, the fluid in question, being taken up into the tissues, produces an agreeable warmth, and is rapidly emitted from the pores; when the system, however, is passive, it is generated in great abundance, and held in suspension throughout the organisation. By means of this fluid the explosive intimations alluded to have been produced with great facility by spirits, whenever organisations have been discovered capable of retaining in sufficient quantities that electro-spiritual fluid of which I speak, when, therefore, it is needful to produce spiritual concussions, a nerve is selected, and a current, surcharged with the electro-spiritual element, impelled through the nerve, until it is projected into the externals of the atmosphere, where it meets the repellent circulations of the terrestrial magnetic fluid, and bursts into sound, accompanied with a bluish flame, which, however,

to external sight is invisible. Were the sensory organisation of man fully quickened, in cases where regeneration is far advanced, the auditory nerve would sense the quality, the character, and sphere position of communicating spirits, through the quality and character of each explosive intonation. When, therefore, spirits make use of this method of communication, they cannot lie to those whose interiors are sufficiently quickened, the interior essence pervading the vibrations reveals the character of the communicating spirit, and his position of orderly or disorderly mind. Neither will explosive intonations cease, but, on the contrary, gradually, though with periods of partial suspension, increase, until the phenomena become universal as practised in the golden age.

There are earths in the universe where the phenomena termed 'Spirit-rapping' precede the appearance of angelic Intelligences; and wherever the peculiar vibrations, which have now become familiar on earth, are heard, it is a token that Divine appearances are about to occur. By Divine appearances is meant visible manifestations of Divine Truth. Wherefore it is evident that spiritual manifestations of the character alluded to, are within the bounds of Divine order."

"GHOSTS."

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Your recent confirmation of the story respecting the spiritual appearance at Hackwood is interesting, as it shows that the vision was apparent to three persons, all of whom are in the habit of dealing with evidence, and who are not likely to be imposed upon or to accept with alacrity as truth the alleged appearance of any spiritual being. The vision seems to have been of the same character as that of the "Radiant Boy," seen in Ireland early in his life by the eminent Lord Castlereagh, and at a castle in the North of England by several persons, some of whom I believe are still living.

In *Collins's Peerage*, vol. ii., page 271, there is a pedigree of Lord Townshend's family, which refers to Dorothy, daughter of Robert Walpole, of Houghton, in Norfolk, and sister to Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Oxford, and who died 29th March, 1726, leaving issue by her husband, the second Lord Townshend, &c. This Dorothy exactly answers the description given in Vol. I. of the *Spiritual Magazine*, p. 321, of the ancestress of this family who appears at certain times and seasons, to give warning of a death. As a believer in the happening of spiritual phenomena, and in the real appearance of spiritual beings under certain conditions, I am not surprised to read of these things which so mightily amaze our modern sceptics.

Yours, faithfully,

CHRISTOPHER COOKE.

13, Chatham Place, E.C., May 19th, 1862.

INVISIBILITY OF MATTER.—Some people think that we know a great deal about matter, but almost nothing about spirit. This is an error. We know just as much about spirit as we do about matter. It is true that we know nothing of the essence of spirit; it is equally true that we know nothing of the substance, or essence, of matter. But perhaps the reader will say: "We cannot see spirit, and, therefore, we know but little about it." It is true we cannot see spirit; but did it ever occur to the reader that we cannot see matter either? When we look at any object, it is not the object, after all, that we see, but merely the image of it formed on the retina of the eye. When I look at a house a mile distant, the object that I really see is not a mile distant, but within the eye. I do not see the house at all, but I see an image of light representing the house. Thus it appears that matter is just as invisible as spirit. We know some of the properties and laws of spirit, and this is precisely the extent of our knowledge of matter.—*The Ambassador.*

THE Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. III.]

JULY, 1862.

[No. 7.]

SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY.—J. HEINRICH JUNG STILLING.

THERE are few biographies so replete with interest and instruction, containing such varied experiences amid all classes of society from the peasant to the prince, presenting, especially in its early chapters, such a perfect picture of rural life and character, and disclosing with such entire *naïveté* not only the successive incidents of a most diversified outward lot, but the record of inward struggles, trials, and developments, as the autobiography of Heinrich Jung Stilling. It is a German prose idyl, full of passages that remind one of the pleasant pages of Goldsmith and Irving, while in strength and religious earnestness it is not unlike much of the best writing of Bunyan. Indeed, it might be described as literally the narrative of a "Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to come." Simple and devout in spirit, it is yet free from those needless peculiarities of phraseology which so often mar the usefulness of what are called "religious works," and which deter many from reading them who otherwise would be most benefited by their perusal.

The main purpose and design of this autobiography is to show that

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends
Rough hew them as we will:"

that we are constantly operated upon and influenced from the invisible world, but yet so as not to interfere with our own proper freedom. It is chiefly in this aspect of his life that I present the following sketch. Stilling was born the 12th of September, 1740, at the little village of Tiefenbach, in Westphalia. His father was the village tailor and schoolmaster, his grandfather a peasant and charcoal burner; his uncle John had risen to the dignity of land surveyor, and as moreover, he had when young transformed a wooden plate into an astrolabe, and a handsome

butter box of fine beech wood into a compass, and was now occupied whenever he had leisure with perpetual motion and the quadrature of the circle, he was greatly respected by all the villagers, and even the schoolmaster felt a little abashed in his presence. His mother, unlike the rest of the family, was of a delicate constitution, melancholy, fond of solitude, yet tender and affectionate, very pious, and fond of the legends of her country, and especially of the neighbouring castle of Geisenberg. Heinrich had the misfortune of losing her while yet a child, a loss which he felt the more bitterly as his father, though a good, pious man, was very severe and even harsh in bringing up his son, insomuch that "he punished the smallest transgression of his commands most severely with the rod." This he believed would cause him to be docile and obedient, "capable of keeping divine and human laws;" but, as is the usual result of such treatment, from fear of chastisement the boy "sought to hide and conceal his faults, so that he gradually let himself be seduced to telling falsehoods, a propensity which afterwards gave him much trouble to overcome, even to his twentieth year." The discovery of his son's conduct caused the father to redouble his severity, but "he effected nothing more than causing Heinrich to employ every possible art to make his falsehood more probable, and thus the good Wilhelm was still deceived." Fortunately, grandfather Eberhard was a keen observer, and a better judge of human nature than his son Wilhelm, and, in the absence of Heinrich, he remonstrated with the father on the injustice and impolicy of this course, and with such good effect that the boy was kindly spoken to and reasoned with about his faults, and "was no longer chastised so much;" and soon, "his whole mode of life became somewhat more animated, free, and noble." Of his training and mode of life at this period, Stilling thus speaks:—

During this time, the whole of Wilhelm's endeavours were directed first, to the supply of his necessities, by means of his trade as a tailor; for he gave a considerable sum weekly to his parents for the board of himself and his child; next to quench every inclination of the heart which had not reference to eternity; and finally, also to educate his son in the same principles which he imagined to be true and firmly founded. He rose at four o'clock in the morning, and began his work; at seven he awoke his little Heinrich, and reminded him in a familiar manner of the goodness of God, who had watched over him, by his angels, during the night. "Thank Him for it, my child," said Wilhelm, whilst dressing the boy. When this was done, he was made to wash himself in cold water, and Wilhelm then took him with him, shut the room door, and fell on his knees with him at the bedside, and prayed with the utmost fervour of spirit to God, during which the tears often flowed copiously to the ground. The boy then had his breakfast, which he was obliged to take with as much decorum and order as if he had been eating in the presence of a prince. He had afterwards to read a small portion of the catechism, and gradually learn it by rote; he was also permitted to read old and pleasing tales, adapted to the capacity of a child; some of which were religious, and others of a worldly nature, such as the *Emperor Octavian, with his Wife and Son*; the *History of the Four Children of Haymon*; the *Beautiful Melusina*, and the like.

Wilhelm never permitted the boy to play with other children; but kept him so secluded, that in the seventh year of his age he knew none of the neighbour's children, though well acquainted with a whole row of fine books. Hence it was, that his whole soul began to delight in that which was ideal; his imagination was excited, because it had no other objects than ideal persons and actions. The heroes of old romance, whose virtues were described in an exaggerated manner, fixed themselves imperceptibly in his mind, as so many objects worthy of imitation, and vice was in the highest degree repugnant to him. But because he was continually hearing of God and pious men, he was imperceptibly placed in a peculiar point of view, from whence he observed everything. The first thing he enquired after, when he had read or heard of any one, had reference to his sentiments towards God and Christ. Hence, when he had once obtained Gottfried Arnold's *Lives of the Primitive Fathers*, he could not cease from reading it; and this book, together with Reitz's *History of the Regenerate*, continued his chief delight till the tenth year of his age; but all these persons, whose biography he read, remained so firmly idealized in his imagination that he never forgot them during his whole life.

His precocity astonished the villagers, and his apt and ready replies even nonplussed the clergyman, who thenceforth took considerable interest in him, and when he was nine years old, proposed to his father and grandfather that they should let him learn Latin. After some family consultation as to the expense, it was agreed that he should go to school in the neighbouring town of Florenburgh, "with a sandwich for dinner in his pocket," to learn Latin, returning home every evening.

He soon made rapid progress in acquiring Latin, although much away from school; as his grandfather, who was very fond of him, frequently took him with him when he went to his labour in the fields, where he "spoke much with him upon man's integrity in the world, and particularly of his conduct towards God, recommending good books to him, especially the reading of the Bible."

One day Heinrich and his aunt had accompanied Father Stilling into the forest whither the old man had gone to procure firewood; he left them together in conversation while thus employed. Presently he came towards them looking "cheerful and pleasant as if he had found something," and "looked fixedly at a particular spot." Seeing their surprise, he sat down by them and gave the following relation:—

On leaving you to go into the wood I saw at a distance before me a light, just as when the sun rises in the morning, and was much surprised. "What is that?" thought I; "the sun is already standing in the heavens,—is it a new sun? It must be something strange: I will go and see it." I went toward it; as I approached there was before me a large plain, the extent of which I could not overlook. I had never seen anything so glorious in all my life!—such a fine perfume, and such a cool air proceeded from it, as I cannot express. The whole region was white with the light—the day, with the sun is night compared to it. There stood there many thousand beautiful castles, one near another—castles! I cannot describe them to you! as if they were made of silver. There were also gardens, bushes, brooks. O God, how beautiful! Not far from me stood a large and glorious mansion. (The tears here flowed abundantly down the good Stilling's cheeks, as well as those of Maria and Heinrich.) Some one came towards me out of the door of this mansion, like a virgin. Ah, a glorious angel!

When she was close to me I saw it was our departed Doris! (All three now sobbed; neither of them could speak, except Heinrich, who wept and exclaimed, "O my mother, my dear mother!") She said to me, in such a friendly manner, with the very look which formerly so often stole my heart, "*Father, yonder is our eternal habitation; you will soon come to us.*" I looked, but all was forest before me; the glorious vision had departed. Children, I shall die soon; how glad am I at the thought!"

It was an ancient custom with Father Stilling with his own hands to cover every year his straw-thatched cottage. He had done this for forty-eight years, and it was to be done again this summer; but his increasing age, coupled with the vision he had seen, (which they feared foreboded some fatal accident to him), and the warning of a neighbour who affirmed that "she had heard a noise and a piteous lamentation near our house in the road," induced his family to try and restrain him from carrying out this intention, but the old man only told them that it mattered not to him whether he met his death by falling from the roof or in any other way, and calmly proceeded with his work as usual. He had so far finished it that it was only necessary to ascend the roof once more to put a few rods along the ridge. He rose early on the morning this was to have been done; when his restless manner, so unusual to him, excited the surprise of his family, who asked him what he sought, he said "Nothing. I know not. I am very well, and yet I have no rest; cannot be still anywhere, just as if there was something in me that impelled me; I also feel an apprehension of which I know not the reason." He soon resumed his wonted cheerfulness, but scarcely had he ascended the roof of his cottage when Heinrich heard a noise of some one falling. The premonitions unhappily met their accomplishment; the good old man had received a complete concussion of the brain, and in three days, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, the patriarch departed to that better land he had so recently beheld in vision.

In his fifteenth year, through the mediation of Mr. Holbein, the worthy clergyman who had placed him in the way of acquiring Latin, he was appointed schoolmaster to the neighbouring village school of Zellberg. Young Stilling was delighted—not indeed with his new duties as schoolmaster, but with the time and opportunities now furnished him for reading and study. He lived here with a worthy forester named Kruger, who had taken a great liking to him; to add to Stilling's delight, Kruger had several rare books, among them, a German translation of Homer, a treasure which filled him with rapture. Paracelsus and Jacob Böhmen were also precious relics to him. He became a great favourite, both with the children and their parents. But his stay among them was only of short duration. There was a strong feud between the Rev. Mr. Holbein and the villagers, and as

Kruger was at the head of the village faction, the clergyman, to remove Stilling from his influence determined to depose the youthful schoolmaster; and as his authority was absolute, although the Zellbergers stamped and raved at his decision, Stilling was compelled to return home, and to his old occupation of tailoring, for which he now felt the utmost disgust. The only pleasure he had being in repairing old sun-dials, and reciting stories from Homer to his grandmother. For a short time he went to Dorlingen as private tutor and schoolmaster to the farmers' children in the neighbourhood: but the field labours in the spring took away his scholars. Fortunately, after a few weary weeks at home, where he had to work as an agricultural labourer, for which his frame was wholly unfitted, the inhabitants of Leindorf, where his father dwelt, appointed him their schoolmaster, but so poor was the remuneration that he had to eke it out by working between school-hours with his father as a tailor. He however contrived to still steal a little leisure to devote to mathematics and other scientific pursuits. His reputation began to spread in the neighbourhood, and he gladly accepted the offer of a good school at Preisingen, about two leagues from Leindorf. His lodgings were here fixed for him at the house of a rich widow, who had two handsome, modest daughters. He was now in his eighteenth year, and being thrown much in their society, both girls became deeply enamoured of him, but Stilling, feeling that in his humble position he could not hope to marry either of them, suppressed every feeling of love which would often have sprung up in his heart. However creditable such conduct may have been in his circumstances, such was the effect of his reserve upon one of the sisters, that she became for a time actually insane, and left home to reside with a relative. Soon after (though not from this cause) he left Preisingen. Nor was this his last essay as schoolmaster, which he felt indeed was not his vocation, though he gladly embraced it as the only means that presented itself by which he could at once escape from the (to him) odious drudgery to which he was subject, and gratify his love of reading and study. His father had now married again, and his step-mother, after a short time, treated him harshly; his father's natural severity also returned with increased force, so that he could not remain at home. At the same time his efforts at independence had been so unsuccessful, and his prospects appeared so gloomy that he knew not what to do. He tells us that—

One morning, in bed, he revolved his circumstances over in his mind; the idea of returning to his father was dreadful to him, for agricultural labour would at length have entirely worn out his constitution; besides which, his father only gave him meat and drink; for what he earned above that he placed against

the advances he had made him in former years, when he could not subsist on his schoolmaster's pay; he, therefore, dared not think of clothes, although these in the course of the year were worn out. It was likewise painful to him to work with other masters, and he saw that he could not save for himself by it: for the weekly pay of half-a-guilder did not bring him in so much in the whole year as the most needful clothing required. Half distracted, he threw himself out of bed, and exclaimed, "Almighty God! what must I do?" That very moment he felt as if it was said to him in his soul, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee." He felt himself profoundly tranquillized, and immediately determined to go into another country.

In this determination he was confirmed by a visit from his father who came to counsel him to the same effect. "When we reflect upon the matter rationally," he said to his son, "we shall find that God's dealings with thee from the beginning have aimed at driving thee from thy native province, and what hast thou to expect here?" Their parting was painful, for with all his occasional hardness, Stilling was fond, and proud, and hopeful of his son, who always regarded him with affectionate reverence. And so, with his father's parting words—"Heinrich, go where thy Heavenly Father beckons thee. The holy angels will accompany thee wherever thou goest," ringing in his ears, Stilling set off on his wanderings, not knowing whither he should go. As he slept on a bed of straw in a humble inn, the second night of his leaving home, he tells us that "he felt the spirit of Stilling (his grandfather) breathe around him, and slept as sweetly till the morning as if he had laid upon eider down."

At Schauberg, a few leagues from Elberfeld, he called upon a clergyman who had been an acquaintance of his grandfather, who advised him to apply himself immediately to his trade till a better situation offered. On inquiring if there was any employment to be obtained for the stranger in the town, he was at once answered, "O, yes! he comes as if he had been sent for; Mr. Nagel is in great want of a workman." Grateful to the providence which he believed had so far guided him, Stilling rose early in the morning and cheerfully repaired to the workshop. He soon became a great favourite in his employer's family, and among the townsfolk; his performances on the church-organ on Sundays, and his knowledge of Latin, causing him to be regarded as somewhat of a prodigy. Here he had passed thirteen weeks very pleasantly when an incident occurred which deeply impressed him. He leaves it to philosophers and psychologists to make what they please of it, content with affirming its reality. Speaking of himself (as throughout his autobiography) in the third person, he says:—

At the end of that time, about the middle of June, he was passing one Sunday afternoon through a street in the town of Schauberg; the sun shone pleasantly, and the sky was partially covered with light clouds; he was neither meditating deeply, nor had he anything else of a particular nature in his

thoughts. He accidentally looked upwards, and with this look an unknown power penetrated his soul; he felt inwardly happy, his whole body trembled, and he could scarcely keep himself from sinking to the ground. From that time he felt an invincible inclination to live and die entirely for the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men; his love to the Father of men, and to the divine Redeemer, as well as to all men, was at that moment so great that he would gladly have sacrificed his life, had it been required. He felt, at the same time, an irresistible impulse to watch over his thoughts, words, and works, that they might all be useful, agreeable, and acceptable to God. He made upon the spot a firm and irrevocable covenant with God, to resign himself henceforth entirely to his guidance, and cherish no more vain wishes; but that if it should please God that he should continue a tradesman all his life long, he would willingly and joyfully assent to it.

Three weeks after this took place, it for the first time occurred to Stilling to pay a visit to the schoolmaster of the place, a worthy and respectable man, who was already acquainted with him. The schoolmaster told him that he had just received a letter from a wealthy merchant, requesting him to point out to him a good domestic tutor. "I did not think of you until you had entered," he said to Stilling; "it now occurs to me that you would be the man for him; if you will accept the situation, there is no doubt you will obtain it." Stilling was glad to hear this, but he experienced an "unknown something" within him which continually opposed such an engagement, and which convinced him "that his present inclination proceeded from the old corrupt motive." It was, however, too strong to be resisted, and he accompanied the messenger, who came to fetch him on the following Sunday, to his new patron, Mr. Hochberg, at Holtzheim. He was received with politeness, and was for a time well treated, but his evident poverty and shabby clothing soon appear to have inspired Mr. and Madame Hochberg with suspicion of him. Stilling soon perceived that they thought meanly of him, that they looked on him as a vagabond, and not only treated him with reserve, but even carried their mistrust so far as to lock up things in his presence. He became thoroughly wretched; his distress of mind was so intense that it stamped itself upon his countenance, insomuch that people turned away from him with apprehension. This continued some months, when one morning (April 12, 1762), "at nine o'clock, as he was sitting at the table, quite retired within himself, enduring the fire of his sufferings, he suddenly felt his state completely changed: all his melancholy and pain had wholly disappeared; he felt such a delight and profound peace in his soul, that he knew not what to do for joy and felicity. He bethought himself, and perceived that he was willing to go away; he had taken this resolution without being conscious of it; he therefore rose up the same moment, went up to his bed room, and reflected upon his circumstances."

Packing his few rags into a bundle, he at once left the house and wandered northward over hill and dale without any certain

path. "His mind was now quite tranquil" although "he had not a single farthing of money in his pocket, having demanded little or nothing of his salary from Mr. Hochberg; besides which, he was hungry, he was in a wilderness, and did not know a single individual, far and wide, that was acquainted with him." He however reflected "'I am God's creature, at least as much as any bird that sings in the trees, and always finds its food when it requires it.' . . . While reflecting thus, his mind was suddenly at ease, and it seemed to him as if some one whispered to him, 'Go into the town, and seek a master!'" On making enquiry in the town, he was conducted by a child to the residence of a master tailor, a small house in a remote corner of the town. On entering the parlour he found the tailor's wife spreading the cloth to dine with her children. In answer to his enquiry she said that her husband was at a loss for a journeyman, and finding that Stilling came from the same province as her husband, she at once sent for him; he willingly took Stilling into his employ, and his wife then invited him to sit down with them at table. "Thus his dinner had been already prepared for him, whilst he was wandering in the wood and reflecting whether God would that day grant him his necessary food!"

Stilling here found himself at home and in the midst of pious people. His master, Mr. Isaac, on ascertaining the state of his wardrobe supplied him with clothing, and, among other acquaintance introduced him to a Mr. Spanier, who was so pleased with Stilling that he insisted on his becoming tutor to his children. Stilling being now reconciled to and contented with his trade, would willingly have remained in it; but his remonstrances were in vain, Mr. Spanier and Mr. Isaac so urged the situation upon him that he at length accepted it. Mr. Spanier also assisted him with means to prosecute his studies, especially in the French and Greek languages, and employed him in his business in a confidential capacity, so, that as Stilling says, Mr. Spanier's house was his academy for studying farming, agriculture, and commerce. For more than four years he continued here his useful and agreeable occupations. One afternoon Mr. Spanier said to Stilling, "Preceptor,—it all at once occurs to me what you ought to do; you must study medicine." This idea seems never before to have presented itself to the mind of Stilling, but no sooner was it mentioned to him than it seemed to flash across his mind that this was the object for which God had been so long preparing him, by severe and painful trials, from his youth up.

He reflected upon all the way in which Providence had led him, and now clearly perceived why he had enjoyed such a peculiar education; why he had been obliged to learn the Latin language so early; the reason of his innate impulse for the mathematics, and the knowledge of the occult powers of nature;

why he had been rendered pliant and fit, by his many sufferings, to serve his fellow-creatures; why, for some time past, his inclination to philosophy had so much increased as to impel him to study logic and metaphysics; and, lastly, why he had felt such an inclination for the Greek language. He now knew his destiny; and from that hour he determined to study for himself, and to collect materials until it should please God to send him to the university.

He now applied to the study of anatomy and medicine, so far as to gain a general idea of the outline of those subjects. Having to travel on his employer's business into his native province, he called on his relatives to confer with them, especially his uncle John, respecting his design. The latter urged upon him that it was impracticable. The whole question he said was, "Where shall the large sum come from that is requisite for such an extensive and expensive study?" Stilling always answered with his motto, "Jehovah Jireh" (the Lord will provide). Within a few days, however, his uncle had entirely changed his mind, owing to the following circumstance. He was acquainted with a singular man, a Catholic priest, who was also a very able oculist, and celebrated far and near. He was now old, and just at this time wrote to John Stilling, informing him that—

He had most faithfully and circumstantially copied out all his ophthalmic arcana, both with respect to their application and preparation, as also an explanation of the principal diseases of the eye, with the method of cure. Now, as he was old and near his end, he wished to see this valuable manuscript in good hands—and in consideration of the firm and intimate friendship that had uninterruptedly subsisted between them, notwithstanding their differences of religion, he requested him, as a friend, to inform him whether there was not some worthy individual in his family who had a desire to study the art of medicine; that if there were he might be sent to him, and professed himself ready to commit the manuscript to him, together with other valuable medicinal matters, immediately and gratuitously, with the sole condition, that he must pledge himself to benefit poor sufferers with it at all times, without any charge. But it ought to be some one who intended to study medicine, in order that the things might not fall into a bungler's hands. This letter had entirely changed John Stilling's mind with respect to his nephew. That he should just arrive at that period, and that Mr. Molitor should fall upon this idea at the very time when his nephew intended to study medicine, seemed to him a most convincing proof that God had his hand in the matter; he therefore said to Stilling, "Read this letter, nephew! I have nothing more to object to your plan. I see it is the finger of God!"

John Stilling therefore immediately wrote a very friendly and grateful letter to Mr. Molitor, and most warmly recommended his nephew to him. With this letter Stilling walked the next morning to the little town where Mr. Molitor lived. On arriving there he inquired for the gentleman, and was shown a pretty little house. Stilling rang the bell, and an aged female opened the door to him, and asked who he was. He answered, "My name is Stilling, and I wish to speak with the clergyman." She went up-stairs, and the old man himself came down, welcomed his visitor, and led him up into his little cabinet. Here he presented his letter. After Mr. Molitor had read it he embraced Stilling, and inquired into his circumstances and intentions. The latter continued with him the whole day, looked at his laboratory, his convenient surgery, and his little library. "All this," said Mr. Molitor, "I will leave you in my will before I die."

The next day he gave up the manuscript to Stilling, with the condition that he should transcribe it and return him the

original, which he pledged himself he would give to no one else. In four weeks, Stilling had transcribed the manuscript. On going to his friend to return the original, he found that he had died suddenly of apoplexy the week before.

Stilling now began to practise as an oculist, and the fame of his cures soon spread around. Very soon he had sufficient patients at Rasenheim and at Elberfeld (the latter a town about four leagues distant), to require his visits every fortnight from Saturday to Monday. At Rasenheim he became intimate with a merchant named Freidenberg. The circumstances of Stilling's betrothal to the daughter of this worthy man is so singular that I here transcribe it. She was at the time a consumptive weakly female on a sick bed. Stilling had not seen her till one evening, when, on his return from acting as sponsor to one of the children, at Mr. F.'s invitation, he went up with him to the invalid's chamber. She was cheerful and sociable, and they conversed on religious topics. She was often subject to attacks of so serious a nature that some one was obliged to sit up with her all night. Her brother and Stilling on this occasion agreed to sit up together. Soon after midnight, as she seemed to have gone into a sleep, her brother quietly left the room to prepare coffee. Stilling, on hearing her move, asked how she had slept. She answered—

"I have lain in a kind of stupor. I will tell you something, Mr. Stilling! I have received a very lively impression on my mind, respecting a subject which, however, I must not mention to you till another time." At these words Stilling was powerfully struck; he felt from head to foot a trepidation he had never before experienced, and all at once a beam of light penetrated through his soul like lightning. It was evident to his mind what the will of God was, and what the words of the sick maiden signified. With tears in his eyes he arose, bent over the bed, and said, "I know, dear miss, what impression you have received, and what the will of God is." She raised herself up, stretched out her hand, and replied, "Do you know it?" Stilling put his right hand into hers, and said, "May God in heaven bless us; we are eternally united!" She answered, "Yes, eternally so!"

Subsequent reflection filled Stilling with anxiety. He wrote a long letter to Mr. F——, enclosing also one for Christina, who related to her mother everything that took place between them. Her parents, it may be imagined, were greatly perplexed, but believing it to be the will of God, they consented to receive Stilling as their future son-in-law.

The following autumn he resolved to betake himself to a university. "He had not yet made choice of one, but waited for an intimation from his Heavenly Father; for since he intended to study simply from faith, it was necessary he should not follow his own will in anything." Just at this time a friend told him that Mr. Troost, a neighbour, was going to spend the winter at Strasburg, and advised Stilling to go with him. While speaking of him, Mr. Troost entered the room. They

were mutually pleased with each other, and Mr. Troost entered heartily into his friend's proposal, and Stilling, believing this was the intimation he sought, agreed with it. Mr. Troost was just the man fitted to be a companion to Stilling; friendly, kind-hearted, religious, a man who knew the world, and was well acquainted with Strasburg. Stilling says that he led him safely through, where, without him he would have stumbled a hundred times. "Thus kind was his Heavenly Father towards him, so that he even provided him with a guardian, who could not only assist him in word and deed, but from whom he could also receive instruction and direction in his studies; for certainly Mr. Troost was an able and experienced surgeon."

Forty rix-dollars was the whole of Stilling's property on setting out for Rasenheim. They were compelled to remain eleven days at Frankfort, waiting for an opportunity to proceed further; indeed, Mr. Troost could not leave sooner; his money consequently melted away in such a manner, that two days before his departure for Strasburg he had only a single rix-dollar left, and this was all the money he had in the world. He said nothing of it to any one, but waited for the assistance of his heavenly Father. However, notwithstanding his courage, he was still uneasy; he walked about, and prayed inwardly to God. Meanwhile, he happened to reach the Römerberg, and there met with a merchant from Elberfeld, who knew him well, and was also a friend of his; I will call him Liebmann.

Mr. Liebmann saluted him in a friendly manner, and asked him how it fared with him. He answered, "Very well." "I am glad of it," rejoined the other; "come this evening to my apartment, and sup with me on what I have." Stilling promised to do so, and Mr. Liebmann then showed him where he was lodging. In the evening he went to the place appointed. After supper Mr. Liebmann began as follows:—"Tell me, my friend, who furnishes you with money to enable you to study?" Stilling smiled and answered, "I have a rich Father in heaven; He will provide for me." Mr. Liebmann looked at him, and continued, "How much have you at present?" Stilling answered, "One rix-dollar—and that is all." "So!" rejoined Liebmann; "I am one of your Father's stewards; I will therefore now act the paymaster." On this he handed over thirty-three rix-dollars to Stilling, and said, "I cannot at present spare more; you will find assistance everywhere. If you are subsequently able to return me the money, well!—if not, it is no matter." Stilling felt warm tears in his eyes. He thanked him heartily for his kindness, and added, "I am now rich enough. I do not wish to have more." This first trial made him so courageous, that he no longer doubted that the Lord would certainly help him through every difficulty.

At Strasburg, at the table-d'hôte, they particularly noticed a young man who came in very briskly, with large bright eyes, beautiful forehead, and handsome figure. This person attracted the eyes of Mr. Troost and Stilling; the former said to the latter, "What a fine-looking man!" Stilling was of the same opinion; however, he thought that they would both have much trouble with him, because he looked upon him as a wild young fellow; this he inferred from the freedom of manner assumed by the student; however, Stilling was mistaken. Meanwhile they heard that this remarkable individual was called "Goethe."

His thirty-three rix-dollars soon melted down again to a single

one, on which account therefore he began again to pray fervently. God heard and answered him; for just at the time of need, Mr. Troost began to say to him one morning, "You have, I believe, brought no money with you; I will lend you six Carolines (about five pounds) until you receive a remittance." Although Stilling knew as little where a remittance as money was to come from, yet he accepted this friendly offer, and Mr. Troost paid him six louis-d'ors. *Who was it that excited the heart of his friend to make this offer at the very moment when it was needed?*

After Martinmas, lectures on midwifery were announced, and those who were desirous of attending them, were invited. This was a principal thing with Stilling: he therefore presented himself, on the Monday evening, with others, in order to subscribe. He had no idea but that these lectures would be paid for, like the others, after they were ended; but how was he dismayed, when the doctor announced that the gentlemen would please pay six louis-d'ors each for the lectures, the following Thursday evening! There was, therefore, an exception in this case, and that for a good reason. Now, if Stilling did not pay on the day fixed, his name would be struck out. This would have been disgraceful, and would have weakened the credit which Stilling absolutely required. He was therefore at a loss what to do. Mr. Troost had already advanced him six louis d'ors, and there was still no prospect of being able to return them. As soon as Stilling entered his apartment, and found it empty—for Mr. Troost was gone to attend a lecture—he shut the door after him, threw himself down in a corner, and wrestled earnestly with God for aid and compassion. The Thursday evening however arrived without anything of a consoling nature manifesting itself. It was already five o'clock; and six was the time that he ought to have the money. Stilling's faith began almost to fail; he broke out into a perspiration with anxiety, and his whole face was wet with tears. He felt no more courage or faith, and therefore he looked forward to the future as to a hell with all its torments. Whilst he was pacing the room occupied with such ideas, some one knocked at the door. He called out, "Come in!" It was their landlord, Mr. R—. He entered the room, and after the customary compliments, he began, "I am come to see how you are, and whether you are satisfied with your lodging." (Mr. Troost was still not there, and knew nothing of Stilling's present struggles.) Stilling answered, "Your inquiries after my health do me much honour; I am well, thank God! and your apartment is quite according to the wish of both of us." Mr. R—, rejoined, "I am very glad of it, particularly as I see you are such well-behaved and worthy people. But I wished particularly to ask you one thing—have you brought money with you, or do you expect bills?" Stilling now felt like Habbakuk, when the angel took him by the hair of his head to carry him to Babylon. He answered, "No, I have brought no money with me." Mr. R— stood, looked at him fixedly, and said, "For God's sake, how will you be able to proceed?" Stilling answered, "Mr. Troost has already lent me something." "But he requires his money himself," rejoined Mr. R—. "I will advance you money—as much as you need; and when you receive your remittance, you need only give the bill to me, that you may have no trouble in disposing of it. Are you in want of any money at present?" Stilling could scarcely refrain from crying out; however, he restrained himself, so as not to shew his feelings. "Yes," said he, "I have need of six louis d'ors this evening, and I was at a loss." Mr. R— was shocked, and replied, "Yes, I dare say you are! I now see that God has sent me to your assistance," and went out of the room. Stilling felt at this moment like Daniel in the lion's den, when Habbakuk brought him his food; he was overpowered by his feelings, and was scarcely aware of Mr. R—'s re-entering the room. This excellent man brought eight louis d'ors, handed them to him, and went away.

Mr. Liebmann, about this time was on a visit to Mr. Friedenbergh at Rasenheim, and one day while sitting together—

The conversation turned upon their friend at Strasburg. Liebmann was never weary in relating how Mr. Troost commended Stilling's industry, genius, and good success in his studies. Friedenbergh and his family, particularly Christina, were heartily delighted at it. Liebmann could not comprehend whence he had his money, any more than Friedenbergh. "Well," continued Liebmann, "I wish some friend would join with me; we would remit him, for once, a considerable sum." Mr. Friedenbergh perceived this leading of Providence, and he could scarcely refrain from tears. But Christina ran up-stairs into her room, casting herself before God, and prayed. Friedenbergh replied, "I will join with you in it." Liebmann rejoiced, and said, "Well, then, do you count out one hundred and fifty rix-dollars; I will add as many more to them, and send off the bill to him." Friedenbergh willingly did so. A fortnight after the severe trial of faith which Stilling had endured, he received, quite unexpectedly, a letter from Mr. Liebmann, together with a bill for three hundred rix-dollars. He laughed aloud, placed himself against the window, cast a joyful look towards heaven, and said, "This is only possible with Thee, thou Almighty Father! may my whole life be devoted to Thy praise!" He now paid Mr. Troost, Mr. R—, and others to whom he was indebted, and retained enough to enable him to get through the winter.

The following is a clear instance of presentiment. Stilling was one day studying in his own apartment, when

At nine o'clock a sudden panic seized him; his heart beat like a hammer, and he knew not what was the matter with him. He rose up, paced the room, and felt an irresistible impulse to set off home. He started at this idea, and considered the loss he might sustain both with regard to money and with respect to his studies. He at length believed it was only a hypochondriacal chimera; he therefore strove to repel it from his mind by force, and sat down again to his studies. But the uneasiness he felt was so great that he was obliged to rise up again. He was now really troubled; there was something in him which powerfully urged him to return home. Stilling knew not whither he should look for counsel or comfort. He represented to himself what people might think of him were he to travel fifty German miles at a venture, and perhaps find everything at home in the best situation. But as his anxiety and the impulse he felt still continued, he betook himself to prayer, and besought the Lord, if it were His will that he should travel home, to give him an assurance respecting the cause of it.

While thus engaged in silent prayer, a letter was brought into his room from Mr. Friedenbergh, informing him that his betrothed was so seriously ill that, according to all human appearance, she would not outlive many days. Stilling hastened to Rasenheim, and "had the presentiment that he would find his Christina still alive, and that she would get better." For three days and nights he watched beside the sick bed, it being thought that every day would be her last. Contrary to expectation she recovered, and her marriage with Stilling was performed by her bedside on the 17th June, 1771.

Returning to Strasburg, he passed his examination with great credit, and received his doctor's diploma. Stilling now removed to Elberfeld, in the hope to establish himself there in the exercises of his profession. But what a prospect for the newly married couple! Their whole stock of household effects made

but a poor inventory. And then the cost! "Their funds consisted of five rix-dollars in ready money, and that was all! Really, really, it required great confidence in the paternal providence of God in order to sleep quietly the first night; and yet Stilling and his consort slept well, for they did not doubt for a moment that God would provide for them." And God did provide for them in a wonderful way. "Every morning on awaking the question recurred to him (Stilling) with redoubled force, 'How shall I find subsistence this day?' for the case was very rare that he had money enough for two days." But, though "put to the severest tests, Providence never forsook him, but came to his aid in a visible and wonderful manner." Sometimes, when the case was urgent, money would come in from some quite unexpected quarter, literally, at the very instant it was needed. Thus, on one occasion, he had to pay a man who could not be sent away two dollars. The amount was small, but Stilling had not half a guilder in the house.

Stilling's heart beat, and he wrestled with God. All at once, a man came to the door with his wife; the good people were from Dornfeld; Stilling had healed the man of a painful disease some weeks before, and had charged him, in his account, for the end of the year. After the customary salutations, the man began: "I have just been receiving money; and as I was passing your door, it occurred to me that I had no need to let my account stand over till next year; I, therefore, wish to settle it now. You, perhaps, may be able to make use of the money." "Very well," replied Stilling; so saying, he went and fetched the book, made out the account, and received ten rix-dollars. Stilling frequently met with examples of this kind, by which he was much strengthened in his faith, and encouraged to persevere.

Thus, at another time, when in straits, a lady residing more than fifty miles distant, and to whom he was known only by his writings, felt herself inwardly impelled to send him twenty louis-d'ors, which she did, writing him that he would know well enough how to apply it, and for what purpose. And, at a later period, he writes:—"Notwithstanding the desperate situation of his affairs, however, what was needful never failed him; Stilling had never anything beforehand, but when it was required it was there."

Stilling's experience, too, in his vocation was somewhat singular. "As long as he laboured, unobserved, amongst the poor and the lower class, he performed excellent cures, and was successful in almost every case; but no sooner had he to attend one of the higher class, to whom many eyes were directed, than all was in vain; his sphere of action, therefore, continued limited to people who could pay him but little." Not only did he thus attend the poor, frequently without remuneration, but allowed medicines to be made up for them at the apothecary's on his own account, and otherwise assisted them, so that he not only did not reserve for himself the money he received, but plunged himself into debt. This may have been done partly from thoughtlessness

and disregard for money, but it was certainly, in part at least, the outworking of a conviction that it was the duty of every Christian, and especially of every physician, to do good on every occasion that offered, without calculation, irrespective of personal interest, and in simple confidence in God.

One morning he had been visiting the sick when he was accosted by a poor woman who had been blind some years, and who requested him to look at her eyes. He did so, and told her that it was a cataract, but that it might possibly be cured by a skilful operator. The woman insisted upon his performing the operation. In vain Stilling protested his inexperience—that he had never performed an operation—that if he failed it might be afterwards impossible to cure her. She would take no denial—she would run the risk—and even went so far as to say she would accuse him at the day of judgment if he did not help her. Stilling consulted his professional friends, who advised him to undertake the operation. He did so: it was entirely successful. Other blind people soon came to him on whom he successfully performed the operation. Here again, his success was greatest among the poor, on whom he operated gratuitously, so that he received little emolument from his success. In his old age he declared that he had “operated upon upwards of fifteen hundred of blind people” (supporting too many of them in the hospital at his own expense); and, he says, “I testify by all that is true, that I did not contribute in the least degree towards my becoming an oculist, nor to the extraordinary blessing which has attended my practice as an oculist. This is entirely the Lord’s guidance.”

Stilling’s acquaintance with Göethe (as well as that he had also formed with Lavater, Herder, and other distinguished contemporaries) had ripened into friendship. Stilling had written a narrative of his early life, and Göethe, who had seen it, one day took with him the manuscript that he might read it at home at his leisure. Stilling had almost forgotten it, when, two years after, it was recalled to his remembrance in an unexpected manner. As his landlord wished to occupy the house Stilling rented, he was under the necessity of removing, and another house was taken for him.

But here he had a dreadful trial to sustain; he had hitherto been able to pay the seventy dollars house rent regularly every year; but he had not at that time a single farthing in hand, and, according to the law, he was not permitted to remove until the rent was duly paid. The want of credit and money likewise rendered him timid in requesting his landlord to have a little patience; there was, however, no other remedy. Oppressed with extreme sorrow, he therefore went to him, and besought his landlord, who was a worthy and upright merchant, but punctual and severe, to allow him a little more time. The merchant reflected a little, and said, “Remove, if you choose; but with the condition that you pay in a fortnight.” Stilling, firmly confiding in the Divine aid, promised

to settle everything by that time, and removed into his new habitation. The cheerfulness of the house, the prospect of the beauties of nature, the convenient accommodation, and in short every circumstance, certainly contributed much to alleviate his painful feelings; but the difficulty itself was not yet removed, and the gnawing worm remained. The end of the fourteen days drew near, and there was not the slightest appearance of obtaining the seventy dollars. The iron now again entered into poor Stilling's soul; he often ran up to his chamber, fell upon his face, wept, and entreated help of God; and when his vocation called him away, Christina took his place; she wept aloud, and prayed with such fervour of spirit as might have moved a stone; but there was no trace of obtaining so much money. At length the dreadful Friday arrived; both prayed incessantly the whole morning during their occupations, and their heart-rending anxiety caused ardent ejaculations to ascend continually. At ten o'clock the postman entered the door—in one hand he held his receipt-book, and in the other a letter, the contents of which were heavy. Stilling took it, full of expectation; the superscription was in Göethe's hand, and under the address was written, "Enclosing one hundred and fifteen rix dollars in gold." He broke open the letter with astonishment, read it, and found that his friend Göethe, without his knowledge, had caused the commencement of his history to be published, under the title of *Stilling's Youth*, and this was the sum obtained for the copyright. Stilling quickly signed the receipt, in order to send the postman away; the married couple then fell upon each other's necks, wept aloud, and praised God for his signal interposition. During Stilling's last journey to Frankfort, Göethe had received his call to Weimar, and had there procured the publication of Stilling's history.

Councillor Eisenhart, of Manheim, had formed a society at Ritterburg, for the prosecution of civil and political science. He had become acquainted with Stilling at Strasburg, and, as the result of some correspondence between them, Stilling wrote several essays on political economy, which were read to the society, and met with such favour that he was soon honoured with a patent as foreign member of the Electoral Palatine Society of Political Economy. A more substantial result was that Eisenhart soon after wrote him a proposal to accept a Professorship of Agriculture, Technology, Commerce, and the Veterinary Art in the Provincial Academy at Rittersberg, to which was attached an annual stipend of six hundred guilders, beside lecture money, which might increase it two or three hundred guilders more. Stilling was delighted with the radiant prospect.

From his youth up, public speaking, elocution, and declamation had been his greatest delight, and in these he had always enjoyed much approbation; lungs and voice—all were formed for speaking in public. But he had never been able to cherish the most distant hope of becoming Professor, although it was his highest wish; for he had neither success nor celebrity in the medical profession, and both were requisite for that purpose; and he knew of no other department in which he might have been placed. But what is there that is impossible to Providence? It created for him a new sphere of action, in which little had been accomplished, and where he found enough to do. He reviewed his attainments in knowledge, and found to his extreme astonishment, that he had been imperceptibly forming for this vocation from his cradle. Brought up amongst farmers, he had learnt agriculture, and had himself repeatedly performed all its attendant labours. "Who can teach it better than I?" thought he to himself. He had lived long in the woods, amongst foresters, charcoal-burners, wood cutters, &c., and was, therefore, perfectly acquainted with the practical part of these things. Surrounded from his youth up with miners of

every description, with iron, copper, and silver-smelters, with bar-iron, steel, and spelter-founders and wire-drawers, he had become thoroughly acquainted with these important manufactures, and had also himself had the management for seven years together, at Mr. Spanier's, of estates and foundries; while at the same time, he perfectly understood commerce in all its branches, and was practised in all. And in order that he might not be deficient in the fundamental and auxiliary sciences, Providence had very wisely directed him to the study of medicine, in which Physic, Chemistry, Natural History, &c., are indispensable. In reality, he had laboured through these sciences, and especially Mathematics, with greater predilection than all the rest, so that even in Strasburg he had read a lecture upon Chemistry; the veterinary art was also easy to him, as a practical physician. Finally, he had made himself acquainted, in Elberfeld, with all sorts of manufactures; for an irresistible impulse had always predominated in him, to become thoroughly acquainted with every branch of trade, without knowing why. Besides all this, he had uninterruptedly exercised himself in lecturing; and . . . had been, from his youth up, extraordinarily fond of history, and had studied it intently; he had, therefore, attained a good acquaintance with matters of government. . . . The period now approached when he was to leave Elberfeld and remove to Rittersburg. October was already far advanced, the days were short, the weather and the roads bad; and finally, he was under the necessity of commencing his lectures with the beginning of November. However, there was previously still a steep cliff to climb—eight hundred guilders must be paid before he could remove. Many friends advised him to assign over his goods, and to give up all to his creditors. But this was not according to Stilling's views of propriety. "No, no," said he, "every one shall be paid to the uttermost farthing. I promise this in the name of God; He has been my guide, and certainly will not let me be confounded. I will not make myself a knave, and abandon the school of my heavenly Father." "It is all very well," answered they; "but what will you do now? You are unable to pay; and if you are arrested, and your furniture seized, what will you then do?" "I leave all that to God," rejoined he, "and do not trouble myself about it, for it is His affair." He consequently began to pack up, and forward to Frankfort what he intended to take with him, and appointed a day for selling the rest by auction. Everything passed over quietly, and no one stirred; he sent away furniture and received money without any one interfering; he even took places in the stage to Rüsselstein for himself, his wife, and the two children, for the following Sunday, consequently a week beforehand. Meanwhile he was privately informed that a couple of his creditors had concerted together to have him arrested; for, as the little household furniture he possessed was altogether of trifling value, they had not troubled themselves about it; but believed that if they thus hindered him in his course, people would be found to liberate him. Stilling inwardly trembled with anxiety, yet still he firmly trusted in God. The following Thursday his friend Troost entered the door, with a cheerful, smiling countenance, and tears in his eyes; his pockets seemed loaded. "Friend," he began, "things go again in Stilling's fashion." So saying, he drew out a linen bag, filled with French dollars, and threw it upon the table. Stilling and Christina looked at each other, and began to weep. "How is that?" said he to his friend Troost. "It is as follows," answered the latter. "I was at a certain merchant's," whose name he mentioned; "I knew that you owed him sixty dollars, and begged him to remit the debt. The merchant smiled and said, 'Not only so, but I will present him with sixty in addition to it; for I know how much he is straitened.' He paid, therefore, the money, and there it is; you have now nearly the eighth part of what you need; but I will give you a little advice: to-morrow you must take leave of all your acquaintances, in order that you may spend Saturday quietly, and thus prepare for your journey. Be comforted, and see what God will do for you." Stilling followed this advice, and on the Friday morning began to take leave. The first to whom he went was a rich merchant. As he entered the door the latter came to meet him, and said, "Doctor, I know you are come to take leave. I have never mistaken your character; you were always a man of integrity, but I could not employ you as a physician, for I was satisfied with my own. God has raised me from the dust, and made me what I

am; I acknowledge how much I am indebted to Him; have the goodness to receive this acknowledgment in His name; do not shame me by a refusal, nor sin through pride." So saying, he embraced and kissed him, and put into his hand a little roll of twenty ducats, consequently a hundred guilders. Stilling was petrified with astonishment, and his noble-minded benefactor hastened away. Amazement seized him by the hair of his head, as the angel did Habbakuk; he was lifted up on high by the greatness of his joy, and proceeded further. But why do I detain my readers?—acknowledgments were pressed upon him with the greatest delicacy and consideration; and in the evening, when he had finished his round and returned home, and counted the money over, how much had he?—*exactly eight hundred guilders, neither more nor less!*

Stilling remained at Rittersberg till 1784, when the Academy of Political Economy there was removed to and incorporated with the ancient University of Heidelberg, where his fidelity and diligence caused the Elector to confer upon him the patent of Electoral Aulic Counsellor, and where so greatly was he honoured, that when he delivered his oration on the celebration of its fourth centenary, he received the thanks of the elector's representative, and was embraced by the grandees of the Palatinate in their stars and orders, and by the principal deputies of the imperial cities and universities. In 1786 he was appointed Professor of the Economical Financial and Statistical Sciences at the University of Marburg, with a liberal salary and a respectable provision for his wife in case of his death.

Of his domestic life—its joys, griefs, bereavements—and of his various works on political and economical science, as well as his contributions to the lighter literature of his country, it is not necessary here to speak, but there are some of his works to which a brief allusion must be made. The one by which he is best known in this country is his *Theory of Pneumatology*. In this work he gives several instances of presentiments, visions, apparitions, &c. Its object (like that of the *Spiritual Magazine*) being "to overthrow the system of Materialism and consequent infidelity, to place undeniable supernatural phenomena upon their proper basis, to cast a clear and evident light upon the state of the soul after death, and to promote personal holiness in heart and life." His conclusions concerning spirits and the spirit-world, in the main, agree with those Spiritualists generally deduce from analogous phenomena at the present day. The narratives in this work were communicated to him by various persons, chiefly in consequence of two works of a somewhat kindred nature which he had written—*Scenes in the Invisible World*, and *Nostalgia* (literally Home-ache). The main idea of this latter work is similar to that of *The Pilgrim's Progress*—the journey of a Christian to his heavenly home. Stilling tells us that his state while labouring on it was "utterly indescribable."

His spirit was as if elevated into the ethereal regions; a feeling of serenity

and peace pervaded him, and he enjoyed a felicity which words cannot express. When he began to work ideas glistened past his soul, which animated him so much that he could scarcely write with the rapidity which the flow of ideas required. This was also the reason why the whole work took quite another form, and the composition quite another tendency, to that which he had proposed at the commencement. He experienced, besides, another singular phenomenon—in the state between sleeping and waking the most beautiful, and as it were paradisaical scenery presented itself to his inward senses. He attempted to delineate it, but found it impossible. With this imagery there was always a feeling connected, compared with which all the joys of sense are as nothing;—it was a blissful season! This state of mind lasted exactly as long as Stilling was engaged in writing the *Nostalgia*; that is, from August, 1793, to December, 1794, consequently full a year and a quarter.

This work had a wonderful success. From every province in Germany, and from persons in all ranks, he received a multitude of letters expressing the warmest approval of it. Its popularity extended throughout northern Europe, and to America; and not a few learned sceptics received from it a conviction of the truth of Christianity. There is a circumstance in connection with it of so remarkable a kind that I give it in Stilling's own words. He says:—

One morning, in the spring of the year 1796, a handsome young man, in a green silk-plush coat, and otherwise well-dressed, came to Stilling's house at Ockershausen. This gentleman introduced himself in such a manner as betrayed a polished and genteel education. Stilling inquired who he was, and learnt that he was the remarkable —. Stilling was astonished at the visit; and his astonishment was increased by the expectation of what this extremely enigmatical individual might have to communicate. After both had sat down, the stranger began by saying that he wished to consult Stilling relative to a person diseased in the eye. However, the real object of his visit pressed him in such a manner that he soon began to weep, kissed first Stilling's hand, then his arm, and said, "Sir, are you not the author of the *Nostalgia*?" "Yes, sir." "You are therefore one of my secret superiors!" (here he again kissed Stilling's hand and arm, and wept almost aloud.) Stilling: "No, dear sir! I am neither your nor any one else's secret superior. I am not in any secret connection whatever." The stranger looked at Stilling with a fixed eye and inward emotion, and replied, "Dearest friend, cease to conceal yourself! I have been tried long and severely enough; I thought you knew me already." Stilling: "No, Mr. —. I assure you solemnly that I stand in no secret connection, and in reality understand nothing of all that you expect from me." This speech was too strong and too serious to leave the stranger in uncertainty; it was now his turn to be astonished and amazed. He therefore continued: "But tell me, then, how it is that you know anything of the great and venerable connection in the East, which you have so circumstantially described in the *Nostalgia*, and have even minutely pointed out their rendezvous in Egypt, on Mount Sinai, in the monastery of Canobin, and under the temple at Jerusalem?" Stilling: "I know nothing at all of all this; but these ideas and conceptions presented themselves in a very lively manner to my imagination. It was therefore mere fable and fiction." "Pardon me, the matter is in truth and reality as you have described it; it is astonishing that you have hit it in such a manner—this cannot possibly have come by chance!" The gentleman now related the real particulars of the association in the East. Stilling was astonished and amazed beyond measure; for he heard remarkable and extraordinary things, which are not however of such a nature as can be made public. I only affirm that what Stilling learnt from this gentleman had not the most remote reference to political matters. About the same time a certain great prince wrote to him, and asked him *whence it was that he knew anything of the association in the East*; for

the thing was as he had described it in the Nostalgia. The answer in writing was naturally the same as that given verbally to the above-mentioned stranger. Stilling has experienced several things of this kind, in which his imagination exactly accorded with the real fact, without previously having the least knowledge or presentiment of it.

The *Nostalgia* did much to impress Stilling with the conviction that henceforth his labours should be directed chiefly to counteract those irreligious principles and sentiments which had set in like a flood over the Continent, especially France and Germany, a conviction which was strengthened by almost every letter he received, calling upon him to devote himself exclusively and entirely to the service of religion. But the hindrances to a compliance with this call, as he regarded it, seemed insuperable. However, as Stilling remarks, "when Providence intends to accomplish anything, it does not do so by halves, but entirely;" and in order that he might attend solely to religious authorship and oculistic practice, Providence inclined the heart of the Elector of Baden to appoint him Counsellor of Justice to the Supreme Electoral Court at Manheim, with a salary which, though less than that he had been receiving as Professor, enabled him to devote himself to this as his final vocation for the remainder of his life.

The following may, I think, be fairly regarded as an instance of spiritual impression or presentiment. He was writing a letter to his friend, Antistes Hess, of Zurich, when—

In the midst of writing, just as he was reflecting upon the state in which Switzerland then was, he felt in his mind, all at once, a deep impression, with the conviction that *Lavater would die a bloody death—that of a martyr.* These last words, "*a martyr's death,*" was the expression which he peculiarly felt. Something was also connected with it, *which cannot yet be disclosed.* It is natural that Stilling was much astonished at it; and during this astonishment he felt also convinced that he ought to mention the matter in this letter to Hess; he did so, and requested him, at the same time, to take an opportunity of telling it to Lavater.

Stilling had this presentiment on the 13th July, 1799; on the ensuing 26th of September it was unhappily realized; Lavater was mortally wounded by a violent and inebriate revolutionist in the French army, on account of his religious and political sentiments and testimony. Lavater had lived in intimate friendship with Stilling; and even while suffering from his wounds, continued to correspond with him till within a few days of his death. Shortly after, Stilling wrote a poem, under the title of *Lavater's Glorification.*

In this poem Felix Hess and Pfenniger, two of Lavater's friends, who died before him, are represented as coming in the form of two angels to fetch the weary warrior after his death and conduct him to the New Jerusalem. About half-a-year after the publication of this poem, Stilling's pious and faithful friend Breidenstein, the reformed preacher at Marburg, came to visit him; both conversed upon a variety of subjects, and amongst other things, upon the poem.

"It is surprising," said Breidenstein, "how beautifully you have made use of the late Felix Hess's promise." "How so?" inquired Stilling; "what promise?" Breidenstein replied, "Upwards of twenty years ago, Lavater stood by the side of Felix Hess's dying-bed, weeping, and said, 'Now, thou wilt not stand at my bed-side when I die!' Hess answered, 'But I will come and fetch thee!'" Stilling rejoined, "Really, I never heard a word of it; it is however something strange;—where is it? I must read it for myself!" "That you shall," said Breidenstein; "it is indeed very strange!" The next day he sent Lavater's miscellaneous works, in which there is a short biography of Felix Hess; and this conversation is inserted just as Breidenstein related it. One thing more: when Stilling was in Zurich, he was told that Lavater had had a friend with whom he had lived on a still more confidential footing than with Felix Hess, and was asked why he had not made use of him in the poem, for the purpose of fetching Lavater? Stilling inquired who this friend was, and was told it was Heinrich Hess. This occasioned Stilling to introduce this friend in the *Scenes in the Invisible World*, in the following manner:—The glorified Heinrich Hess is represented as bringing Lavater to the Virgin Mary, because she was desirous of seeing this faithful follower of her Son. Mary then relates to Lavater the Lord's character, as exemplified in his earthly life, &c. This is brought forward precisely in this manner in the second volume of the *Scenes*. Long after the work was printed, Stilling was once accidentally reading in Lavater's *Jesus Messias*, the 26th chapter of the first volume, which relates the quiet concealment of Jesus, and found again, to his astonishment, that Lavater consoles himself with the hope that *the Virgin Mary would eventually relate to him, in the blissful regions, the character her Son bore in his earthly life, &c.*

Stilling believed that he received impressions and warnings from his guardian angel; while, on the other hand, sometimes he would be seized "with an indescribable terror." He says—

I believe that it proceeds from the influence of some invisible evil being, some angel of Satan, to which God, for wise reasons, sometimes gives permission. Physical predisposition may give occasion to such a fiery trial, but the whole of the temptation is founded neither in the body nor the soul; but this can be proved by nothing but individual experience. The Holy Scriptures testify that there are such siftings of Satan.

Stilling died in his seventy-eighth year. From the account of his last hours, written by his grandson, we learn that, finding his end approaching, he gathered around him his children and grandchildren, and partook of the sacrament with them. In the midst of weakness and pain, his thoughts and conversation "were incessantly directed to subjects connected with the kingdom of God." He affirmed that "God had guided him from his youth up by a particular providence." A short time before his death he remarked—"I have completely the feeling as if I possessed a two-fold personality; one spiritual, the other corporeal. The spiritual hovers over the animal. Both are in a state of warfare in man; and it is only by the mortification of all sensual desire that he can attain to their entire separation; not, indeed, by his own power, but by denying himself, with the Divine assistance."

T. S.

TASSO'S LETTERS.

THERE are letters of Tasso himself still existing, in which he describes the presence of spirits which he experienced for many years. I send you some extracts in confirmation of the fact you published in the letter of Giambatista Manso, his noble and generous friend, who supported him in his distress and poverty, and whose testimony is the more impartial as he was adverse to the belief in the reality of Tasso's visions, and gives in that letter his reasons very logically for the time, but not conclusive in the present state of our new science. The name of Manso ought besides to be dear to Englishmen, for he was the friend of Milton in his youth, and most likely had some influence in persuading him to follow the example of Tasso. He certainly formed a link between the two greatest epic poets of the age. But to return to the spiritual visitations of Tasso, mentioned occasionally in his letters to confidential friends. He had consolation from good spirits, and vexation from bad ones. Manso's letter gives a specimen of the former, and he was persecuted by the latter chiefly during his long cruel and illegal imprisonment by the tyrant of Ferrara. There were six ducal tyrants in Italy at that time, besides the pope at Rome, and a Spanish viceroy at Naples! (*Povera Italia! viva Vittorio Emanuele, Re Costituzionale!*) Seven years in a room with one window, *over the door*, looking on a courtyard, his health ruined, robbed of his earnings by his publishers, and his works mutilated—it is only a wonder he did not become really mad. His letters and poems written in prison prove his sanity to the last in spite of his despair. He did not expect to leave it alive. Here is what he wrote to a friend:—

“This day, being the last but one of the year, the brother of the Rev. Licino has brought me two letters from Vostra Signoria, but one has disappeared, after I had read it, and I think that the Spirit (*il folletto*) has carried it away, because it is that letter in which he is mentioned. This is one of those miracles which I have seen frequently in the hospital (of St. Ann, which was his prison) on which account I feel certain that it is the work of some sorcerer (*magò*) and I have many other proofs of it, but particularly of a roll of bread taken from before me, visibly, half an hour before sunset (*a ventitre ore*); of a plate of fruit taken from before me the other day when that amiable young Pole so worthy of admiration came to see me; and of several other articles of food to which at other times the same thing occurred when no one entered my prison: of a pair of gloves, of letters, and of books taken out of boxes that were shut and found on

the ground in the morning, and others which were never found, and I know not what became of them; but those which were missing during my absence may have been taken by men, who, as I believe, have the keys of all my boxes. On which account I can keep nothing from enemies or from the devil, except my own will, with which I will never consent to learn anything from him or from his followers, nor to have any familiarity, or with his magicians (*maghi*), who, as Ficino says, can move the imagination; but without the consent of the intellect they can have no authority or power, because that depends immediately on God. And this may be learned from many philosophers, both Platonic and Peripatetic. And particularly, Alexander Aphrodisæus does not allow that the imagination of man should rule his judgment, and all that is done with premeditation is within our own power. Perhaps it may appear that I am in contradiction with myself, who in the Dialogue of the Messagiers feigned to hold a conversation with a Spirit, which I would not in reality have done if I could. But you know that dialogue was written many years ago to obey the wish of a prince (Vicenzo Gonzaga), who perhaps had no bad intention, nor considered it a fault or great danger to treat such a subject almost poetically. But God knows that I never was a magician nor a Lutheran; nor that I read heretical books, or of necromancy, or any other forbidden arts. Nor does the conversation of Huguenots please me, nor to praise their doctrine. On the contrary I have blamed them by speech and writing, nor had I ever an opinion contrary to the Holy Catholic Church; though I will not deny that I have sometimes lent too much credit to the reasoning of philosophers, but never so far but that I always submitted my intellect to the theologians, and was more desirous of learning than of contradicting. But I will not conceal my miseries, that you, signor, may help me with all your force, with all your diligence, and with all your good faith. Know then, that besides these miracles of the *folletto*, which I can describe at length on some other occasion, there are many nocturnal terrors, for being awake certain small flames (*fiammette*) seem to appear in the air; and sometimes my eyes sparkle in such a manner that I have feared losing my sight—sparks have flown out of them visibly. I have seen likewise in the middle of the head of the bed shadows of mice which from any natural causes could not happen in that place; and often I have heard whistles, tinklings, bells, and the sound of a clock which has often struck One. I have feared epilepsy, apoplexy, blindness; I have had pains in my head, but not violent; in the intestines, the side, the thighs, the legs, but trifling. I have been weakened by vomiting, bleeding and fever. And in the midst of so many

terrors and pains there appeared to me in the air the figure of the Glorious Virgin with her son in her arms in a half circle of colours and vapours, on which account I ought not to despair of her protection. And although this might easily be an effect of imagination and delirium, being frequently distressed by phantasms and infinite melancholy, nevertheless, by the grace of God, I can *cohibere assensum* at times, which is the act of a wise man, as it pleases Cicero to say; wherefore I ought in preference to believe it was a miracle of the Virgin. But if I am not mistaken my delirium was caused by certain conserves which I ate three years ago, from which time began these infirmities. Signor Maurigio, remember I am forty years old and more; twenty of which I have spent in the service of the House of Este and in prison. Surely it is time to put an end to my hopes either by despair or pardon."

So far Torquato Tasso (see letter 85th, vol. 14, p. 161, to the Signor Molto Reverendo Maurizio Cataneo, without date, but it must be of 1584, as he says he was 40 years old, born in 1544.)

In another letter to the same person he says:—"You know that I have been ill, and have never been cured; perhaps I have greater need of an exorciser than of a physician, because the illness is owing to magical art. Compassion ought to be felt for my long sufferings. Of the *folletto* I will still tell you some more particulars. The little thief has robbed me of many scudi; I don't know how many, because I do not keep any account of them, as misers do, but perhaps they amount to twenty. He overturns my books, opens my boxes, steals my keys, that I cannot defend myself from him. I am very unhappy at all times, but most at night; nor do I know if my illness is from delirium, or what." &c.

The Rev. Maurigio Cataneo to whom he wrote the above was Secretary to the Cardinal Albano. He wrote many other letters to him, as well as to other persons. The above contains the most interesting facts respecting the way in which he was haunted, and the frequent *rapport* which bad spirits practised on him, of the possibility of which I have had proof enough in Florence during seven years. I have kept a journal during that time. Examples are not wanting of the intercourse of spirits with mediums in Italy. See the memoirs of Cardanas and his father, of Paracelsus, Marsiglio Ficino, Agrippa, St. Catherine of Sienna, and many saints. That of Dante's son you have given us from Boccaccio, and I am longing to know what Mr. Howitt has found respecting Ariosto.

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

Florence, 26th May, 1862.

“DEMONOLOGY” IN THE DAYS OF TIBERIUS AND OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

IN a letter to Richard H. Hutton, M.A., in the last number of the *Tracts for Priests and People*, the Rev. F. D. Maurice, after expressing his dissent from that view of the demonology of the New Testament, which represents the casting out of unclean spirits from the possessed as “unreal acts,” says:—“At the same time, I have felt an almost equal difficulty in assuming, as many assume, that these stories, so characteristic of the Gospels, were true in their simple sense of the days of Tiberius, and yet do not apply in the same sense to the days of Queen Victoria. How, I have asked myself, can the Gospel be a message to mankind, if this be so? The demonology of our times has supplied me at once with an answer to this question, and with a luminous commentary on the evangelical narratives.”

We are glad to find so profound a theologian making this candid acknowledgment. That the demoniacal or spiritual manifestations of “the days of Queen Victoria” supply “a luminous commentary on the evangelical narratives,” we have again and again affirmed, and it is a great satisfaction to find this averment now endorsed by so eminent an authority in the church. Some of us may read the commentary in different ways, but the admission that the phenomena of Spiritualism answers important questions and elucidates important narratives in Bible history, is an answer to the *cui bono*, in relation to one of the highest subjects of human interest. Further investigation would show that these facts of “the days of Queen Victoria” illustrate also another set of Bible questions and narratives; those, namely, which relate to the manifestations of angels and ministering spirits, and to acts of power and beneficence performed by their agency. Let us not study these facts of “the days of Queen Victoria” in a one-sided way, or look at the subject only in its exceptional and repulsive aspects—which, nevertheless, have their uses; but gratefully contemplate the evidence they furnish of a merciful Providence watching over our daily path, and if we “want no startling manifestation of such powers; no repetition of the events which the Gospels or the Acts of the Apostles record;” let us not therefore deny that this want may be felt by others, and that there may be reasons which render them as necessary now as in “the days of Tiberius.”

~~~~~

A CONFESSION OF THE ENEMY.—In these days, statesmen, authors, journalists—men who claim to be the chief instructors of the people—and even clergymen, are among the disciples of the leading mediums.—*London Society.*

## A ROMISH MIRACLE.

## THE BISHOP OF TARBES.

WE have abbreviated the following account from the Paris correspondence of *The Star*, omitting merely the usual jokes with which such a narration is sure to be accompanied in the columns of the press. It may be taken as a fair sample of most of the so-called miracles which have from time to time electrified the faithful of the Romish church, and who, though they are too wise either to deny or to ignore them, do not understand them. If they had studied the phenomena of Psychology and of Spiritualism, they would not erect chapels on the scenes of these visions, but would rather collect and record them, for the higher and more useful purpose, of deducing from them the mysteries of mediumship and clairvoyance. We suppose that if the poor girl were in the hands of those who understand such comparatively ordinary cases, she would be found to be a medium, who at the time of being visited by the Virgin, was in an undeveloped stage of mediumship. We know many such young persons of both sexes who have constantly such visions, but for whom there is no sympathizing good Bishop of Tarbes to build chapels, but only an experienced observer who notes down their visions, and watches the developments of their spiritual state. Thousands of such instances occurred during the early stages of the late Revivals in Ireland and in Scotland, with the difference only that as the mediums were Wesleyans and Presbyterians, they had visions of the Saviour, and occasionally of the Devil, according to their religious beliefs and to their impressions from the scenes around them. This is the story:—

“The papers have of late been making merry at the expense of the Bishop of Tarbes, who, in an elaborate pastoral letter, has pronounced on the validity of a ‘miracle’ which took place four years ago at the grotto of Lorges, in the neighbourhood of that town. A girl of 14 named Bernadette, deposed to have seen an apparition of the Virgin, not once or twice, but 18 consecutive times, and the right rev. prelate, after taking four years to think over the matter, comes to the conclusion that Bernadette was not an impostor, nor the victim of an hallucination, but that the Virgin had really appeared to her. The document in which the bishop expresses his convictions has just been published by the *Journal des Débats*, and is dated the 18th of January, 1862. After a short introduction, Monseigneur Bertrand-Sevère says:—

“At all periods of the human race, my well-beloved co-operators and my very dear brethren, miraculous communications



have taken place between heaven and earth. At the beginning of the world the Lord appeared to our first parents to reproach them with the crime of their disobedience. In the following ages we see him converse with the patriarchs and the prophets, and the Old Testament contains the history of the celestial apparitions with which the children of Israel were favoured.

“Those Divine favours were not to cease with the Mosaic law; on the contrary, they were destined, under the law of grace, to become both more numerous and more striking.

“From the birth of the Church, in those days of sanguinary persecution, Christians received the visits of Jesus Christ or of the angels, who came sometimes to reveal to them the secrets of the future, at others to deliver them from their chains and to keep up their strength in the trials they had to go through. It was thus, according to the idea of a judicious writer, that God encouraged those illustrious confessors of the faith, when all the mighty of the land united their efforts to stifle in its bud the doctrine which was to save the world.

“These supernatural manifestations were not the exclusive privilege of the early ages of Christianity. History attests that they have continued from age to age, for the glory of religion and the edification of the faithful.

“Among the celestial apparitions those of the Holy Virgin occupy a large place, and they have been an abundant source of blessings for the world. In going over the Catholic universe the traveller sees in certain places chapels dedicated to the Mother of God, and many of those monuments owe their origin to the apparition on that spot of the Queen of Heaven. We already possess one of those blessed sanctuaries founded four centuries ago, after a revelation made to a young shepherdess, and to which thousands of pilgrims still proceed every year to kneel before the throne of the glorious Virgin Mary, and implore her blessing.

“Thanks be to the Almighty! In the infinite treasures of his goodness he reserves a fresh favour for us. He wills that a new sanctuary shall be raised in the diocese of Tarbes to the glory of Mary. And what is the instrument he has made use of to communicate to us his merciful designs? It is one of the weakest of his creatures, a child of 14 years of age, Bernadette Sourbirens, born at Lorges, of a poor family.

“It was on the 11th of February, 1858, Bernadette was picking up dry sticks on the banks of the Gave, in company with one of her sisters aged 11, and another girl aged 13. They had arrived before the grotto of Massavielle, when, amidst the silence of nature, she heard a noise, similar to a gust of wind (*un coup de vent*). She looked to the trees which grew along the banks of the river, but they were motionless; and, hearing the sound

renewed, turned her eyes towards the grotto. There she beheld in a kind of niche at the side of the rock the figure of a lady, who beckoned to her to approach. Her face was of dazzling beauty; she was clothed in white, with a blue band round her waist, a white veil on her head, and a yellow rose on each of her feet. Bernadette was alarmed, and she thought that she was labouring under some optical delusion, and rubbed her eyes, but the object became more and more visible. The child then instinctively fell on her knees, took her chaplet, and when she had finished her prayer the apparition had vanished.

“Whether by some secret inspiration, or at the instigation of her companions, to whom she related what she had seen, Bernadette returned to the grotto on the Sunday and Thursday following, and each time the phenomena was repeated.

“On the Sunday, in order to satisfy herself whether this mysterious being came from the Lord or not, the young girl three times threw holy water on it, and received in return a look full of meekness and tenderness. On the Thursday the apparition spoke to Bernadette; and told her to return during the next fortnight; and she was moreover directed to wash herself, to drink at the fountain, and to eat of a herb which she would find there. The young girl, not seeing any water in the grotto, was going towards the River Gave, when the apparition called her back and told her to go to the bottom of the grotto, to the place she pointed out with her finger. The child obeyed, but saw no water but on scratching the dry ground with her hand water appeared, which she drank, and ate a kind of cress which she found there.

“After this act of obedience had been performed, the apparition again spoke to the child, charged her to go and tell the priests that she wished to have a chapel built on the spot where she had appeared, and Bernadette accordingly went to the curé, and informed him of the mission which she had received.

“Bernadette returned as she had been told every day for a fortnight, and every day, with the exception of two, she contemplated the same spectacle in the presence of an innumerable crowd, who also went to the spot, but could neither see nor hear anything. During that fortnight the apparition several times told Bernadette to go and wash and drink at the place before indicated to her; recommended her to pray for sinners, and renewed the request for the building of a chapel. Bernadette, on her side, asked the apparition who she was, but the only answer she received was a gracious smile.

“The fortnight of the visits passed away, but two more apparitions afterwards took place, one on the 25th of March, the day before the Annunciation of the Holy Virgin, and the other on the 5th of April. On the former day, Bernadette three times

asked the mysterious being who she was. The apparition then raised her hands, crossed them on her breast, and lifting her eyes to heaven, said, with a smile, I am the Immaculate Conception.

“ ‘Such is, in substance, the recital which we have heard from the mouth of Bernadette, in presence of the commission assembled to hear it for the second time.’

“ ‘He goes on to tell his flock that, if some delay has taken place in his recognition and endorsement of the vision of Bernadette, it is to be accounted for by the fact that at first he felt some misgiving as to the genuineness of the apparition—

“ ‘Since the fall man is liable to many errors, especially on such subjects. If he be not betrayed by his reason, grown so weak, he may be the victim of artifices of the Evil One. Who does not know that he sometimes transforms himself into an angel of light, to make us more easily fall into his toils?’

“ ‘These reasons induced the right rev. prelate minutely to investigate the matter, and he comes to the conclusion that Bernadette was too ignorant and simple to have invented the story; she was not subject to any morbid influence likely to superinduce any hallucination. Moreover, thousands of pilgrims have, ever since, flocked to the miraculous grotto, the waters of which, Monseigneur Bertrand-Sevére assures the faithful, have wrought wonderful cures, although the water when analyzed by men of science is found ‘to be wholly without any of the naturally curative properties’ which some waters possess. The right rev. prelate is compelled to come to the conclusion that—‘*Digitus Dei est hic.*’ ‘The finger of God is here.’—Therefore the pious prelate thinks the faithful are in duty bound to carry out the wishes manifested by ‘the Blessed Apparition,’ and build a chapel on the spot, and he invites the clergy and the faithful to assist him in his intention of ‘building a sanctuary on the spot.’ In Paris this document has been received with peals of laughter, in the South the miracle is fully believed in, and a large sum is likely to be subscribed for the miraculous chapel of Lourdes.”

---

### MR. LOWE, OF THE “CRITIC.”

---

WE had hoped that Mr. Lowe, after the exposure which we were obliged to make in our last number, of his abnormal mode of dealing with facts, would have candidly confessed himself in error, and have promised not to do so any more. We fear however that the habit has become too strong in him, and that we must devote some more attention to endeavour to cure him of so objectionable a proclivity. Knowing the real facts, as he did, he had no reason at all for denying our first statement, and we do not



know what could have induced him to deny it, for he had a perfect right to apply to Mr. Hall, the magistrate, if he thought that Mr. Foster had cheated him. It was even his duty to make the application, and we made no complaint of him for what he did, but merely mentioned it as a piece of interesting news. We did not know then that he had also, in his zealous devotion to the public interests, quickened by the loss of the three guineas which he and his friends had paid to Mr. Foster, made a journey to Scotland-yard to make his complaint to Sir Richard Mayne, and that he was only unable to carry out his object on account of Sir Richard's absence. Now we say again, why did not Mr. Lowe let our remarks pass, and what could have induced him to deny them as he did in the broadest terms? In our last number we were compelled by his indiscretion to repeat the whole statement with additions, thus placing him in no enviable position, and compelling him to defend himself against a much more serious charge than that of innocently going before Mr. Hall and Sir Richard Mayne.

In the "Critic" of the 7th June Mr. Lowe thus defends, or rather further injures his character:—

For the satisfaction of the writer in the *Spiritual Magazine* we will state, however, that no application was made to Mr. HALL, in his *public capacity*, and that there never was, on the part of the gentleman named, *any intention or desire* to apply for a warrant. Appended to the explanation of the writer in the *Spiritual Magazine*, is a communication signed "A Friend." The writer of this states that *an application was also made at Scotland-yard*, in addition to the application at Bow-street. In answer to this, we have to say *that no such application was made*.

It is injurious to public morals, that such quibbling should be resorted to, to conceal the real facts. Had Mr. Lowe acted a manly part, he would have saved himself and us all further trouble, and he might, if it be true that the *Critic* is only to appear monthly, instead of weekly, give himself more time in considering what he writes for the future. But no! he must try to get out of the charge now by saying that the application was not made to Mr. Hall *in his public capacity*, although his clerk was present and joined in the discussion which ensued! Whilst to get out of his Scotland Yard journey, he is obliged to mis-state our words, and to make us say that an application was *made at Scotland Yard*, in order that he may deny making such an application. The charge, however, as he well knows was not that he made the application there, but that he went to Scotland Yard to have seen Sir Richard Mayne for the purpose of laying the case before him, and that the accidental absence of Sir Richard alone prevented his doing so. We shall be glad if Mr. Lowe will make another trial, if he thinks that he can serve his character any better than he has done already.

In another part of the same number of the *Critic*, Mr. Lowe notices with high approval two silly drawings, and sillier descriptions of mediums, which appeared in the new magazine, *London Society*. Mr. Lowe, who is of course very sore about Spiritualism, says:—

The illustrations of *London Society* for June are wonderfully good, and much more varied than usual. We wish we could transfer to our columns the pictorial sketches of the "Two Mediums" thus described in print: 'These be your prophets. That man in the built-up stock is in reality a solemn idiot, coarse, uneducated, vulgar, but with all the conceit, assurance, and low shrewdness of an overpowering humbug. The very heaviness of his impudence is deceiving. His trickery is concealed under a cloak of passiveness. His face betrays nothing. His hypocrisy is a dull, stagnant pool which detection cannot stir.'

If Mr. Lowe does not take more care in what he writes, it may be that these elegant words, may not be solely applicable to mediums.

## INTERNAL RESPIRATION.—CONJUGIAL LOVE AND ANGELIC COMMUNION.

"In proportion as a man loves his wife he becomes celestial."—SWEDENBORG.

ALAS! We fear there are few celestial men; though Milton avers that—"Domestic bliss is the only bliss that has survived the fall." But conjugal love, as brought to view in Swedenborg's writings, is a love so pure that we scarcely know where to look for it as an actuality. Treating on this subject, he gives us many foregleams of the new golden age with its spiritual developments, experiences, and blessings in the marriage relation. He details conversation which he had with angels concerning conjugal love, lamenting its absence in this world, and speaking hopefully concerning its restoration. From these conversations we gather that, when restored, it will be accompanied with the purest celestial conditions of body and mind, involving, in fact, physical regeneration.

An angel, he says, was heard by him declaring to certain novice spirits, "You do not know anything of the primeval state of man which you call a state of integrity. In that state, all the interiors of the mind were open to the Lord." Then, after stating the results of such a state when it exists, he says, "But this cannot be the case with any but those, in whom a passage is open from the soul, through the superior and inferior principles of the mind, into the body, to its ultimates, as is the case with those who suffer themselves to be led back by the Lord, into the primeval state of creation." In this remarkable passage we have his direct and positive testimony in favour of the restoration of Internal Respiration by the mouth of an angel.

Another angel, conversing with him on this subject says, "I entertain the hope that this love may be revived, because it is capable of being revived." He himself declares that conjugal love will be revived on earth with all its celestial concomitants by the Lord *after his coming*; and he says that the mind of man will be elevated to a superior *aura*, and that he will become, like the man of the most ancient church, "a habitation of God." Put all these things together, and what do they give us? The inmost marriage of goodness and truth in the soul—love to the Lord the chief affection—the three degrees of the mind open *a passage from the soul through the superior and inferior principles, even to the ultimates of the body*; and the mind elevated to a superior aura. If this does not give us the return of Internal Respiration there is no meaning in words. What is this passage from the soul into the body, but the opening of the inner functions of breath?

If this requires further confirmation, it receives it in what he says of open communication with heaven. The belief has long prevailed among the readers of Swedenborg's writings, that mankind will ultimately enjoy open intercourse with the angels of heaven. This belief is based on what Swedenborg says about man's capacity for such commerce. For some time past, however, the manifestations of Spiritualism have tended to suppress the expression of this belief amongst them, so that now the subject is seldom hinted at, sometimes ignored, and sometimes even denied. It is a palpable fact that the world of spirits is breaking in upon the natural world, and multitudes are in the effort, by natural powers, to explore spiritual things. Instead of exclaiming against all such communications, the better way would be for Swedenborgians to show from their great teacher what orderly communication with the spiritual world is, and what are the conditions of its safe and useful enjoyment. Open intercourse doubtless has its dangers. No seer more clearly and fully shows what these dangers are, and how they may be avoided. He shows indeed that open and conscious communication with spirits and angels is man's birthright, and that it may be profitably enjoyed by him when the proper conditions for such commerce are established. These conditions he further shows are the proper relations of will and understanding to faith and love. As to man's capacity by creation for spirit intercourse, he says, "Man was so created that during his life on earth amongst men, he might at the same time also live amongst angels; and during his life amongst angels, he might at the same time also live on earth amongst men—men knowing what is in heaven, and angels knowing what is on earth." Again he says, "Man is created by the Lord so that during his life in the body he is capable of conversing



with spirits and angels, as indeed occurred in the most ancient times; for being a spirit clothed with a body he is one with them. But because in process of time mankind immersed themselves in corporeal and worldly things, caring for nothing else, the way to effect this became closed; nevertheless, it is opened again as soon as bodily things are removed, and then men are introduced amongst spirits and associate with them."

We have seen what is meant by the closing of the way of communication, consciously, with spirits and angels, *viz.*, cessation of internal breathing, because of man's declension in faith and love, consequent upon his immersion in worldly things. There cannot, therefore, be legitimate communication between spirits and angels and man until this closed way is again opened, that is to say, there can be no communication with spirits and angels otherwise, except such as is "visual and external" until men return to their original condition of faith and love.

We do not say that man cannot have communications with spirits and angels without the opening of Internal Respiratories. The innumerable facts of spirit communication, ancient and modern, show that he can. The Bible attests to "angels' visits" — "visits few and far between," since the closing up of the *interior* way of communication; but, we do say that without the opening of the inner functions of breath, spirit intercourse, in a conscious manner, is not without danger, and is often uncertain and unreliable. The reason is, that the communication being only *objective* and not *subjective*, renders those communicating liable to deception. They cannot know positively with whom they are in communication, nor are they aware of their intents and purposes. But the opening of the inner breath gives man *insight* as to who and what those are with whom communication is held. The only absolutely safe, certain, reliable, and in the highest sense, useful form of spiritual intercourse is by the opening up of the closed way. Swedenborg distinctly declares that this way whereby man can have safe, orderly, and useful communication with the spiritual world might again be opened. "I have conversed," says he, "with spirits, stating that if men were in faith in the Lord, heaven might be open to them, or that an interior way towards heaven might be opened which is [now] shut; and this in a manner almost similar to that which through the Lord's mercy has occurred to me; thus men in the world and spirits and angels might live together and enjoy mutual intercourse."—*Spiritual Diary*, 2,541.

In the paragraph following this he says, "It has been ordained by the Lord from eternity that there should be such intercourse between men and angels." He gives his own case as evidence of possible, safe, orderly, and useful communi-

cation with spirits and angels. It was by means of internal respiration that *he* was restored to his creative privileges. Open interior spirit-intercourse cannot be enjoyed except by internal respiration by any one. It follows, also, that the end of man's creation will not be fully realized until this medium of communication be re-established. The Rev. L. H. Smithson, in a pamphlet, entitled *The Word of God and Spirit Manifestations*, while admitting man's capacity for open intercourse with spiritual beings, and the possibility of such intercourse, observes that "many generations must elapse ere men are fit to enjoy it." But what, it may be asked, constitutes man's fitness to enjoy it? Evidently, internal respiration. It was by this means that Swedenborg enjoyed this privilege for so many years. It is, therefore, not a question of *time* but of *state*. The return of internal respiration indicates *the time* for truly, orderly, safe, and useful spirit intercourse. In the meantime, in view of the extreme naturalness of the public mind, objective communications may be provisionally useful. They may exist permissively to effect external results.

Swedenborg puts the question of disorder in respect to spiritual intercourse in a nutshell. He says it becomes so "when men by barely natural powers seek to replace spiritual things." We need not do this. We have an interior way which we may open. To have such intercourse as by creation man is capable of enjoying, he must open that way by resisting evil and living a life of faith and love. It is an easy matter to attend *séances* and to witness the proofs of spirit-power and presence. It is an easy matter, comparatively, under certain physical peculiarities, to induce external mediumship. We predict that the time will soon come when men of serious and heaven-seeking minds will grow tired of the "rapping" and "table-tipping" form of spiritual manifestations—that they will throw away "planchettes" and all other external appliances to induce those objective manifestations so prevalent in many circles. The interior and subjective communion will be sought. But this more excellent way of spirit-communion involves flesh crucifixion—the abandonment of selfishness in all its forms—the rising from worldly desires and motives to brotherly love and interior worship of one God in the glorified personality of Jesus Christ.

Internal Respiration, as we shall see, is the "baptism of fire" in store for those who are willing to devote themselves to promote the well-being of humanity, and to develope the god-like in heart and life. Our next paper will exhibit Internal Respiration as exemplified by Swedenborg's experience.

RESPIRO.

## THE ROSICRUCIANS.

---

THE following sketch is taken from a recent lecture by Miss Emma Hardinge, at the Lyceum Hall, New York. Little is known at this scientific day of the mystical labours of the astrologers, the alchemists, and the Rosicrucians, and of the results which they have had, not only upon the science, but upon the thought of succeeding ages. Miss Hardinge says of the alchemists:—

“Some seven hundred years after the death of Jesus, there were vague rumours concerning a new science. It was said that all matter was formed from two sources—the boreal, or condensive, whose power is attraction, and the astral, or rarificative, which is repulsive, so fully known to you as the two modes by which all the works of nature are carried on: that of these or their material representatives, all things in Nature are compounded. It was the effort of the scholars of this age and sect to discover the philosopher’s stone. It was thought there was a third power wanting, and he who could find this was the fortunate one who could give to the world the philosopher’s stone—possessed of fabulous power. To find this, was the struggle of hundreds and thousands of lives. We have no important account of their success, till in the ninth and tenth century, when this sect acquired great celebrity, aided by the discoveries of Paracelsus, and from him a new era in the science was dated. He claimed to have discovered for himself the philosopher’s stone. He had imprisoned the spirit in a stone, and fitted it into his sword-hilt; and by virtue of the spirit, and its obedience to the conditions of its being, he could cause to decay living matter, and bring health from disease. There were marvellous stories of a wondrous rock somewhere in mid-ocean, whereon ships were drawn by an uncontrollable force, the iron drawn from their hulls, and upon which whole navies went to pieces. The same spirit was imprisoned in the hilt of his sword, and through its magnetism he performed wonderful cures. He said, ‘My hand is so charged with this invisible power that I can introvert the human soul, intensify its faculties, and cause man to have superhuman power.’ We have heard of those who went in search of the alchemic elixir of life—the pure water of eternal youth, by which the period of man’s life may be prolonged almost indefinitely. Thousands of lives were spent in the search for this fabled fountain, and finally Paracelsus reappeared in the form of one Mesmer.

“Next we come to the brothers of the Rosy Cross, who from one of their number derived new power, long sought, and which



was a new era in the wisdom of the world. One Christian Rosenkroods, claimed to have found a wonderful secret; and, fearing to trust it to the world, lest he should be nailed to the cross, as good men had been before, who came to bless their race, he ventured, a little at a time, to reveal his mystery to a secret order—the Rosicrucians. The order was founded upon a spiritual origin; and the founder claimed to have discovered the philosopher's stone, in the power to read men's thoughts, to become invisible, and be in the company of others, seeing, but unseen. Those three societies have been the great secret organization of the world, and the world is much indebted to them. Remember, to the astrologers you are indebted for the knowledge of the stars, their effects upon mortals, and upon the tides and agricultural powers of earth; the alchemists discovered in their search for the philosopher's stone, the great truths of chemistry; remember that the Rosicrucians have taught you of the principles of life, of clairvoyance and psychology. Though the labour of all might have been selfish, God's providence has turned all to eternal good. Now, with the unfoldments of modern Spiritualism, you behold the perfect blending of all the purposes of the past, in the economy of nature, as so many steps in the march up to deific life. You have learned that one law governs all nature, and each is unfolded in its time—as the world can assimilate the knowledge and profit by its coming. The demon of Paracelsus has stood at the elbow of every new unfoldment, and the power compacted in Paracelsus's sword hilt, streamed in luminous power from Mesmer's fingers. This is the inspiration of the philosopher's stone; and the elixir vitæ, the water of life, is found in the science of clairvoyance, in the power of magnetism, which unrolls the scroll of the heaven and the earth at your feet. All things are resolvable into gases and back again, and thus is the truth of the ancients verified to-day. Spiritualism comes, as the philosopher's stone, not to transmute the vulgar metals in gold, but to transmute vice, ignorance and crime, moral, physical or spiritual, into the gold of wisdom, intellect, virtue and purity. Such a mission is for each and every one of us. This is the lesson taught us in all the varied cypher language of Nature. 'Let there be light,' said the great Master Mason of the Universe, and the age to-day has not ceased obeying the call. We thank the astronomers for their truth, the alchemists for what they have taught us, and the Rosicrucians for what they have unfolded, as so many voices responding to the fiat of the Deity—'Let there be light.'"

---

## MIRACULOUS CONSECRATION OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

---

MR. G. GILBERT SCOTT, in his *Gleanings from Westminster Abbey*, just published, has given occasion to the *Literary Gazette* to review the work, and in doing so to add some historical details and legends, of which the following is of interest to our readers:—

“We now come to the tradition respecting the miraculous dedication by St. Peter at the commencement of the seventh century. The origin of this story, which is not mentioned by Bede, has been attributed to St. Dunstan. It is freely told in the Charter of Edward the Confessor (the genuineness of which has itself been doubted), and likewise by Sulcardus, who wrote in 1080, and by Ailred of Rievaulx. According to this tradition, Sigebertus or Sebertus, king of the East Saxons and nephew of Ethelbert, king of Kent, having received baptism, demolished a Pagan temple at a place called Thorney, about two miles out of London, and founded on the site a church to the honour of St. Peter. This church it was arranged should receive consecration from the hands of Mellitus, bishop of London, who had himself been the instrument of the king's conversion. But a grander honour awaited it than this. The night before the intended consecration, a fisherman, who plied his craft by night on the river Thames, was hailed by a mysterious stranger, who commanded him to row him to the newly-erected temple. Arrived there, it was not long before the church was filled with dazzling brightness, and strains of angelic music pealed out through the night upon the ears of the bewildered boatman. The magic sight and sounds are at length ended, and the stranger re-appearing, commands the fisherman to make known abroad what he had heard and seen. In reward for his services, and to convince him of the reality of the ceremony in which he had taken a humble part, he is directed to haul his nets into the river, and to offer the tithe of his miraculous draught of salmon upon the altar of that church; he is promised, moreover, that he and all pious fishermen who should make this offering should not want for success in their daily toil. The story is narrated to the bishop, who, proceeding thither with his clergy, beheld with wonder the chrism on the altar, and the dropping of the wax tapers on the pavement, which showed that the holy ceremony of consecration had taken place. The church thus dedicated to his own honour by the prince of the Apostles, became henceforth the holiest sanctuary of Christian England.

“The nineteenth century, which cannot receive aught as truth

which lies outside the reach of the understanding, dismisses the pious story as a myth, and refuses to see anything in it but a monkish lie. Yet it should be remembered, that myth though we must allow it to have been in its origin, it ripened into useful fact. Kings and nobles respected and enriched a sanctuary thus wondrously honoured; and from age to age, down till late in the fifteenth century, the tithe of all salmon taken between Staines Bridge and Gravesend was offered on its altar to God's glory and to the support of the goodly edifice. An ancient *consuetudinarium* or customary of Westminster Abbey, written in the thirteenth century, and some burnt and defaced fragments of which still remain in the Cotton Library, defines the method of dealing with the fish thus offered. After being presented at the high altar it was to be carried into the kitchen, and being cleaned, the sacristan having delivered to the fisherman a wax candle of a pound weight, in lieu thereof demanded of the cook the head and as much below the gills as three fingers. When boiled, the fish was to be carried in a dish to a table in the middle of the refectory, and the Prior and Convent are directed to rise at its approach. The fisherman on the day of presentation had a right to dine with the brethren, and might demand from the cellarer ale and bread, in return for which the cellarer might claim as much as four fingers, with the thumb erect, could take from the said fish's tail. The manipulation seems to have been extreme, but we must remember that forks and fish-knives were not institutions of that period: and even after their invention were condemned as unseemly luxuries, to be avoided by all who would follow Christian simplicity.—See *Savonarolæ Epistolæ Spirituales, Epist. ad Magdalenam Picam, Comitissam de Mirandula*, p. 21, ed. 1674."

---

### MYSTERIOUS VISITATION AT AYLESBURY, BUCKS, IN 1851.

---

IN this town there lived a veterinary surgeon named Steele, who died in the year 1849, leaving a wife, a daughter, and a niece, who resided with them. He had acquired a little property, and they occupied a cottage of their own at Walton Green. About nine or ten months afterwards they left, and went to reside in a cottage of their own in Aylesbury, at the back of the market place. Early in the spring of 1851, they left the town to pay a visit of a few weeks, leaving a friend of the writer, named J. Birch, (and who was a relative of theirs) in charge of the house. His daughter Anne, was in the habit of going to open and shut the windows morning and evening. On entering



the house one evening to shut the windows as usual, and having closed the doors, she was surprised to see, sitting on the hearth, a large dog. She ordered it off without thinking where it would go, as no doors were open. The dog walked away towards the back of the house, and she proceeded up stairs, and while there recollected there was no place for the dog to go to, as the back was all fastened; she searched the place without finding it, and then secured the front door and went home. She related the circumstance to her father, who, after that went himself or sent his son to fasten the windows and doors. The family returned soon after, and about the same time, a nephew, who was in the Marines, having purchased his discharge, returned to Aylesbury. All was now going on very quietly, and the old lady had engaged a young girl as servant, whom she sent into the cellar one evening to pile up a quantity of bottles that lay about. They were all startled by a loud scream, and on running to the cellar found the girl stretched on the floor, apparently in a fit. On the return of consciousness, she explained the cause; saying that as she was piling up bottles, a lame man came and pushed her down; but she could not tell how he got there. (Now Mr. Steele was a lame man, and always walked with a stick, and the girl had never seen him.) The girl went home and was for some time ill in consequence of the fright.

Shortly after this the marine paid his aunt a visit, and while conversing with her the folding doors in the room flew open without any apparent cause; he arose and shut them, but had hardly returned to his seat when they flew open again; he then sprang up, thrust them too with an oath, and applied his eye to the keyhole, when they flew open with considerable force and struck him on the head. He made a remark to his aunt upon the strangeness of the occurrence and took his leave, knowing that there was no one in the house at the time but his aunt and himself. Soon after, on the same day, an old gentleman (a retired tradesman) called upon her, after a chat he arose to depart, the daughter and niece having returned from a walk, and he put his chair back in its place, saying, "If you put up your chair you will not soon call again." He was alarmed to find the chair follow him, and, as if hardly knowing what he did, he put it back again, when the same thing occurred again, and he hurriedly departed. A series of annoyances to the old lady and her family now commenced, which, had the writer not received an account of them from a relative of the family, and a friend of his own, he would not have believed. The relative and friend here alluded to is by no means superstitious, and would, if required, give the fullest confirmation, and, probably, additional particulars. He assured the writer that the tea things were hurried off the table into the lap of the old lady without

breaking. Whisperings were heard in various parts of the house, but no words distinguished, and loud knockings now commenced.

Their relative, Mr. B. was sent for, and spoken to respecting these disturbances, but after examining the house he could give no opinion of their cause. A report was now circulated that the niece did it all by means of springs and wires: she was accordingly sent away. A tailor's workshop which adjoined the place, was searched by some who thought they could solve the mystery, and that the tailors might have a communication with the house by a galvanic battery and electric wires, but nothing save a little disappointment to them came of that. During the excitement, the writer's friend, J. B. and family, were aroused from their sleep one night by a loud knocking at their door, and on going down, they found Mrs. Steele and her daughter waiting to be let in, and only partially drest; they stated they were just preparing for bed, when they were startled by a terrific knock at the bedroom door, louder than any they had heard before; hastily putting on some of their clothes, they left the house leaving the lamp burning and the doors open. Mr. B. and his son went and found the place as described; they put out the lamp, secured the house, and returned. Now commenced a regular course of rappings at the street door, and in other parts of the house, varying in time and force, and attracting crowds of people to the spot, particularly on market days.

At length Mr. Hamilton (then editor of the *Aylesbury News*, and afterwards of the *Star*, now deceased) resolved with Mr. B. and one or two others, to sit up all night to see if they could discover anything. The knocking continued, and although near midnight, Mr. Hamilton thought as there were people outside, he would stand with the handle of the door in his hand to be ready to pounce upon any hapless wight he might chance to lay his hand upon, when suddenly there came a knock so loud and sharp, as to make him start back, as if electrified. Instantly recovering himself he threw open the door, which sent a few old women flying in all directions, and he after them. His race was a short one, for one of them nearest him falling down, he rolled over her to the great amusement of his fellow watchers. He pursued no more, resting satisfied with the old woman's assurance, that "No one knocked at all, sir, outside." Sunday morning came and Mrs. Steele and her daughter left the house, and the three friends commenced a regular search from top to bottom of the house; but on reaching the room which the old lady had slept in, it required their united strength to force open the door, the bedstead having been moved close up to it. It was put back in its place, the fireplace examined, and no human agency could be discovered. The window was now closed and sealed up; the door made fast

and sealed with Mr. Hamilton's own seal, and locking all up they went to a place of worship. At half-past twelve they again entered the house, Mr. B. was the first to go to the stairs, and, on looking up exclaimed, "See here," a very large linen chest as much as two men could lift, and which stood upon the landing, was removed from its place, and was on the very edge of the stairs, as if just ready to fall upon them; they replaced it, and breaking the seal of the bedroom door, the same difficulty occurred as before; the bedstead having been moved to the door again. Puzzled and confounded, they knew not what to do; so replacing the bedstead, they left the house.

The Monday following Mrs. Steele and her daughter returned, and a great deal of excitement was kept up for some time, and Mr. Hamilton, to allay it, wrote several articles in the newspaper treating the matter as a practical joke, although he assured me privately that he could not account for it in any way, but he wished to spare the old lady's feelings, and save her from the annoyance of a crowd; and the bellman was sent round the town to announce the same. The rappings became now less frequent and at last died away.

W. R.

## A VISION OF THE WORLD OF SPIRITS EIGHTEEN CENTURIES AGO.

THE following remarkable and instructive vision of the spirit-world is narrated by Plutarch. It is a bit of "the wisdom of the ancients," which may carry with it a lesson even to modern Christians:—

"Thespesios of Soli lived, at first, very prodigally and profligately; but afterwards, when he had spent all his property, necessity induced him to have recourse to the basest methods for a subsistence. There was nothing, however vile, which he abstained from, if it only brought him in money; and thus he again amassed a considerable sum, but fell at the same time into the worst repute for his villany. That which contributed the most to this, was a prediction of the god Amphilochus: for having applied to this deity to know whether he would spend the rest of his life in a better manner, he received for answer, 'that he would never mend till he died.' And so it really happened, in a certain sense; for not long afterwards, he fell down from an eminence upon his neck, and though he received no wound, yet he died in consequence of the fall. But three days afterwards, when he was about to be interred, he received strength, and came to him-



self. A wonderful change now took place in his conduct, for the Cilicians know no one who at that time was more conscientious in business, devout towards God, terrible to his foes, or faithful to his friends: so that those who associated with him, wished to learn the cause of this change; justly supposing that such an alteration of conduct, from the greatest baseness to sentiments so noble, could not have come of itself. And so it really was, as he himself related to Protogenus, and other judicious friends.

"When his rational soul left the body, he felt like a pilot hurled out of his vessel into the depths of the sea. He then raised himself up, and his whole being seemed on a sudden to breathe, and to look about it on every side, as if the soul had been all eye. He saw nothing of the previous objects; but beheld the enormous stars at an immense distance from each other, endowed with admirable radiance, and uttering wonderful sounds; whilst his soul glided gently and easily along, borne by a stream of light, in every direction. In his narrative he passed over what he saw besides, and merely said that he perceived the souls of those that were just departed, rising up from the earth: they formed a luminous kind of bubble, and when this burst the soul placidly came forth, glorious, and in human form. The souls, however, had not all the same motion: some soared upwards with wonderful ease, and instantaneously ascended to the heights above: others whirled about like spindles; sometimes rising upwards, and sometimes sinking downwards, having a mixed and disturbed motion. He was unacquainted with the most of them, but recognized two or three of his relatives. He drew near to them, and wished to speak with them, but they did not hear him, for they were not wholly themselves, but in a state of insensibility, and avoiding every touch: they turned round, first alone in a circle, then as they met with others in a similar condition, they moved about with them in all directions, emitting indistinct tones, like rejoicing mixed with lamentation. Others, again, appeared in the heights above, shining brilliantly, and affectionately uniting with each other, but fleeing the restless souls above described. In this place he also saw the soul of another of his relatives, but not very perceptibly, for it had died whilst a child. The latter, however, approaching him, said, 'Welcome Thespesios!' On his answering that his name was not Thespesios, but Aridaios, it replied, 'It is true, thou didst formerly bear that name, but henceforth thou art called Thespesios. Thou art, however, not yet dead, but by a particular providence of the gods, art come hither in thy rational spirit; but thou hast left the other soul behind, as an anchor, in the body. At present, and in future, be it a sign by which thou mayest distinguish thyself

from those that are really dead, that the souls of the deceased no longer cast a shadow, and are able to look stedfastly at the light above, without being dazzled.' On this, the soul in question conducted Thespesios through all parts of the other world, and explained to him the mysterious dealings and government of Divine Justice; why many are punished in this life whilst others are not; and showed him also every species of punishment to which the wicked are subject hereafter. He viewed everything with holy awe; and after having beheld all this as a spectator, he was at length seized with dreadful horror, when on the point of departing: for a female form of wondrous size and appearance, laid hold of him just as he was going to hasten away, and said, 'Come hither, in order that thou mayest the better remember everything!' And with that she drew forth a burning rod, such as the painters use, when another hindered her, and delivered him; whilst he, as if suddenly impelled forwards by a violent gale of wind, sank back at once into his body, and came to life again at the place of interment."

---

### MR. L.'S NARRATIVE.

---

MR. COLEMAN has received a letter from Mr. L., dated the 10th June, from which the following is an extract:—

"I have the pleasure of announcing to you the initiation of Dr. Gray as a witness of the visible présence of Dr. Franklin on Friday night last. He saw the spirit less distinctly than has generally been my experience, but sufficiently well to recognize him. This being, however, the first time of seeing him, he may expect to attain by progressive steps the same vividness that has been manifested to us, after the first emotions of surprise have been overcome by familiarity with the phenomenon. The doctor actually saw and took the grey hair of Franklin's spirit, as well as a portion of the clothing in his hand, and examined them. To me this is now a very common occurrence, but the additional corroborative testimony of Dr. Gray is very important. He is intensely interested and anxious to see more, and has at my request promised to write you as soon as he has had a little more experience. I have had a great deal to interest me since my last, but will await further development before writing more."

---

## THE CAUSE OF HAUNTED HOUSES.

---

IN reply to the inquiry of a correspondent on this subject, A. J. Davis, in the *Herald of Progress*, says :—"Of course there are stories of haunted houses that have no foundation in truth. Perhaps the report referred to by our correspondent is one of them. But we have positive knowledge of houses that have been 'haunted,' and so absolutely that no family could be induced to dwell within their walls." He then gives an instance of a house not far from the banks of the Hudson, which had this reputation. He took some pains to ascertain its history. It had been built by a grasping slaveholder, an arbitrary man, with a large property. His wife was made wretched by his injustice and miserly habits. An only son, highly endowed by nature and thoroughly educated, became dissipated. One cold night, in the depths of winter, he committed suicide in that house. In that house, also, two sweet little children were accidentally burnt to death. The poor mother, in a fit of frenzy, threw herself from her chamber window and died of the injuries received. Her husband, as soon as possible, disposed of his property, and embarked for the tour of Europe. Disease and disaster followed him, till, worn out in mind and body, he returned to America, and died in the old lonely house on the morning that he reached it, and in the same chamber where the son committed suicide, where the two children were burned to death, and where the frantic mother threw herself from the window.

"Years afterward, when these events had nearly vanished from the people's memory, the dwelling was occupied by a new proprietor. One winter night, when the husband was gone from home, the family were awakened and frightened by the sound of footsteps in the fatal chamber. It was now used only as a store-room and general wardrobe. The thought of robbers naturally occurred to the frightened listeners. While they listened a light female form glided across the room, before their very eyes, although the apartment was dark as midnight. They screamed for help. Presently a neighbourly farmer lighted his lantern and came over to ascertain the cause of the cries he had heard. They explained what had occurred as well as they could, which only excited his mirthfulness. Yet he carefully examined the premises. Nothing had been disturbed. The doors were all locked and bolted, and the supposition of *human* 'footsteps' was pronounced absurd. Nothing further occurred until some six months subsequently, when, in the night time, as before, sounds of voices were heard in the same chamber. Again, too, a clearly defined human figure glided across the room in which the husband and



wife and a child were, or had been sleeping. Upon investigation, nothing satisfactory was developed. From that time, with intervals of a few nights of silence, the strange sounds, and voices, and moving figure, continued. These interruptions during the night at last became frequent and alarming beyond endurance. Clothes were pulled from the beds by invisible hands, logs of wood seemed to be rolling over the floor, tin pans were thumped, and jets of wind would suddenly extinguish the lighted tapers. The people in the neighbourhood gave no credence to these reports, but so real and fearful were the facts to the occupants themselves, that they soon moved far away. They could not be happy anywhere near such a dreadful habitation. At length the old house was shut up, and was deserted by everything human. It was in a state of dilapidation when we first visited it. The doors were nearly rusted from their hinges, the windows were broken, and every foundation stone was covered with the mildew of decomposition."

Davis says that upon entering the chamber there was instantly upon him "a feeling that there was something human in the very plaster and woodwork of the haunted apartments. This mysterious *feeling*, in a dwelling so long uninhabited, led to clairvoyant perceptions." He found the "electrical *particles*," or emanations of the unhappy son and mother "still lingering in the mildew and atmosphere of the chamber. We seemed to breathe the very life of the wretched suicides." He adds, "Since that day we have discovered and established, at least to our own satisfaction, that particular rooms in a house may become *mediumized*. The bodily emanations of a person while in extreme distress of either mind or body, will, under certain states of the atmosphere, completely impregnate and saturate the particles of a room; so that, for years afterward, it is possible for spirits to manifest themselves, in various ways, in the discharge of some particular uses or duties. In such cases we say that the house is 'haunted.' In reality, the room is a 'physical medium,' and the manifestations are attributable to the presence or influence of persons no longer in the terrestrial body. Precisely what combination of mental forces and electrical emanations is requisite to *mediumize* an apartment, we cannot say; but that the human mind is adequate, under peculiar trials, or by the magnetic use of the will-power, to the production of 'haunted rooms,' is too well known to be denied. It is well to remember that the human world and the spirit world are interblended and inseparable."

---

## Notices of Books.

### HEALING MEDIUMS.\*

THIS is a subject which has been frequently brought before our readers as a great spiritual fact, and we have endeavoured to attract attention to it, that its laws and methods might receive attention. If it be proved by sufficient instances that such a power exists in man, it is, perhaps, of all others, the most worthy of investigation, and that, not alone because of the benefits which it may confer in relieving the deep sufferings of mankind. Though this may be its highest and ultimate use, yet by a patient research into it, we believe that great psychological and even religious analogies and discoveries would be made, and that it would tend to reconcile some disputed points of the highest interest. If there be a magnetic power in goodness and love, which can cure evil and hatred, (and who doubts this God-like and God-given power), why should there not be in the lower region of physics, an analogous power by the strong healthy man, upon the weak and suffering, to instil into their bodies so much physical force, as may drive out disease and weakness? It is well known that great care must be taken by those who use the hand and will power in curing disease, to throw off the diseased sphere, which is detached from the patient, and that, when this is not done, the operator himself becomes affected by the disease of which he cures the patient. This is a species of vicarious suffering, and we can well conceive, from such a consideration, how a healthy, loving, sympathetic body can give to another the health which drives out disease. In addition to this, man being a magnet of the highest order, acts positively in such a case upon the weaker magnet, and establishes a current, which is the medium by which health is infused and disease abstracted.

As we have said, all depends upon having sufficient facts by which to guide the judgment in forming a conclusion. It has been the good fortune of the science miscalled mesmerism, that it has undergone a scientific investigation by persons fully competent to the task, and it has resulted from the long continued labours of Dr. Elliotson, Dr. Ashburner, and others, that a body of facts has been collected, amply sufficient for the purpose. It is true that at the time of their investigations, the mere ascertaining of the facts was a very principal part, and that the deductions which have since began to show themselves, were not in the minds of the early investigators. Dr. Ashburner has

---

\* *Healing by the Hand and Will, exemplified by Mr. Capern during a residence at Lamport.* By SIR CHARLES ISHAM, BART. London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster-row, 1862.

shown himself competent to deal not only with the facts he elicited, but to travel with them into the higher regions to which they naturally lead, but with Dr. Elliotson, he was not able to build upon the foundation which he laid with such care, and which subjected him to such obloquy. It is now seen that mesmerism is only a branch of spiritual laws, and that it providentially formed but a basis for the subsequent developments of Spiritualism. Perhaps that is one of the reasons which has lately caused it to decline out of fashion, and which causes those who still pursue it, to suppress from the public those spiritual developments into which it so frequently deepens.

We have been led into these remarks by the perusal of a pamphlet, just published, by Sir Charles Isham, of Lamport, Northamptonshire, who recounts his experience of many cures performed through Mr. Capern, the well known mesmerist. The remarks of the author are of great interest, and the cases which he adduces are especially valuable. We cannot but express the hope that this little pamphlet of twenty pages may draw anew attention to the subject, and that it may be investigated from the point of Spiritualism, rather than from that of Mesmerism.

We give the preliminary observations of Sir Charles Isham and two of the cases which he adduces. At the end of one of the cases we observe the words, "There are some other remarkable facts in connection with this case which I do not publish." We suspect that these facts are of a spiritual kind.

It is to be regretted that persons who make use of the hand and will in relieving pain, or in curing disease, cannot exercise their vocation without being subjected to cruel accusations and injurious reflections.

So late as August last, at a meeting of the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, it was ordained that—"No Fellow or Licentiate of the College shall pretend or profess to cure diseases by the deception called homœopathy, or the practice called mesmerism, or by any other form of quackery. . . . It is also hereby ordained that no Fellow or Licentiate of the College shall consult with, meet, advise, direct, or assist any person engaged in such deceptions or practices, or in any system or practice considered derogatory or dishonourable by physicians or surgeons."

As the following facts will bear the closest investigation, it is to be hoped they may assist those who require it, in obtaining more true and definite knowledge with regard to mesmerism than they at present possess, and *draw their attention to allied subjects, the most vast and elevating which the mind can contemplate.*

Having had unusual opportunities some years since of observing the beneficial effects of mesmerism, I considered myself fortunate last September in procuring the services of Mr. Capern, whom I had long known, and who, for nearly seventeen years has devoted himself to the mitigation of suffering by that agency alone. This gentleman remained with me upwards of half-a-year, during which period he daily demonstrated amongst the poor the relief which this power is capable of affording; and ample time has been allowed for observing the enduring effects of the same.

It will be unnecessary to enumerate all of the instances in which Mr. Capern was more or less successful, but I may observe that, although from various causes the desired effects were not always of long duration, he rarely failed in proving almost immediately to those who required it the reality of mesmerism as



a powerful palliative. Some who had been sufferers from injuries of long standing, or from pain, would, in a short time, feel partial or even entire relief, the good results remaining for a longer or shorter period as the case might be, and when the pains returned they could again be as easily removed; others who were cured almost instantaneously, have had, after an interval of seven months, no return of their ailments. Amongst those upon whom Mr. Capern operated during his residence here, there has been but one who has gone into a decided mesmeric sleep; the rest, I believe, with the exception of one or at most two cases, were awake and perfectly conscious. This fact disposes of a prevalent idea, that sleep is a necessary concomitant to mesmerism.

The following facts I have selected from a number of cases of relief afforded by Mr. Capern in this immediate neighbourhood; they were obtained at or about the time of their occurrence, by questioning the persons concerned, and those who knew their condition before and after, or who witnessed the treatment, cautiously guarding against any cause of inducement for an over-statement of facts. I have again, quite lately, had interviews with them and their friends, and have gone into the minutest details, taking them down at the time, and comparing them with my former notes. It will be observed that six out of the thirteen cases selected occurred at the adjacent village of Scaldwell; these are amply attested by the rector, the Hon. and Rev. Arthur G. Douglas, who has kindly afforded me additional evidence, beyond that which I have given, relative to some of the cases of his parishioners.

Lampport Hall, Northampton, May, 1862.

*Thomas Watson Warner, Scaldwell, age 27.*—In October was attacked with tooth-ache, had been getting worse for a fortnight, face and neck much swollen, could scarcely see out of one eye, teeth in top jaw became loose, could only take liquids for some days, which were given him from the edge of a teaspoon, scarcely got an hour's sleep for four nights, stopped work one day. Mr. Capern met him in the lane, near Scaldwell windmill. The face being tied up, he enquired the cause, saying, he thought he might be able to afford him some relief. The man not knowing in the least who he was, or what he was going to do, consented to allow him a trial. They stood under shelter of the hedge whilst Mr. Capern drew his hand lightly over the face for about five minutes, and Warner from that moment felt as well as ever he did in his life. He went home immediately, and ate a dinner of solid food: the swelling was gone down by next morning. Each time the hand was passed over the face Warner felt as if half-a-pound weight was drawn from him. He has continued well seven months.

*Thomas Sharpe, Scaldwell, age 60.*—In December, 1859, fell about twelve feet through a trap-door at Old Malting-house, injured both ankles, was laid up eighteen weeks, six weeks in bed. The doctor told him he would never be a sound man again. In November, 1861, Mr. Capern found him at light field work, which he could with difficulty get through, and made him sit down on the damp ground and take off the boot of the left foot. This he objected to doing, saying, his foot was always so swollen after work that it would be impossible for him to get it on again. Mr. Capern, however, insisted on his requirement, saying, he would undertake to get him home. Passes were then made over this and the other foot which had the boot on, a fellow labourer being time-keeper by the watch. In five minutes perspiration dropped off Sharpe's face, and in five more he put on his boot, which went on quite easily and has never been very tight since, got up, and to show what he could do, began kicking about the clods, which up to that time he with difficulty could walk over, and felt as if he could almost jump over a hurdle. He now, after a lapse of six months, remains well, with a little occasional pain in the left foot and none in the right. He had never since the accident been able to move the great toe of the former until the time Mr. Capern mesmerised him. It then became perfectly free, and has remained so ever since. Whilst these passes were being made Sharpe experienced a feeling of heat and a "working about" of the pain; it then seemed to go out at the great toe, at which moment there was a sensation as if the nail was being torn out. When Mr. Capern passed his hand lightly over the foot, scarcely touching the stocking, there seemed to be more "virtue" than when slight pressure was used. It is needless to add Sharpe was never so astonished in his life.

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

---

Vol. III.]

AUGUST, 1862.

[No. 8.]

---

## SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY.—OBERLIN— ZSCHOKKE—LAVATER—GOETHE.

---

WHILE denial and derision of spiritual beliefs spread rapidly over the continent during the latter part of the last century, there were yet many of the wise and good men of that time, in whose lives and works we may find evidence and illustration of spiritual agencies operating among men during their mortal pilgrimage. Of this, in the present paper, I propose to adduce a few well-known instances.

The memory of Oberlin, the good pastor of the Ban de la Roche, the "*cher papa*" of his affectionate flock, will be cherished as long as goodness—as true nobility of character are revered. The Ban, or district, of which he was the curé, was wild and sterile (called by the Germans *steinthal*—valley of stone), its inhabitants were exclusively a poor and ignorant rural population; but Oberlin accepted the charge with as much joy as a fashionable preacher would welcome the call to a deanery or a bishopric. He was not only their religious pastor, but their secular instructor and adviser—their physician and civil engineer—the peace-maker and civilizer—the friend and father of his people. He caused bridges to be erected and roads to be built (encouraging the peasants to the work by his own example). He prevented a considerable portion of their land from being overflowed, by deepening the river; he had school-houses built, and teachers educated; he originated infant-schools, put youths out apprentices, introduced into the district trades essential to the progress of civilization (particularly cotton-spinning, and improved implements of agriculture, supplying them at cost price), provided them with better qualities of seeds, instructed them in horticulture, fertilized their meadows by a good system of irrigation, and formed an agricultural society, which he connected with a central one at Strasburg, and with its assistance made an annual award of prizes to those peasants who distinguished themselves in the grafting

and culture of fruit trees, and in rearing or improving the breed of cattle. He exerted himself in bettering the sanitary condition of the peasantry, so that "neat cottages with glazed windows, chimneys, and dry flooring, were substituted for the old dismal huts." These were surrounded with neat little gardens, and "instead of the indigence and misery which formerly characterized the villagers and their dwellings, they now put on the garb of rural beauty and happiness." He also established for them a circulating library; and, that they might the better understand some of the first principles of natural philosophy, introduced an electrical machine and other philosophical instruments. He was the general arbiter of all disputes in the district and neighbourhood, and thus prevented litigation. In particular, it gave him great happiness that he succeeded by his mediation in the satisfactory settlement of a long and ruinous law-suit which was carrying on between the peasantry and the seigneurs of the territory. He extirpated beggary from the surrounding country by finding employment for those who had become mendicants, requiring useful work of some kind from all who were capable of labour as a condition of relief; and established a dispensary from which medicines were distributed gratis.

In order that the peasantry might not suffer by the depreciation of the *assignats* introduced during the French Revolution, he accepted for twenty-five years this worthless paper, at its nominal value, till he had at his own cost cleared the Ban de la Roche and its environs of every *assignat*. While giving so much time to promote the temporal welfare of his flock, he did not neglect their religious instruction. He did not indeed plague the peasantry with theological subtleties, but preached that which he himself exemplified—pure, simple, practical Christianity, and paid pastoral visits to every cottage. Once a week he conducted a service in German for the benefit of those to whom that language was more familiar than the French. "Nothing could be more primitive or affectionate than these meetings, which resembled the assemblage of a family circle. The women listened to him while going on with their work;\* and now and then the pastor would break off his discourse, and after taking a pinch from his snuff-box, send it round the congregation. After having pursued his discourse for half an hour, he would stop and say, 'Well, my children, are you not tired? Have you not had enough?' His auditors would generally reply, 'No, papa; go on; we should like to hear a little more;' and the good old man would resume,

---

\* He persuaded his female hearers to knit stockings on these occasions, not for themselves, but for their poorer neighbours. It was, he said, a work of charity, and need neither distract their attention nor diminish their devotion.



putting the same question at intervals, till he observed that attention was beginning to flag; or, perceiving that he spoke with less ease, the audience thanked him for what he had said, and begged him to conclude."

We need scarcely say of such a man that he was thoroughly tolerant. He belonged to the German Lutheran Church, but he at all times protected, even at personal risk, Roman Catholics in the prosecution of their religious observances, and once manfully interposed to prevent the maltreatment of a Jew. Yet, so far from being lukewarm for the truth, such was his zeal for Bible and missionary efforts that to aid them "he not only gathered all the funds he could among his parishioners, and exhausted his own slender funds, but sold off many articles of value in his household, including every utensil, except a single spoon."

In the latter part of his life he was so deeply interested in the movement for the abolition of slavery that he relinquished the use of coffee, the only slave-labour product which entered his dwelling.

In conversation with a visitor, Oberlin said that when he first came among his flock he found among them what he then considered "many superstitious notions respecting the proximity of the spiritual world, and of the appearance of various objects and phenomena in that world, which from time to time were seen by some of the people belonging to his flock." Oberlin reasoned and remonstrated, and even preached against this "superstition," but without producing the desired effect. Cases became more numerous, and the circumstances so striking, as even to stagger the scepticism of Oberlin himself. Instead of converting his parishioners he became himself converted. When asked what had worked such conviction, he replied "that he himself had had ocular and demonstrative experience respecting these important subjects." In fact, Oberlin had himself become a ghost-seer. Among other departed friends his wife frequently appeared to and conversed with him; and these visits continued for nine years after her death.

His unswerving conviction was that, like an attendant angel, she watched over him, held communion with him, and was visible to his sight; that she instructed him respecting the other world, and guarded him from danger in this; that, when he contemplated any new plan of utility, in regard to the results of which he was uncertain, she either encouraged his efforts or checked him in his project. He considered his interviews with her not as a thing to be doubted, but as obvious and certain—as certain as any event that is witnessed with the bodily eyes. When asked how he distinguished her appearance and her communications from dreams, he replied, "How do you distinguish one colour from another?"

Professor Barthe, who visited him in 1824, says that whilst he spoke of his intercourse with the spiritual world as familiarly

as of the daily visits of his parishioners, he was at the same time perfectly free from fanaticism, and eagerly alive to all the concerns of this earthly existence. He told his visitor that he might as well attempt to persuade him that that was not a table before them, as that he did not hold communication with the other world, and said "I give you credit for being honest when you assure me that you never saw anything of the kind; give me the same credit when I assure you that I do."

Oberlin stated that "he had a large pile of papers which he had written on this kind of spiritual phenomena, containing the facts, with his own reflections upon them;\* and added that after the fall of the Rossberg (a great mountain which buried several villages under its ruins), in 1806, apparitions were particularly frequent, and a considerable number of the inhabitants of the valley "had their spiritual eyesight opened," and perceived the apparitions of many of the sufferers.

With respect to the faculty of ghost-seeing, he said it depended on several circumstances, external and internal. People who live in the bustle and glare of the world seldom see them, whilst those who live in still, solitary, thinly inhabited places, like the mountainous districts of various countries, do. So if I go into the forest by night, I see the phosphoric light of a piece of rotten wood; but if I go by day, I cannot see it; yet it is still there. Again, there must be a *rapport*. A tender mother is awakened by the faintest cry of her infant, whilst the maid slumbers on and never hears it; and if I thrust a needle amongst a parcel of wood-shavings, and hold a magnet over them, the needle is stirred, whilst the shavings are quite unmoved. There must be a particular aptitude; what it consists in I do not know, for of my people, many of whom are ghost-seers, some are weak and sickly, others vigorous and strong. Here are several pieces of flint: I can see no difference in them; yet some have so much iron in them that they easily become magnetic, others have little or none. So it is with the faculty of ghost-seeing. *People may laugh as they will, but the thing is a fact, nevertheless.*

He was a great admirer of the writings of Swedenborg, and in particular, of the treatise on "Heaven and Hell," affirming that he knew its revelations to be true from his own experience. He held with Swedenborg and other seers that everything on earth is but a copy of which the antitype exists in the spiritual world, and with his friend Stilling, "that the inhabitants of the invisible world can appear to us, and we to them, when God wills, and that we are apparitions to them, as they are to us." Like him, too, he was a devout believer in special providences. "From his youth he was accustomed, whenever his judgment was perplexed with any matter, to pray to God to give him some intimation of His will as to the course he should pursue." And

---

\* This "large pile of papers" was submitted by Oberlin, some time before his death, to M. Mather, a French gentleman holding an important official position in the Department of Public Instruction. He found it to contain among other things, a narrative of a series of apparitions of Oberlin's deceased wife, and of his interviews with her. The manuscript was entitled *Journal des Apparitions et Instructions, par Rêves.*

these intimations, whether of encouragement or warning, he religiously observed.

If Spiritualism be a "weakness," we are happy to share it with this great good man. May we, like him, practically embody it in ourselves, and not suffer it to remain as a dry dead fact only in the intellect.

---

Heinrich Zschokke was a man very different—in some points of character the opposite of Oberlin, but with a rare combination of varied and estimable qualities. A "self-made man," poet, novelist, schoolmaster, historian, statesman, philosopher, and public instructor. Adventurous, of restless activity, much given to thoughtful speculation, haunted for long years by the phantom of doubt, and tormented with the problems of existence, but attaining in the end to a serene rational Christian faith, his mental struggles and diversified outward and inward experiences peculiarly qualified him for the vocation to which he specially applied himself in his later years—that of a popular religious guide and teacher through the press. Toward the close of life, on looking back, he felt like Stilling, that the wondrous web of his past life had been not the work of his hand, "but of a mightier, an invisible." That he had been "borne along the torrent of events wherein (he says) I had no power but over my own will, hurled without any co-operation on my part into the wide fields of action, I was compelled to find within myself a strength of which I had not been conscious." He was instinctively a Spiritualist from his youth up, was well acquainted with the phenomena of rhabdomancy, which, he says, "presented me with a new phase of nature," and which was, moreover, of considerable use to him in his mining operations. He believed in spiritual impressions and presentiments from personal experience, especially as conveyed in dreams; but his most remarkable faculty was what he describes as "a singular kind of prophetic gift, which I called my inward sight, but which has ever been enigmatical to me." The following is his detailed account of it, which he gives, as "it may be an addition to our stock of soul experiences:"—

It is well known that the judgment we not seldom form at the first glance of persons hitherto unknown, is more correct than that which is the result of longer acquaintance. The first impression that through some instinct of the soul attracts or repels us with strangers, is afterwards weakened or destroyed by custom, or by different appearances. We speak in such cases of sympathies or antipathies, and perceive these effects frequently among children to whom experience in human character is wholly wanting. Others are incredulous on this point, and have recourse rather to the art of physiognomy. Now for my own case. It has happened to me sometimes on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life has passed quite involuntarily, and as it were dream-like, yet perfectly



distinct before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown wherein I undesignedly read, nor distinctly hear, the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure as a commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other accessories. By way of jest, I once in a familiar family circle at Kirchberg related the secret history of a seamstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life; people were astonished and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke, for what I had uttered was the *literal* truth; I on my part was no less astonished that my dream-pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and when propriety admitted it, I would relate to those whose life thus passed before me the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without consternation on their part.\* I myself had less confidence than any one in this mental jugglery. So often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any new person I regularly expected to hear the answer—"It was not so." I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before they spoke. Instead of many I will mention one example, which pre-eminently astounded me. One fair day in the city of Waldshut, I entered an inn (the Vine), in company with two young student-foresters; we were tired with rambling through the woods. We supped with a numerous society at the *table-d'hôte* where the guests were making very merry with the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Swiss, with Mesmer's magnetism, Lavater's physiognomy, &c., &c. One of my companions, whose national pride was wounded by their mockery, begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young man who sat opposite us, and who had allowed himself extraordinary licence. This man's former life was at that moment presented to my mind. I turned to him and asked whether he would answer me candidly if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as he did of me? That would be going a little further, I thought, than Lavater did with his physiognomy. He promised, if I were correct in my information, to admit it frankly. I then related what my vision had shown me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of the young merchant; his school years, his youthful errors, and lastly with a fault committed in reference to the strong box of his principal. I described to him the uninhabited room with whitened walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money-box, &c., &c. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narration, which I alone occasionally interrupted by inquiring whether I spoke the truth? The startled young man confirmed every particular, and even, what I had scarcely expected, the last mentioned. Touched by his candour I shook hands with him over the table and said no more. He asked my name, which I gave him, and we remained together talking till past midnight. He is probably still living! I can well explain to myself how a person of lively imagination may form as in a romance, a correct picture of the actions and passions of another person, of a certain character, under certain circumstances. But whence came those trifling accessories which *no wise concerned me*, and in relation to people for the most part indifferent to me, with whom I neither had, nor desired to have, any connexion? Or, was the whole matter a constantly recurring *accident*? Or, had my auditor, perhaps, when I related the particulars of his former life very different views to give of the whole, although in his first surprise, and misled by some resemblances, he had mistaken them for the same? And yet impelled by this very doubt I had several times given myself trouble to speak of the

---

\* "What demon inspires you? Must I again believe in possession?" exclaimed the *spirituel* Johann von Riga, when in the first hour of our acquaintance I related his past life to him, with the avowed object of learning whether or no I deceived myself. We speculated long on the enigma, but even his penetration could not solve it.

most insignificant things which my waking dream had revealed to me. I shall not say another word on this singular gift of vision, of which I cannot say it was ever of the slightest service; it manifested itself rarely, quite independently of my will, and several times in reference to persons whom I cared little to look through. Neither am I the only person in possession of this power. On an excursion I once made with two of my sons, I met with an old Tyrolese who carried oranges and lemons about the country, in a house of public entertainment, in Lower Hanenstein, one of the passes of the Jura. He fixed his eyes on me for some time, then mingled in the conversation, and said that he knew me, although he knew me not, and went to relate what I had done and striven to do in former time, to the consternation of the country people present, and the great admiration of my children, who were diverted to find another person gifted like their father. How the old lemon merchant came by his knowledge he could explain neither to me nor to himself; he seemed, nevertheless, to value himself somewhat upon his mysterious wisdom.

---

Was this same faculty of "inward sight" possessed also by Lavater? According to Goethe it would seem so. He tells us that Lavater's insight into the characters of individuals "surpassed all conception," and he speaks of it "as one of those gifts which "seem to have something of magic in it." However this may be, we have his authority for asserting that Lavater believed in special providences, especially in answer to prayer, and that he had "a perfect conviction that miracles can be wrought to-day as well as heretofore." He tells us, too, that "his (Lavater's) physiognomy rests on the conviction that the sensible corresponds throughout with the spiritual, and is not only an evidence of it, but, indeed, its representative;" and like Swedenborg and Spiritualists in general, he held that the future life was a continuation of the present, though under different conditions. A writer in the *Penny Cyclopædia* remarks that "one leading article of his faith was a belief in the sensible manifestation of supernatural powers. His disposition to give credence to the miraculous led him to believe the strange pretensions of many individuals, such as the power to exorcise devils, to perform cures by animal magnetism, &c."

---

There have probably been but few, if any, truly great men—men of large, well-developed capacity—the *pivotal* men by whose agency mainly the designs of Providence in the human world are carried into effect, but have had a consciousness of being prompted, aided, or as occasion required, restrained by invisible and yet most real intelligent powers. Socrates had his attendant dæmon, and Goethe, the greatest man of the eighteenth century—Caryle's "Clear and Universal Man"—confesses that from what had often happened to him in life, he was "led to believe in the existence of dæmonic power." The nature of this was indeed to him inexplicable (as, in one sense, it will probably ever remain to all of us.) "The dæmonic," said he, "is that which cannot be

explained by reason or understanding ; it lies not in my nature, *but I am subject to it.*" We think it is Goethe who says that "the unconscious is alone complete." This is his explanation of the unconscious inspiration of poets :—"In poetry—especially in that which is *unconscious*, before which reason and understanding fall short, and which therefore produces effects so far surpassing all expectation,—there is always something of the *dæmonic*." In his conversations, related by Eckermann, he frequently expressed himself on this subject, as the following passages will show :—

"The nobler a man is," said Göethe, "so much the more is he under the influence of *dæmons*, and he must take heed and not let his guiding will counsel him to a wrong path. There was something of *dæmonology* in my connection with Schiller ; it might have happened earlier or later, without so much significance ; but that it should occur just at this time, when I had my Italian journey behind me, and Schiller began to be weary of his philosophical speculations, led to very important consequences for both. . . . I cannot but think that the *dæmons*, *dallying with men*, have placed among them single figures, so alluring that every one strives after them ; so great, that nobody can reach them. Raphael was one—he whose thoughts and acts were equally perfect ; some distinguished followers have come near, but no one has equalled him. Mozart represents the unattainable in music : Shakespeare in poetry. I know what you can say on the other side ; but I refer to the natural dowry, the inborn wealth. Even so, none can stand by the side of Napoleon." . . . "Napoleon," said Eckermann, "seems to have been of the *dæmonic* sort." "He was so thoroughly," said Göethe, and in the highest degree, so that scarce any one is to be compared with him. Also our late Grand Duke was such a nature, full of unlimited power of action and unrest, so that his own dominion was too little for him, and the greatest would have been too little. *Dæmonic* beings of such sort the Greeks reckoned among their demi-gods. . . . He influenced men by his mere tranquil presence, without needing even to show himself good-humoured and friendly. All that I undertook by his advice succeeded ; so that when my own mind could not decide, I needed only to ask him what was to be done, when he gave me an answer instinctively, and I could always be sure of happy results. He would have been enviable indeed, if he could have possessed himself of my ideas and my strivings ; for *when the dæmon forsook him, and only the human was left, he knew not how to work, and was much troubled at it.* In Byron, also, this element was probably very active, giving him such powers of attraction, especially with women. . . . I was drawn into the undertaking (writing the *Metamorphoses of Plants*) almost against my will, by some *dæmoniical* influence which I could not resist."

As observed by Professor Spence, "it is worthy of remark, that this work, which Goethe was drawn into by some *dæmoniical* influence which he could not resist, was so far in advance of his age, that the scientific world laughed at it. It was a projection of comprehensive principles in vegetable physiology, which lie at the very foundation of the science, and which, in connection with his vast generalizations in reference to the vertebral animal skeleton, laid the foundation of the science of Morphology."

An eloquent writer says of Goethe, that "the world was to him not a mere spectacle and dominion for the supernatural, but an actual manifestation of the substance of the supernatural itself in its way to new issues." As he himself says :—"The



*understanding* can never scale the loftiest heights. Man must rise through the highest reason to approach the Divinity which manifests itself in the primitive phenomena, physical, and moral, behind which it dwells and which proceeds from it. Divinity works in the living, and not in the dead, in the becoming and changing, and not in the *become* and *changed*."

Goethe too, seems to have recognized the power of prescience in dreams, probably regarding this as one form of manifestation of the dæmoniical or spiritual element. In his autobiography he gives the following account of his grandfather. The examples he cites may doubtless be explained away by others, but it is evident that he, who surely had the best means of knowing, regarded the proofs that his grandfather really "possessed the gift of prophecy" as conclusive.

But what still increased the veneration with which we regarded this excellent old man was the conviction that he possessed the gift of prophecy, especially in regard to matters that concerned him and his. It is true that he confided the full knowledge and particulars of this faculty to no one except our grandmother; yet we children knew well enough that he was often informed, in remarkable dreams, of things that were to happen. For example, he assured his wife, at a time when he was still one of the youngest magistrates, that at the very next vacancy he would be appointed to a seat on the board of aldermen. And when, very soon after, one of the aldermen was struck with a fatal stroke of apoplexy, he ordered that, on the day when the choice was to be made by lot, the house should be arranged and everything prepared to receive the guests coming to congratulate him on his elevation. And, sure enough, it was for him that was drawn the golden ball which decides the choice of aldermen in Frankfort. The dream which foreshadowed to him this event he confided to his wife, as follows. He found himself in session with his colleagues, and everything was going on as usual, when an alderman (the same who afterwards died) descended from his seat, came to my grandfather, politely begged him to take his place, and then left the chamber. Something similar happened on occasion of the provost's death. It was usual in such case to make great haste to fill the vacancy, seeing that there was always ground to fear that the emperor, who used to nominate the provost, would some day or other re-assert his ancient privilege. On this particular occasion the sheriff received orders at midnight to call an extra session for next morning. When, in his rounds, this officer reached my grandfather's house, he begged for another bit of candle, to replace that which had just burned down in his lantern. "Give him a whole candle," said my grandfather to the women: "it is for me he is taking all this trouble." The event justified his words. He was actually chosen provost. And it is worthy of notice that, the person who drew in his stead having the third and last chance, the two silver balls were drawn first, and the golden one remained for him at the bottom of the bag. His dreams were matter-of-fact, simple, and without a trace of the fantastic or the superstitious, so far, at least, as they ever became known to us. I recollect, too, that when, as a boy, I used to look over his books and papers, I often found, mixed up with memoranda about gardening, such sentences as these:—"Last night . . . came to me and told me . . ."—the name and the circumstance being written in cipher. Or, again, it ran thus:—"Last night I saw . . ."—the rest in characters unintelligible to me. It is further remarkable, in this connection, that certain persons who had never possessed any extraordinary power sometimes acquired it, for the time being, when they remained near him; for example, the faculty of presentiment, by visible signs, in cases of sickness or death occurring at the time, but at a distance. Yet none either of his children or of his grandchildren inherited this peculiarity."

T. S.

## A "DEMONIACAL EPIDEMIC."

UNDER the above heading we find in the *Revue Spirite* the following letter, addressed to the President of a Society of Spiritualists by Captain B——, a member of the Society:—

"Annecy, March 7, 1862.

"Mons. le President—Thinking I might render myself useful to the society, I have the honour of sending you a pamphlet that has been handed to me by my friend, Dr. Caille, who has been charged by the minister to follow up the inquiries made by M. Constant, Inspector of Lunatic Asylums, on the numerous cases of demonomania observed in the Commune of Morzine, District of Thonon, High Savoy. This unhappy population is still under the influence of obsession, and in spite of the exorcisms and medical treatment, and the measures taken by the authorities having charge of the hospital of the department, the cases, though somewhat diminished, have not ceased; the evil still exists; that is to say, is only in abeyance. The *curé*, wishing to exorcise the unhappy ones, mostly children, had them taken to the church by powerful men, but no sooner had he pronounced a few Latin words than a frightful scene took place—the children uttering fearful cries, leaping furiously, and falling into convulsions. Such was the excitement that it was necessary to send for the *gensd'armes* and infantry to keep order.

"I have not been able to procure all the information I could wish, but it seems to me these things are serious enough for your examination. Dr. Arthaud, of Lyons, has read the report of the Medical Society of this city, which report is printed in the *Medical Gazette* of Lyons, which you can procure from your correspondent. We have in the hospital of this city two women of Morzine who are under treatment. Dr. Caille concludes it is an epidemic nervous affection that defies all medical treatment and exorcism, and the isolation of the patient is alone productive of a beneficial result.

"All the unhappy obsessed pronounce in their cries ordinary words; they make prodigious leaps over tables, and climb trees to their very tops, sometimes prophesying.

"If these things presented themselves in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in the convents, it is not less true that in our day they offer to us a subject of study. It is now five years since the first case was observed.

"I have the honour to send you all the documents and information I have been enabled to procure.—Yours, &c.,—B."

Following this letter are two spiritual communications to the circle at Paris, through the mediumship of Mesdames Castel and D'Anville, which we subjoin:—

"It is not to the physicians, but to the magnetizers—the Spiritualists and the spirits—that you must send to disperse the legion of bad spirits wandering on your planet. For a long time these unhappy people, tainted by their impure contact, have suffered both in body and morals. Where is the remedy, ask you? Good will come of evil; for man, frightened by these manifestations, will welcome with transport the good spirits who succeed them as the day succeeds the night. The initiation of this impure crowd of spirits has opened eyes that were firmly closed, and the disorders and acts of madness are but the prelude of the initiation of all who wish to participate in the great spiritual light. Exclaim not against this as a cruel manifestation. Everything has its purpose, and suffering brings forth good fruit, as the storm destroys the harvest in one country, while it fertilizes another.

"The cases of demonomania taking place at the present time at Savoy, have appeared in other countries in Europe, particularly in Germany, but principally in the East. The seeming anomalies are more characteristic than you think; in effect, it reveals to the attentive observer a situation analogous to those manifestations in the last years of Paganism. No one forgets that when Christ, our well-beloved master, was incarnated in Judea, that country was overrun by legions of bad spirits, who had taken possession, as at the present day, of the classes of society most ignorant, seizing on the feeblest and least informed; in a word, of the classes having the care of cattle and labouring in the fields. Do you not perceive a very great analogy between the manifestations of the present and other days? Here is a profound teaching, and you must conclude that the time predicated approaches nearer and nearer, when the Son of Man shall return to chase away this new crowd of impure spirits; when he will strike them to the earth and renew the Christian faith, giving his high and divine sanction to the consoling revelations and the regenerating teachings of Spiritualism.

"But to return to these actual cases of demonomania. It is necessary to recall to the learned that the physicians of the age of Augustus followed the prescriptions of Hippocrates in treating the unhappy possessed, but all their science was shattered before this unknown power; also at the present day your inspectors of epidemics, your most distinguished doctors of Savoy, your wise doctors of a pure materialism, are stranded before this malady, entirely mortal; this epidemic, entirely spiritual. But what imports it, my friends, to you, whom grace has newly touched? You know well that all these evils are curable to those who have faith. Hope, then, and wait with confidence the coming of Him who has already redeemed humanity. The hour approaches."



The article concludes with some remarks by M. Kardec, editor of the *Revue*, from which we make the following extracts:—

“From what has preceded, we are inclined to believe these effects are not from any affection, but from an occult influence, and we have reason to believe that we have had numerous identical cases, and that the teachings of Spiritualism are able to meet all such cases of obsession. It has been demonstrated by experience that malevolent spirits move both the mind and body with which they identify themselves, and which they use as if it were their own, provoking ridiculous cries, acts, and disordered movements, which have all the appearance of madness and monomania. In effect, it is a sort of madness, and we may give this name to all the states where the spirit acts not freely. In this point of view, drunkenness is accidental madness.

“It is necessary, then, to distinguish between madness pathological and madness obsessional. The first is produced by disorder in the organs and manifestations of thought. Observe, in this state the spirit is not mad; it holds possession of all its faculties; but the instrument through which it manifests itself being disordered, the thought, or expression of thought, is incoherent.

“The obsessed madness is not an organic injury. It is the spirit itself that is affected by its subjection to a strange spirit, who has mastery and dominion. In the first place, it is necessary to heal the sick organs; in the second, it is sufficient to deliver the sick spirit from its impure keeper, in order to render it free. The cases are similar, and are often taken for genuine madness, which are but obsession, for which it is necessary to employ moral means, not medicines. By physical treatment and by contact with true madmen, we are enabled to tell the true madness, and where it does not exist.

“Spiritualism has opened a new horizon to all the sciences, bringing the clearest light on a subject formerly so obscure—mental maladies—and showing the cause which, until our day, has not been taken into account—the real cause, proved by experience, of which we have so lately learned the truth.

“These cases in Savoy appeal to the attention, hastening, probably, the time of our recognition of the action of the invisible world in the phenomena of Nature. The time has come, and Science possesses the key to many of these mysteries, and seeks to throw down the most formidable barrier that opposes its progress—*Materialism*, which narrows the circle of observation, in place of enlarging it.”\*

---

\* M. Kardec refers for further instances of a similar kind to this in Savoy, and for explanation, to a following article, and to his *Book of Mediums* (*Le Livre des Mediums*). See also Wilkinson's *Revival*, Madden's *Phantasmata*, and *The Morning Watch*.

## A LESSON IN TOLERATION.

MR. HORACE SEAVER, editor of the *Boston Investigator*, has recently attended and participated in the Boston Spiritual Conferences. Some bigoted reader of his paper calls him to account. Mr. Seaver's reply savours of the right spirit, and may be profitably read by Spiritualists as well as Infidels:—

## “A TEXT AND COMMENT.”

“SPIRITUALISM.—MR. Editor—I understand that you are in the habit of talking in spiritual meetings, and as changes are the order of the day, I thought I would inquire of you if the wind sets in that quarter now? No offence is intended.

“QUI?”

“And no offence is taken; nor has there been any “change” in the wind, and precious little in the pocket! but as we like to attend liberal meetings of all kinds, we sometimes visit the Spiritualists, who are doing considerable (a great deal more than some people who oppose them) to promote free thought and free speech, and therefore should be encouraged in this particular at least, the rest of their doctrine to the contrary notwithstanding. Don't our quizzing friend “Qui” believe in giving credit to whom it is due? For our part, we rather incline that way; and further, as we are getting tired of wholesale and everlasting opposition to everybody who does not entirely agree with us, we are ready and willing to go half way to meet any parties, no matter who they are, and labour with them on common ground so long as they acknowledge our equality of rights. We do not wish to be bigoted ourselves, nor to support bigotry in others, nor do we imagine that we possess all the liberality that there is in the world. Others exhibit it as well as infidels, and as it is very desirable, let who will maintain it, we feel like uniting with its friends, whoever they are. We may never think alike on all subjects, but we shall not be allowed any mental freedom at all, unless we put down that miserable bigotry which condemns for an honest difference of opinion. Here is common ground on which we can all assemble, and stand shoulder to shoulder in the maintenance of a common cause.”

## SPIRITUALISM ON THE CONTINENT.

WE learn from a letter by A. W. FENNO, in the *Herald of Progress*, that “a Society of Spiritualists has been organized at Vienna, under the auspices of the French society. An edition of 10,000 of Kardec's work on Spiritualism has been exhausted; it has also been translated into German, Russian, and Polish. Dr. Le Grand, Vice-Consul of France, has written a letter upon Spiritualism.”

## "THE FRIENDS OF GOD."—No. II.

NICOLAS OF BASLE, AND THE BRETHREN OF GRUENEN-WOERTH.

BEFORE resuming our narrative of the mysterious "layman of the Oberland," we must extract from Miss Winckworth's volume her brief mention of two remarkable women associated in the labours of the "Friends of God," sincerely wishing that pages written by a woman had chronicled at greater length the spiritual experiences and religious influence of the sisters in the Spirit of Tauler and his compeers. These women were Marguretha Ebner, a nun at the convent of Maria Medingen, in the diocese of Augsburg. Her sister Christina was abbess of the convent of Engenthal, near Nuremberg. Both were distinguished by their mental endowments and their spiritual visions as well as by their earnest piety, and were evidently held in great respect by Tauler, Suso, Henry of Nördlingen, and others of "The Friends of God." They seem to have taken a very decided position amidst the ecclesiastical commotions of their age. Christina in one of her trances sees the Romish Church in the likeness of a magnificent cathedral, the doors of which are closed by reason of the interdict. The singing of priests within is heard; a crowd of people are standing round, but dare not enter. Suddenly a man in the garb of a preaching friar comes up to the nun, and tells her that he will give her words wherewith to console the forsaken multitude, and this man is Christ.

Tauler occasionally visited both these nuns, and was in correspondence with Marguretha, whom he urges to write down her visions respecting the state of Christendom, and "The Friends of God." For Tauler the two sisters appear to have had a deep veneration, constantly calling him "Our dear Father Tauler." Christina is taught in one of her revelations, that he is "the holiest of God's children now living on earth," that "the spirit of God breathes through him, as sweet music through a lute." Margaret speaks, too, of the joy that she has had in the presence of this great "Friend of God," and observes how hard it has been to part with him. Towards Henry of Nördlingen (a priest from Constance) she appears to have stood rather in the relation of a wise Christian friend and counsellor, than in that of a spiritual child."

To return now to Nicolas of Basle. We learn that "the most important of the MSS. examined by Professor Schmidt is a large folio volume, only recently discovered in the archives of Strasburg, and formerly belonging to the Convent of the Knights of St. John in that city. It is called a *Briefbuch* (Book of Letters),



and is for the most part a collection of letters and papers left by Rulman Merswin, the founder of the convent. This Rulman Merswin was a friend of Tauler (who was for some time his confessor), and, in the latter part of his life, of the layman Nicolas, by whose advice he built a home for the Brethren of St. John, on an island at Strasburg called the Gruenen-Woerth (green meadow), and with whom he was in constant correspondence up to the time of his death, 1382. Several portions of this extremely curious *Briefbuch* were carefully copied into the archives of the convent, but the codex itself did not belong to the public archives of the house, being kept secret from all but a few. The documents of which it consists, were arranged, and most of them copied out by Nicolas von Laufen who (according to a few notices of himself which he has inserted at the close of the *Briefbuch*) seems to have accompanied Rulman Merswin as his secretary on taking possession of the newly-built Greunen-Woerth in 1366, and a few years later to have become a priest of the order of St. John. The codex contains, among other less important matter, a MS., called "The Book of the Five Men," being an account of Nicolas (of Basle) and his four intimate companions, in the handwriting of Nicolas himself; twenty-two of his letters, apparently copied by Nicolas von Laufen, and the original MS. of Rulman Merswin's account of the first four years of his religious history in his own handwriting. Thus, after a lapse of five hundred years, we are able to learn more about this extraordinary half-mythical "Friend of God in the Oberland," than his very contemporaries knew. Born of a good family at Basle, possessed of wealth and great mental power, he nevertheless was very unhappy, and filled with an increasing consciousness of his sinfulness and ignorance of Divine things. For years he struggled with his intellectual difficulties—being a layman, and with the temptations of the world, until he determined to renounce all things for God, and having been taught in God's own school, as we have seen in his discourse with Tauler, he gained internal peace and became the head of a society of "Friends of God," who lived with him secluded from the world, and formed the secret centre of a wide circle of religious activity.

Rulman Merswin, from the accounts given of him in the MS. of the Gruenen-Woerth Convent, was originally, it appears, a wealthy merchant and money-changer, who "had always conducted his business with great fear of God before his eyes, and was of a very merry and pleasant temper, so that many esteemed and loved him, and sought his society, which was to himself also very agreeable in those days." Having lost his first wife, and having no child either by her or by his second wife, "the daughter of a pious knight," at forty years of age, with her full consent,

she "being an honourable and pious Christian woman," he gave up his business and devoted his entire life to the service of God.

According to the spirit of the age, Rulman, at the commencement of his religious career, "chastised his body with very sore and manifold exercises, so that he more than once became so weak that he thought he should die," but Tauler becoming at this time his confessor, somewhat checked this excessive and dangerous zeal. "During this first year," writes Rulman in his autobiography, "our Lord was pleased to give me a true discernment of many things, so that whenever I commended any matter with great earnestness to God, He gave me to perceive what I must do, and leave undone. Moreover, our Lord also suffered me to be oftentimes tormented with grievous and horrible temptations both by day and night; but it was given to me, by the grace of God, to receive them with humble and cheerful submission. . . . And when God saw that it was the proper time, He came to my help with His merciful grace. Now, during the second and third years, (this last was the Jubilee, when all men went on pilgrimage to Rome) did God work many great and supernatural works with me, a poor sinner, through great sorrow and spiritual assaults, and withal unspeakable temptations, of which it were a sin to write. But one which I may write is, that God suffered me to be assailed with unbelief; to wit, that the devil put it into my head to ask, 'How may it be that the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit may consist in one nature?' And this unbelief remained upon me for a long space, and all that time I thought nothing else but that I must certainly burn for ever in hell; and yet I felt within myself that nevertheless my will was set to love God. And after a good while, I grew so infirm through this continual pain that it was all I could do, when Assumption Day came, to venture to go and sit down to hear a sermon. And as I put my hat before my eyes I fell into a swoon from my weakness; and while I was thus in a trance, there appeared unto me a great stone, wherein were carved the likeness of three men's countenances. . . . And it was as though a voice said to me, 'Now mayest thou well believe, since thou hast seen how in one stone may be three persons, and yet it is one stone, and the three persons have the nature of one rock.' And hereupon I came to myself, and was seized with fear when I found myself sitting among the crowd. So I rose up and walked out into the aisle, and found that my faith had been enlightened, insomuch that I never again was assailed with unbelief; but the other terrible temptation I had to endure for two years longer, insomuch that I often thought I knew the pains of hell. And in all those two years God would not suffer me to speak of my pain to any man, however great it might be. I

must endure to the end alone, that I might have no help or consolation. But in the fourth year, my Lord and God showed his great mercy upon me, and looked upon my affliction, and came to my help with such great and superhuman joy, that in that moment I forgot all my woe and pain that ever I had suffered, and became also in all my natural powers quite strong and lively as though I had never known what sickness was. And he gave me, moreover, much gracious discernment, so that, when I looked narrowly at a man, I could oftentimes perceive pretty well how it stood with him inwardly. And I was further constrained, however unwilling, to write a little book for the benefit of my fellow Christians."

"From a comparison of dates," Miss Winckworth observes "that this 'little book' must be 'The Book of Nine Rocks.'" It contains, we are told, under the form of allegorical visions, a detailed account of the mental conflicts through which Rulman had passed, most probably indeed is a chronicle of the identical visions by which he had been instructed by the Spirit during his years of initiation, instruction, through parabolic pictures, being a well-known "spiritual manifestation," whether in the fourteenth or nineteenth century.\* The "little book" is divided into two parts, the first containing together with these visions, a description of the terrible condition of sin and suffering under which the Christendom of his age groaned. The second part is a description of nine books, "symbolizing nine stages in the progress of the soul towards a higher life; each more difficult of ascent, and more glorious than the preceding. From the summit he obtains a momentary glimpse into the glory of Deity; then, looking back to earth, sees two men, the one bright and shining as an angel, the other black as Satan. The latter was one who having reached the summit of the Nine Rocks, had desired to be somewhat for himself, and had thereupon fallen step by step back into the abyss; the former, one who having gazed at the Godhead, filled with love and compassion, descended voluntarily to save his brethren from their sins."

"In this fourth year," observes Rulman, "the three powers of Faith, Love, and Hope, were greatly strengthened in me. Moreover, nothing in time or eternity could give me content but God himself; but when He came to my soul, I knew not whether I were in time or eternity. And in my heart I felt a great yearning, and wished it were the will of God that I might go to the heathen, and tell them of the Christian faith. And I would gladly have suffered death and martyrdom in honour of our

\* *Vide* Vol. II., No. 16, of *Spiritual Magazine*, containing in the article entitled, "Sensorial Vision," numerous instances of similar pictorial parabolic instruction, received at the present day.



Lord's sufferings and death. But of all this I was not permitted to speak a word to any, until there came a time when God gave a man in the Oberland to understand that he should come down to me. And when he came, God gave me to tell him of all these things. . . . And I told him of all my hidden life in these four years. Then said he to me: 'Behold, dear friend, here is a book in which stand written, the first five years of my life in God, give me the history of thy first four years in exchange for it.' . . . And to this Rulman consents, having first, however, stipulated that no one during his lifetime should know of his experiences. "Notwithstanding," he continues, "all these gifts and enlightenments, that God bestowed on me in this fourth year, there was yet a secret spot in my soul, the which was altogether unknown to myself. And it was, that, when I looked upon my fellow men, I esteemed them as they were in this present time, and stood before God in their sins; and this was a hidden spot, for I ought through grace to have regarded them, not as they now were, but as they might well become." And as if the more fully to impress this truth upon him, the external objects around him were made use of by the Spirit to impressively enunciate it to him in a manner familiar to the "mystics" of the present age as well as of his own, namely, by an *inward voice*. "Observing a waste piece of ground cumbered with rubbish, and giving it as his judgment that it might be reclaimed, and made a garden of, an inward voice reveals his sin to him, and rebukes him, saying: 'O thou poor miserable creature! how strange art thou! How darest thou, then, to esteem according to what he now is, thy fellow man, who is made in the image of God, and whom Christ has made his brother in his human nature, and not rather deem that God may make of him a comely and excellent garden wherein He himself may dwell.' " It was revealed to Rulman that he should no longer be so greatly exercised by the temptations from which he had hitherto suffered, "but that his afflictions should henceforth be to behold how the sheep were wandering abroad among the proud, unclean, wolves."

Through his wealth, through his power of writing, and through active benevolence does Rulman appear to have sought unceasingly to benefit his fellow Christians. His name occurs as the manager of a hospital; he is mentioned as Provost of the Convent of St. Argobast; and in the sixteenth century a house of Beguins in Strasburg still bore his name. "But he is best known," says Miss Winckworth, "as the founder of the convent belonging to the Knights of St. John, at Strasburg." After long deliberation with his friend, "the man from the Oberland," who of course is Nicolas of Basle, and with some pecuniary assistance from him he bought and repaired the half-

ruined convent of Gruenen-Woerth, which he then endowed and made over to the Order of St. John, on condition that its worldly affairs should be managed by three lay trustees, and that it should be a refuge for any good men, whether priests or laymen, rich or poor, who might wish to retire there for their spiritual benefit. His principal motive seems indeed to have been the desire to provide a permanent asylum for pious persons like himself, whose free opinions might at any moment bring them into trouble. He entered on possession of it in 1366, and continued to live there till his death, in July, 1382, having, however, two years before, built himself a solitary cell close to the church.

The little company lived together on equal terms. The priests among them seem to have had no peculiar vocation, except that of celebrating mass; the laymen never took part in the administration of the sacraments, but in all other respects there was no distinction between them. As all stood in a direct and individual relation to God, they required no priestly mediation; nay, the priests themselves submitted to the layman, their friend in the Oberland, Nicolas (of Basle), because they regarded him as the most enlightened of the "Friends of God." "Not counsel from men ought we to seek after," once wrote Nicolas, "but that which proceeds from the Holy Spirit; and so long as we have it from that source it is indifferent whether it flows to us through priest or layman." In their religious services and fasts they did not strictly observe stated hours, for they regarded external observances as unimportant in themselves, and only excellent as a means of improvement or a sign of obedience. Thus, whilst they admitted ascetic exercises and painful penances to be useful in the commencement of a religious life in order to mortify the sensual inclinations, they declared them to be afterwards a matter of indifference, nay, sometimes positively contrary to the Divine will. Neither do these "Friends of God," appear to have renounced all control over their property, but merely to have thrown what they regarded as superfluous into a common stock, which was applied to the building of their house and church, to purposes of charity, to defray the expenses of their missionary journeys, &c. This common stock was managed by their trustworthy steward, Ruprecht, who was the chief, if not sole medium of communication between Nicolas and his Strasburg friends. From their seclusion, however, they kept a watchful eye upon all that was passing in the world around them, went out to those whom there seemed a prospect of winning over, and exercised no inconsiderable influence upon those who put themselves under their spiritual guidance.

Messengers from Nicolas seem to have been perpetually

travelling about, who brought him letters from the "Friends of God" not only with those in his immediate neighbourhood, but on the Rhine, in Lorraine, in Italy, and in Hungary. Nicolas took extraordinary precautions to remain undiscovered, and with such success, that, after Rulman's death, the brethren at the Gruenen-Woerth, who had previously received many letters from him, were never able to discover his retreat. When those with whom he corresponded desired to enter into personal communication with him, he usually refused it, simply saying that it could not be. He writes that for twenty years he had only been able to reveal himself to one person. Meanwhile he was actively busied with his pen, and it is through the various MSS. communicated by him to various individuals or religious communities, that after the lapse of centuries he has been identified and his vast labours traced. In 1367 Nicolas and certain of his companions who had until then, it is surmised, dwelt in Basle, determined on retiring into utter seclusion, no doubt in order to carry on their work unwatched and undisturbed. We are told that in accordance with a dream which commanded them to take their black dog as a guide, they fixed on a site high up on a mountain far away from any human habitation. After a year's delay in obtaining the permission of the Duke of Austria, in whose dominions the site fixed upon lay, they commenced building their house on an ample scale for the healthful accommodation of themselves, and for the reception of guests, but, owing to political disturbances, seven years it remained at a standstill.

Nicolas appears to have been much "exercised in mind" regarding the political and ecclesiastical feuds of the Papal Court, and constantly predicted in his letters that they must bring down still heavier judgments from God's hand than even those which already had visited the world. In 1376 when Gregory XI. returned to Rome, Nicolas felt drawn to visit him and endeavour, by personal influence, to bring about, if possible, unity in the afflicted Church. At seventy years of age, and when but recently recovered from a severe attack of illness, Nicolas accompanied by a trusty "Friend of God" set forth therefore on his mission to Rome.

Rulman Merswin, in his *Briefbuch*, gives a detailed account of this remarkable expedition, and having narrated the comfortable arrival of the two "Friends" in Rome says "so they came into the presence of Pope Gregory, and the Jurist (Nicolas's companion) spoke to him in Latin, and said, among much other discourse: 'Holy Father, there be many grievous and heinous crimes wrought throughout Christendom by all degrees of men, whereby God's anger is greatly provoked; thou oughtest to consider how to put an end to these evils.' But he answered, 'I



have no power to amend matters.' Then they told him his own secret faults, which had been revealed to them of God by certain evident tokens, and said, 'Holy Father, know of a truth, that if thou dost not put away evil ways, thou shalt die within a year,' as also came to pass. When the Pope heard these words of rebuke he was enraged beyond measure; but they answered and said: 'Holy Father, take us captive, and if we cannot give you evident tokens, then kill us, and do what you will with us.' And when they declared to him these tokens, he rose up from his throne and embraced them and kissed them on the mouth, and said to the layman, 'Let us talk together in Italian, since thou canst not speak Latin.' And they had much and loving discourse together. And afterwards the Pope prayed the two 'Friends of God' that they should stay with him in Rome, and he offered to provide them all things needful, and also to follow their counsel. But they answered: 'Holy Father, suffer us to return home, and we will be at all times obedient to come if you send for us. For we seek no earthly gain, nor have we come hither for the sake of such; we seek only God's glory, and the welfare of Christendom above all the perishable gifts of this present time.' Then he inquired of them where their home might be; and when they said 'We have long dwelt in such a town,' he marvelled that such 'Friends of God' should dwell among the common people. Thereupon they told him all that had happened, and how they had been hindered in their building. Then the Pope would have given them a bishopric and other revenues and grants, but they would not have them. But the Pope gave them letters recommending their cause to the Bishop and Clergy of their diocese. Now when these two dear 'Friends of God' had settled their affairs with the Pope, and desired to depart from Rome, their host would not suffer them to pay for anything they had had in his house, and, moreover, gave the layman a good ambling horse instead of the heavy carriage in which he had come, saying that a soft-paced horse would be much easier for him to ride over the high mountains than the carriage, seeing that he was old and weakly. Now, afterwards the Pope was unmindful of God's message, and obeyed it not, and died that same year as they had prophesied—to wit, about the fourth week in Lent, 1378."

Upon their return home, all things, as if obeying the Divine command, conspired for the completion of their house and the creation of their church, and before long the "little band were at length able to settle down in the house *they had chosen*," says Miss Winckworth; but was it not rather which *God* had chosen for them and completed in His own time after needful trial of the faith of His servants. As if, however, to show that the resting-

place even for the servants of God is not for long on any spot of earth, but that it is with them in all ages as with the Children of Israel in the desert, who must be ready to go onward in their journeys "when the cloud is taken up from over the tabernacle," these trusty "Friends of God" were permitted but a few years of enjoyment in their retreat.

In the very year of Nicolas's visit to the Pope, he and many of "the Friends" appear to have been filled with sad forebodings regarding approaching calamities, and to have "foreseen the painful collision that was impending between their deep reverence for the outward authority of the church and the inward authority of the indwelling light." Neither can they have been without prevision of the martyr's fate, which appears to have been awarded to all those of whose end any traces can be gathered.

Miss Winckworth writes—"In the following year the great schism that had been dimly foretold broke out, and for forty years the church was divided between two heads; Urban VI. was elected at Rome, under the influence of terror at the violence of the insurgent mob; and soon after, in subservience to the French party, Clement VII. at Fondi, who immediately hastened to Avignon. When these tidings reached the "Friends of God," it seemed to them that the time was come when the threatened judgments of God were about to burst over the world." Although preserving their secret mode of operation, their activity was redoubled. "In 1379, Nicolas (as he relates in a letter to Henry von Wolfach), with seven other brethren, met in some wild place high up among the mountains, near a chapel hewn out in a rock, close to which a priest dwelt with two young brethren in a little hermitage. Four out of the seven were laymen, the other three ordained priests. Nicolas, whether from humility or not, speaks of himself as one of the least among them. From his letter, it would seem that the chief purpose of this meeting was united prayer to God, to avert the 'dreadful storm' that was menacing the Christian world, that there might be space left for amendment. A week was devoted to these supplications; every afternoon the brethren went out into the forest and sate down 'beside a fair brook,' to converse upon the matters on which they had come hither. At length, on the last day, while thus assembled, a storm of wind came on, followed by a thick darkness, which they took for a work of the evil spirits. After the storm had lasted an hour, there came a pleasant light, and the sweet voice of an invisible angel announced to them that God had heard their prayer, and stayed His chastisements for a year; but when this was ended, they should entreat Him no more, for the Father would no longer delay to take vengeance on the despisers of His

Son. After this it appears from "hints" in the letters of Nicolas, that they interpreted the promise of the angel to mean that they were to continue a year longer in concealment, and then issue forth upon their mission into the world. One thing, however, appears to be clearly stated, and this is, that a second personal remonstrance with the Pope was to be essayed, and the task to be entrusted to Nicolas. It does not appear, however, that this plan was put into execution. Nevertheless the time was approaching when Nicolas felt himself inspired to perform another and yet more sacred task, possibly that for which he and his companions had been long preparing, and this was to go forth preaching amongst the people. "Already, in June, 1379, he calls upon the Strasburg master to warn the people in his sermons, and hold up before them the testimonies of Scripture concerning their duties in the crisis."

As the end of the year of waiting approached, another meeting of the "Friends of God" was appointed. It is recorded in the narrative given by Nicolas to Rulman Merswin that he with twelve other "Friends of God" were warned by dreams, at Christmas, 1379, to assemble together on the following Holy Thursday at the former place of meeting. Amongst the Friends thus summoned were one from the country of "the Lords of Meiglou," probably Milan, one from Genoa, and two from Hungary. On the 22nd of March they met at the little chapel in the mountain, and after receiving the sacrament on the morning of Good Friday, betook themselves to the "fair stream."

Miss Winckworth remarks that "what passed during these conferences *is only related in the form of marvellous visions and fantastic occurrences.*" Possibly, it might have been more correct to say, that *marvellous visions occurred*, and much that possessed the *fantastic* character of symbolism.

Again, at this second assembly of the "Friends of God," and as at a later period in the case of the spiritual manifestations which accompanied the meeting of the "Philadelphian Society" or "Angelic Brethren" in England in 1651, storms, darkness, and the infestation of evil spirits preceded the glory—darkness and terror giving way to celestial light and consolation. We are told that a bright light surrounded the place where the Friends of God were assembled, and that an invisible speaker informed them that the impending plagues should be stayed for three years longer, on condition that the directions contained in a letter which fell in their midst, apparently from heaven, should be obeyed. The commands contained in this miraculous document were that the "Friends" should withdraw themselves from their ordinary communications with the world, except in the case of those who should desire their counsel; that they should receive the



sacrament three times a week, and that after three years they should receive further directions. Having declared their willingness to obey these commands, the same voice ordered that a fire be lighted and that the mysterious letter be thrown into it, when, instead of burning, it rose up in the fire, whilst a flash of lightning met the flame and caught up flame and letter to heaven; after which the brethren departed to their homes.

The visions and certain other experiences of the brethren, Miss Winckworth endeavours to regard as allegorical, "but such an occurrence as a letter falling from heaven," she observes, presents much greater difficulties. It is possible she, however, still thinks "that Nicolas may have intended the whole story rather as an allegory than as a matter of fact; if he regarded it in the latter light, it must have been the result either of a terribly over-strained imagination, or of fraud on the part of some unknown person. But to suppose that a man of so much simple holiness and practical wisdom as Nicolas appears to us, should have taken part in juggling tricks of such dreadful impiety in order to persuade his associates that the course he judged best was prescribed to them by Heaven, is, I confess, a larger demand upon my powers of credence than they are able to meet."

To those, however, who believe, or rather know, both from knowledge of what is occurring at the present day, and from careful study of the records of spiritual manifestation belonging to all ages, that miracles did not cease with the early Christian Church, but have existed down to our own time wherever a sufficient and child-like faith in the power of the Almighty has been preserved, this remarkable occurrence may assume a less suspicious and impossible character. The accompanying circumstance of the flash of lightning also will carry with it to such minds no fresh cause of distrust towards the eye-witness. Odylic light, electricity, or whatsoever it may be termed, has ever been an attendant upon spiritual manifestation, whether in Pagan, Jewish, or Early Christian or modern ages, and have we not the testimony of the Psalmist, who tells us that God "makes His angels spirits, and His ministers a flaming fire?"

In 1383, the three years prescribed for preparation for their external mission having expired, and the political and ecclesiastical tempest sweeping with ever increasing violence over Europe, Nicolas and the Brethren, appear from the far and scattered traces of them already discovered, to have set forth upon their labours, preaching the emancipating and vitalizing powers of the Spirit until at length the time arrived when the sacred seal of martyrdom was placed upon their God-commissioned career.

All that is actually known respecting "The Friends of God" subsequent to 1383 is, that in 1393, a certain Martin Von Mayence,

a Benedictine monk of Reichenau, in the diocese of Constance, who is called in the acts of his trial a disciple of Nicolas of Basle, and a "Friend of God," was burnt at Cologne, after the same fate had befallen some other "Friends of God," a short time before at Heidelberg. Active researches were made after Nicolas, but as he had concealed himself from his friends, for a long time he was able to elude the efforts of his persecutors. At length, on a journey which he had undertaken into France, in order to diffuse his doctrine, accompanied by two of his disciples, James and John, the latter most likely the converted Jew, who always appears as his bosom friend, he fell into the hands of the inquisitors at Vienne, in the diocese of Poitiers. He was brought to trial, and persisted firmly and publicly in his heresies, the most audacious of which seems to have been that he pretended to "know that he was in Christ, and Christ in him." He was therefore delivered over to the secular powers, and perished in the flames, together with his two disciples, who refused to be parted from him. Nicolas appears to have been about ninety years of age when he thus gloriously suffered martyrdom. After this time all traces of the "Friends of God" appear to be lost.

That which is of Spirit cannot however perish, although for a time apparently it may die and be buried. Still, obeying an eternal law, revive it must, rise again, and stand once more active amongst men. The rich grain of the vast spiritual harvest of the fourteenth century may possibly have lain dormant its *three days*, that is to say, its *three hundred years*, in its sepulchre, (for we are told that years are as days in the reckoning of God); but assuredly in the seventeenth century once more in the world appeared a wonderful body of men and women calling themselves "Friends" and "the Children of Light," a people inspired by a most Holy Spirit, who, accompanied by signs of the divine indwelling presence and miraculous power, similar in character to the "Friends" of the fourteenth century, preached unwearingly, laboured undauntedly, and suffered martyrdom unflinchingly for the self-same doctrine—the doctrine of the indwelling Spirit and its all-quickening, all-emancipating power.

The great heresy, we are told, of Nicolas of Basle, "*was that he pretended to know that he was in Christ, and Christ was in him.*"

How stood it with a certain martyr amongst the Friends of this later era?

James Naylor was a tender-hearted, simple, pious soul, untaught by the schools, wondrously inspired by the Holy Ghost, and much misunderstood by man. He, by the orthodox upholders of the religious creed of those days, was accused of blasphemy. Ultimately he suffered upon this charge a terrible

martyrdom, not the less fearful and fatal because it caused a death more lingering than that of the aged Nicolas of Basle.

What words of his have also come down to us? Let us hear them as preserved in the report of his examination before one of the local magistrates of his day.

*"Justice Pearson.—'Is Christ in thee?'*

*"James Naylor.—'I witness Him in me; and if I should deny Him before men, He would deny me before my Father which is in Heaven.'*

*"Justice Pearson.—'Spiritually you mean?'*

*"James Naylor.—'Yea, spiritually.'*

*"Justice Pearson.—'Is Christ in thee as man?'*

*"James Naylor.—'Christ filleth all places, and is not divided; separate God and man, and he is no more Christ.'"*

Truly the Divine utterance cannot be stifled even by the weight of centuries; the grave of centuries must yawn and give it forth again and again, quickened with an eternal vitality, that of the ever-returning Spirit of incarnated Christ Jesus.

A. M. H. W.

## GENERAL BASIS OF THE SOCIETY OF "THE LYCEUM CHURCH OF SPIRITUALISTS," BOSTON, U. S. A.

MANY of the gentlemen at Boston who are best known as having devoted attention to the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, have recently formed themselves into a society under the above denomination. They have, moreover, stated the objects of the society, and have framed their creed or articles of belief, the former of which we will give entire, whilst of the belief we can only find room for some extracts. We shall feel much interest in observing the results and development of this body, for it has become with us a somewhat settled idea that such organizations are not likely to succeed in any permanent form, however well they may answer for a time the immediate personal needs of those who form them. It appears to us that there is no occasion for the formation of any new sect, either religious or otherwise, founded on the phenomena of Spiritualism, any more than a new sect was needed for receiving and nursing the phenomena of gravitation or of electricity. It may be convenient to meet together to discuss the phenomena and their results, and to record those which may be well established by observation, but this is a different thing to the establishment of a "Church of Spiritualists" which presupposes the discovery of some new and deep religious



mystery and mode of life, which is in fact a new religion. That this discovery has been made, is no doubt the leading spring of those who have founded this new church, but it is a position from which we dissent, and when we turn to the objects and articles of belief we are unable to discover any sufficient ground of novelty to justify the step.

It has indeed one excuse in its favour, which its promoters put forward, at the end of the articles, that it is desirable that they should by such means dis sever themselves from many of the "irregular opinions confusedly classed as Spiritualism," but this end might have been obtained by other means equally efficacious, and more logical than the founding of a new "Church," of which the chief religious article is that "religion is life." This is no new discovery in Christendom, and has been insisted on in all ages of the world of which any record has come down to us. It appears to us that the spiritual inquiry has been prosecuted in America chiefly by those of a sceptical mind, who did not previously possess much acquaintance with or have any strong belief in revealed religion, and that having once opened their minds to the reception of the great facts of Spiritualism, they have been led into a state of mind, in which they have re-discovered substantially many of the old soul-truths of all religions, and have fancied that they were entirely new because they come in rather a new dress. These truths have not come quite in the ordinary Christian form, but the soul and substance of them are independent of all forms. But though they are so true, it does not follow that they are new, or that a church must be founded to propagate them. In fact we feel the greater interest in the subject, not because it is new, but because it is so old, and because it is the connecting link between the old Spiritualism of the Bible and the miracles; because it shews us that the soul is one in all ages, and that it has such divine capacities and unfoldings; because it shews not only a possibility of inspiration in the old days, but also in the new, and that it enables us to see man as a whole, and to weld together all the religions of the world as one in essence though differing so greatly in their forms. An inquiry into spiritual laws has this tendency with us, and we would rather see it pursued in literature and in conversation, so as to extend its knowledge and its wisdom into all forms of thought, that it may work amongst them and elevate them to recognize the links by which they are all connected. It is not an exclusive truth, and those who know most of it, will be the least likely to found a Church upon it, which is only another name for a sect of small thinkers in an embryo form.

It is not because most of the present forms of religious

thought have overlaid and distorted the great truths of Christianity, that we are to follow in their track, or to be limited by their ignorance or their bigotry, or to accept even their own statement of what their Church teaches of truth. We have the right to judge for ourselves from the fountain head, and to find much more in their books than they themselves can see, and to read them by a brighter light, and a higher knowledge. In this way we have much agreement with both the objects and the articles of belief of this new society, though we do not admit the newness of their discovery; and we like them all the more because they are old, and because their main truth can be traced through the old books and the old times.

Viewed as a manifestô of opinions the articles of belief will be found of interest to our readers, as a moderate statement of the results of the observation of well informed and truthful persons who have carefully given their experience of several years inquiry into the subject.

---

#### OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

1. To embody knowledge concerning the spiritual welfare of man here and hereafter, in such form as will not conflict with a great variety of personal experiences, yet afford Spiritualists a common ground of unity in certain definite and accepted opinions.
2. To widen the sphere of knowledge already received, and promote the reception of ever-increasing revelation.
3. To aid in the general diffusion of Spiritualism, as at present understood by Spiritualists, and in the advancement of true religious ideas among men.

#### ARTICLES OF BELIEF COMMONLY ACCEPTED AS TRUTH BY SPIRITUALISTS.

The members of this society claim that the soul of man is immortal. They realize the existence and constant ministry of a spirit-world, and have evidence to prove that the immortal soul of man, at the change called death, becomes an inhabitant of the spirit-world; and that, under certain conditions, those inhabitants do communicate with their earthly friends.

It is assumed, that every human being is susceptible of influx from the world of spirits, and that each one, according to his state, is the subject of inspiration from disembodied souls, in planes of development corresponding to his own. Also, that modes of direct intercourse, by external signs, are practicable under favourable conditions. That one of these conditions, is the presence and instrumentality of special persons, whose organizations are favourable to the imponderable force supposed to be made use of by spirits to effect this mode of communion. It has been agreed

by common consent to designate the persons instrumental in this mode of communion "mediums."

Observation has shown that the power which constitutes "a medium" is a result of physical conformation, and as it appears to belong to the medium's normal state, and can neither be artificially produced, nor absolutely suppressed, so it is claimed its exercise is as legitimate as any other of the natural functions with which bodies are endowed; and as all natural gifts are designed for beneficial uses it is obviously legitimate to call this gift into exercise, use it for its most available purpose, seek its exercise as a means of communing with departed friends, and improve upon it, after the manner of ordinary culture bestowed on other natural gifts.

It is believed, that the revelations made by spirits through direct or external signs are worthy of credit only so far as the spirit is considered to be a credible witness—this credibility depending—

1. On the weight of evidence concerning the identity of the spirit.
2. On the worth of that individual spirit's testimony whilst it was known on earth: and—
3. On the quality of the communication and its harmony with reason, general fitness, and proven facts.

The statements of spirits thus tested are received by intelligent Spiritualists with neither more nor less authority than they would obtain from the same individualities on earth, although a yet larger amount of caution is demanded in the acceptance of spiritual revelations, from the fact that error and misunderstanding are liable to ensue, from the present imperfect and experimental condition of the communion.

Admitting the force of one class of evidences which in any other inquisition is allowed to be conclusive—namely, the invariable coincidence which is found in the general details of spiritual revelations, notwithstanding their coming under every conceivable variety of circumstance, person, time and place—it is reasonable to conclude that the sum of this revelation must afford the world the only reliable information they can ever obtain of the life beyond the grave: since it is given by persons in the actual experience of that life, and to friends and kindred, who would naturally be too dear to the spirits, to admit of trifling or wilful deception.

#### SUM OF SPIRITUAL REVELATIONS CONCERNING THE STATE OF THE SOUL IN THE WORLD OF SPIRITS.

The spirit-world consists of an infinite variety of states, somewhat analogous to the varieties of mankind on this earth,



though differing in this respect: that, whereas man here takes rank according to physical strength, intellectual power, or material possessions, in the world of spirits all degrees are regulated and all happiness proportioned to the growth and development of the soul in good and truth. So that the deeds done in the body, and the real motives that actuated them, form the book of life, according to which every soul, on its entrance to the spirit world, immediately gravitates to a sphere, or state, analogous, both in appearance and happiness, to the state of the soul in moral worth; and, although these states range from the lowest possible conditions of darkness and suffering to the highest realms of light and bliss, none of them are permanent beyond the period when it is the will of the spirit to continue in them—for life is a progress, and, being *of the spirit, not of the body*, must be equally progressive in the world of spirits as on earth, requiring only that every step in progress should be ultimated by the individual soul's efforts, and can never be achieved one soul for another, or through any ceremonial observances, or other modes than the natural order of growth that pervades creation in every department of being, including the flowering fragrance of spiritual goodness and truth.

Spirits find themselves living in this condition of retributive and compensative justice, and in tender affection for the friends who must follow them, are eager to take advantage of the present experimental system of communion, and hopeful to improve upon it, for the purpose of warning and encouraging all who are in doubt or error concerning the real issue of human life and conduct; and this society of Spiritualists, convinced of the immense importance of the revelation, act only in obedience to the highest dictates of their consciences in inviting the world to partake of the same great light that has illumined their own pathway, startling thousands from their idle repose on the sanctity of Church forms, or vicarious atonement for justification from sins, which the stern though just voice of this spiritual revelation fastens on every human soul in the name of immutable law, and individual responsibility.

#### OF RELIGION IN GENERAL.

This society believe that religion is life; and to make life the best religion that precept and example can be instrumental in forming, they institute this association, having in view, in the first instance, public meetings, at which qualified teachers shall rehearse and expound Spiritualistic life and teachings; establish Sabbath schools; form circles, and hold *séances* for the investigation of scientific Spiritualism; make collections of books, works of art, models and inventions emanating from spiritual sources, or conducting to mental growth; organize visiting committees to aid the sick

and sorrowful, and form the nucleus of a useful and progressive order of living religionists.

#### DESIGNATION OF THE SOCIETY.

As this body of Spiritualists neither subscribes to many points put forth by others in the name of Spiritualism, nor expects universal adherence to all the propositions herein set forth, the members of this association purpose to claim for themselves the right to be exempted from the irregular opinions confusedly classed as "Spiritualism," and to stand by the general principles contained in this declaration.

Therefore, in recognition thereof, and for the purposes herein set forth, we the undersigned, hereby institute this religious Society under the name of "THE LYCEUM CHURCH OF SPIRITUALISTS."

### GHOSTS IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

IN an article entitled "Sensorial Vision, and Vision through the Spiritual Eye," which appeared some months ago in the *Spiritual Magazine*, reference was made to certain curious visions which frequently appear to Mr. O——, an elderly gentleman residing in the country. Mr. O—— continues at various intervals to be visited by the same class of vision, and each one as it appears, together with its attendant circumstances, is carefully noted down by Miss S——, a lady residing under the same roof with Mr. O——, and like himself much interested in spiritual manifestations.

Miss S——, in a letter received a few days since by the writer of the article referred to, observes:—

"I think this neighbourhood must be favourable to spirit-manifestations. We often hear of haunted places and houses. There is a house here which we frequently pass where a Lieutenant M—— lived, which was haunted during his abode and until he 'laid the ghost.' To the truth of these circumstances various persons in the neighbourhood can bear witness.

"Our home, I frequently think, is visited by spirits, but only through passing noises, transitory and not very remarkable, still I often feel aware that this is the case; and Mr. O——'s visions seem to confirm the idea. They must be gentle spirits, however, who do not wish to alarm or annoy.

"We have large laurels in the garden, and we are in a hill country, both favourable things as regards atmospheric influences, are they not?" Miss S—— then adds:

"I send you an interesting dream that has visited the farm

servant of the sisters of a friend of ours here. I must tell you first that these sisters are just now in great trouble from having to leave the farm that has been in their family for a hundred years, that is, that the family have tenanted it during that time. The servant man, J. D., on the night of April 14th, 1862, dreamed that he was in the court-yard of the farm and found himself in the presence of two individuals, quite unknown to him, a male and female dressed in old-fashioned costume. The man wearing a linen frock buttoned down the front, exceedingly white; the woman a brown stuff rustling dress, with a white muslin handkerchief over the head and pinned under the chin. The male figure called J. D., and said, 'Take this,' giving him what appeared to be a bright metal bowl containing a light yellow fluid like oil, 'and give it to the man lying prostrate at the barn gate.' The female figure also addressed him, saying, 'I am your mistresses' mother;' and passed on into the house.

"J. D. took the bowl, and gave the contents to a sick man whom he found at the barn gate, and whom he did not know, but who immediately on receiving the liquor appeared quite restored, rose up and walked away. J. D. then heard the voice of the male figure calling to him to return the bowl, and upon taking it to the place where he had received it, he saw a door which opened in the middle to receive the bowl, and afterwards was immediately closed.

"J. D. then thought that he went into the house, and taking his seat in his usual place, saw his two mistresses near the fireplace, apparently in a state of great excitement, arising as they expressed it, from a noise which they heard, as of some one walking about upstairs. He said, 'I will go and see.' He opened the staircase door for that purpose, and on advancing and looking up the staircase he perceived the female figure whom he had before seen, leaning on the staircase rail. She addressed him, but so inaudibly that he could not understand her. J. D. then returned to his usual place in the kitchen which was in sight of the fireplace where his mistresses were, and also of the stairs, when immediately the figure opened the staircase door, and in a distinct voice, said, 'Where are they?' J. D. replied, 'Here they are, round here,' meaning round the screen near the fire, to which she replied in a provincial accent, '*I dunn't come now.*' She then withdrew, and he saw and heard no more. This was the whole of the dream, but the impression continued so strong during the remainder of the night, that no endeavour again to sleep was availing. On coming down from his chamber the next morning J. D. said to his mistresses, 'I have seen your mother.' They endeavoured to disperse what they supposed to be an illusion, but on describing the dress and the particulars of the intercourse which he had had



with her, and especially her provincial dialect, they were much amazed. They asked J. D. if he were to see a likeness of their mother should he be able to say whether it was or was not the figure of his dream. And on being shewn one, he became so convinced of the reality of the vision as to require great care on the part of his mistresses to quell his excitement and to calm his spirit.

"The male figure corresponded with the appearance of their father. J. D. had never seen either of their parents, nor heard them described. They were dead before he came to the family, or I believe to that part of the country. It took some time to restore J. D. to his usual state of mind; the rustling of the dress, and other portions of what he had thus seen and heard, constantly recurring to him. During the day he frequently turned round and looked behind, feeling as though the two figures were near to him.

"I have given you this as nearly as I can in the relator's own words. It seems to me not only an interesting dream, but one very peculiar. No doubt it came from the dead parents, anxious to comfort in some way their sorrowing children with whom it seems they could not personally communicate. The meaning of it is at present all unknown. The peculiarity of the dream, to me, is the fact of J. D. imagining his mistresses alarmed at a mysterious noise upstairs, as though he had awakened and listened with them to ghostly noises. He was not aware that he had been seeing spirits in his dream until he was up and about, and yet even in his dream there appears to have been a suggestion in his mind of something of the kind. Can any one interpret this dream? Does the bowl have reference to the bowl of Solomon? The 'golden bowl is broken,' or the liquid like oil, to the 'oil of joy,' that is to be given for mourning."

In a subsequent letter, dated June 20th, Miss S—— writes:—

"Yesterday, Mr. O—— saw our friend, and obtained permission for you to make what use you like of the dream for the *Spiritual Magazine* without giving names. He also brought away with him the following narrative of further visions to add to the account of the dream. I have no doubt that more will yet be seen, as the apparition has not yet been able to communicate her wishes.

"*Wednesday, June 11th, 1862.*—A. P. (one of J. D.'s mistresses) had retired to rest some ten minutes, but before going to sleep she felt a chilliness come over her, seemingly of a death-like nature, and a considerable sensation of pressure, whereupon without the use of her natural sight, she saw her bedroom door open with no more noise than the sudden action of a hand laid on the handle would produce. Immediately a figure entered the

room, which she recognized as possessing a most extraordinary likeness to her mother, the remembrance of whose features—she having died nearly twenty years ago—had grown faint in her memory, but which on the appearance of this figure became revived. The figure was completely clothed in white. Her countenance equally being light, with the exception of her deep grey eyes, which had formerly characterized her whilst living. The figure immediately addressed herself to A. P., but in so low a tone (although using her finger by way of enforcing her communication upon her daughter) as to be inaudible. A. P., awed by the cold and pressure and by the moonlight character of the apparition, could not summon courage to say “Mother.” She turned in bed towards her sister, but was induced, she says from fear of distressing her, to withhold the cause of her alarm. Nevertheless, the whole time, and for a considerable time, too, the presence of her mother remained visible to her mind’s eye,—the movements of her lips still indicating an intention to make some important communication when the necessary conditions were developed, so that she might be able at the same time comfortably to receive it, as well as perceive her mother’s presence.

“ ‘J. P.’ ”

“ ‘*Sunday Morning, June 15th, 1862.*—J. D. was again surprised by the same peculiar feeling as on the former occasion, when, through it, his attention was directed to the presence of the female figure calling herself the mother of his mistresses. On this occasion she was clothed in white, herself of an extraordinary bright countenance, and apparently happy. Her presence continued visible in his bed room for a considerable time. Thrice she moved to the window, and returned to him again. At length she was lost to his sight, but left a strong impression of the visit behind in his mind.

“ ‘J. P.’ ”

“ ‘*Thursday, June 19th, 1862.*—E. P., sister to the before noted A. P., was visited by the same appearance, which she says she immediately and unmistakably recognized as the likeness of her mother. To her she appeared in white, with a bright and radiant expression of countenance. Her attempts to make a communication were of so gentle a nature, that although the tones were audible, yet the articulation was too faint to make known her message, or to unfold the reason of her appearance.

“ ‘(Signed) J. P.’ ”

## THE DEATH-WATCH, OR TICKING INSECT.

THE following question and answer appear in a recent number of the *Herald of Progress*:—

“D. B. B., Dunkirk, N. Y.—Friend Davis.—Is it true that an approaching death in a house is prophesied of or indicated by the ticking of the insect called the ‘Death-watch?’ If so, by what means is the fact communicated by the little creature?”

“Answer.—There is always some real foundation for every prevalent superstition. The basis of this long-standing notion is this: The insect in question (*Anobium Teselatum*) is most frequently, because most easily, heard in the stillness of a sick room, or during the repose of the night, when the house is noiseless. The painful sensitiveness and anxiety which usually attend all sickness in a family, lend intensity and emphasis to the action of the imagination. From this cause it is common for many minds to be psychologized by imaginary signs of coming misfortune and death.

“The ticking of this little *borer*, a grayish-brown insect, is made by striking its head against some hard substance on which it stands. The object of such ticking, which occurs mostly in the spring-time, is to bring the sexes together. The sound is really a telegraphic call of affection. There is no prophecy or other sign in the operation.”

---

## INTERNAL RESPIRATION.—SWEDENBORG’S EXPERIENCE.

THE clinching proof of the restoration of Internal Respiration is the experience of Swedenborg—there can be no mistake about this. He details his experience as to his inner breathing very minutely. He lays particular stress on the fact, and shows its fundamental importance as the condition of his revelations. He says, “I was introduced by the Lord into Internal Respirations.” He gives many interesting statements concerning inspiration generally. He says, “it was also represented to me by a kind of spiritual light writing, that the will influences the understanding in inspiration (or breathing); namely, that the thoughts then fly from the body, and in expiration are, as it were, driven out, or carried straight forth, so that the thoughts have their alternate play like the respiration of the lungs; because inspiration belongs to the will and expiration to nature. Thus the thoughts have their alternate changes in every change of the inspiration. Hence if evil thoughts occur you have only to draw in the breath and the evil thoughts depart. From this we



may also perceive the cause why in strong meditation the lungs are kept in equilibrium more quiet than in a condition of nature, the inspirations then being quicker than the expirations; at other times the reverse is the case. Furthermore in ecstacy, or trance, the man holds his breath when the thoughts are as it were asleep. Likewise in sleep when both in-breathing and the out-breathing belong to the natural, then respirations arise which flow from above. The same may also be inferred from the cerebrum, because in inspiration all the internal organs are expanded with the brain itself, and the thoughts thence obtain their origin and their course."—*Swedenborg's Diary*.

So much as to the philosophy of breathing generally. But in other places he is more specific as to Internal Respiration proper. He declares that it was, in his case, the necessary means of open intercourse with spirits and angels. He states this so particularly as to leave no room to doubt that such or similar communication as he enjoyed, is impossible without it. In reference to internal breathing, he says, "the design of all this was that every kind of state, every kind of sphere, and every kind of society, *particularly the more interior*, might find in my own a fit respiration, which should come into play without any reflection on my part, and that thus a medium of intercourse might be afforded with spirits and angels."—*Swedenborg's Diary*, 3,464.

What stronger proof can we have than this, that Internal Respiration is indispensable to the higher and to be desired intercourse with the spiritual world? But Swedenborg declares that his Internal Respiration was not a specialty, but if men were in faith and love to the Lord a similar state of the respiration might be induced on them—that an interior way towards heaven might be opened (which is now shut) to all men, which by creation is their birthright. We arrive at this conclusion, *viz.*, that so far as Swedenborg was introduced into interior breathing he was restored to the primeval condition of humanity, as he evidently entertained the hope and belief that his own condition in respect to life, breath and illumination, would ultimately become the condition of the men of the Lord's New Church on earth. All his experiences, and the communications through him assert that

"When the perfect man has come,  
Earth and heaven will be his home;  
With material senses fine,  
He shall dwell in space and time.  
Soul and body then shall be  
Modulated harmony."

It is very clear, from Swedenborg's experience, that he never could have open *interior* intercourse with spirits and angels, *except through the opening of the internal respiratories*. Nor can

any one else. So far as the bestowment of this gift of Internal Respiration is concerned his was not an exceptional case; on the contrary, he constantly asserts it to be an inherent capability of human nature, to be developed through the process of regeneration.

Why should it be deemed incredible that mankind are destined to undergo organic changes? What is more evident than this, that man is deteriorated, and that his natural part will become a fitter organ for the inflow and outflow of spiritual thoughts and feelings? Nothing created in higher moulds ever goes out of existence. He possesses inherently, in potency, all the attributes of his nature. He is a wild rose, with simple petals. But the skilful gardener can take the wild rose, and, by careful culture, convert it into a composite flower, giving it a ruby crown and making it the queen of the floral kingdom. Nothing created is ever lost; and what has been may be again. As the garden daisy sleeps in the bosom of the field gowan—"wee crimson tippit flower"—so, vast possibilities lie dormant in the human form, awaiting development. Human nature is a degenerate flower. By *degeneration* complex forms may become simple forms, may become *mal-forms*. Such is man as to soul, hence also as to body. The corrupt heart and clouded intellect has given to man, in many races, the exterior development of the brute, for as men sink in barbarism they lose the human form divine, and approximate toward that of the lower creatures. The entire organism becomes deteriorated and injuriously affected by the perverted conditions of the spirit. Take for example the present condition of man's facial organs, as compared with those of the most ancient people described by Swedenborg, and we shall see that not only are man's breathing functions changed, but the features of his face also. The face of the most ancient man was a true index to the state of his mind. It was impossible for him to dissemble, or conceal his feelings or his thoughts; nor was there occasion why he should—because he was pure and good. The purity and goodness of his heart lay mirrored in his countenance. In our age it is not so. The aim is to conceal rather than to reveal the real state of the interiors.

"The man that shows his heart,  
Is hooted for his modesty, and scorned."

The reason why the man of the most ancient church expressed the working of his thoughts and affections in the face, as given by Swedenborg is as follows: "All the involuntary principle of the cerebellum was manifested in the face; and at that time they knew not how to exhibit any other thing in the countenance, than as heaven flowed into the involuntary tendencies, and thence into the will." But as man gradually fell away from a state of integrity, as to his interiors, certain facial changes took place,

until at last the fibres leading from the cerebellum, which had acted involuntarily, ceased to act in this manner, being overpowered by the fibres leading from the cerebrum, which had been translated to the face. This change of these fibres respectively gave man the power of masking his real feelings and intentions, and thus of playing the hypocrite. Who does not know that those who are skilled in crime have perfect control over their involuntary fibres of the cerebellum? as those who are in infancy, and in states of simplicity and innocence, still to a great extent reveal their emotions involuntarily in their face. An honest man's countenance is still a certificate of his character. If the face of man becomes bony and hard, broken and brutish, as he descends in the scale of morals and intelligence, is it not evident, as he returns to a state of love to God and man, that this perverted condition of the facial fibres will, as a consequence, change; and that there will be the free and full use of both sets of fibres, giving truth and beauty, and transparency to the sadly marred human countenance?

The relation of the face to life puts this question beyond all dispute. For a full understanding of this interesting subject we beg to refer the reader to the *Arcana Cælestia*, 4,326. It is a matter of fact, confirmed by observation, that organic changes of the face correspond to and are contemporaneous with changes of the spirit. We refer to these facts simply as an illustration of our subject.

That physical changes are to be expected, is in the highest degree rational and philosophical. Man, so to speak, is the garden daisy degenerated to a field "gowan," but having in him the latent capability for becoming the garden daisy again. There will come "a restitution of all things," when the degenerate plant will blossom as the rose, and man have his breath again, with all primeval conditions, and blessings of body and spirit—of body because of spirit.

RESPIRO.

---

### ANECDOTE OF BYRON.

---

IN 1811, Byron, writing to Murray, says, "My old school and form-fellow Peel, the Irish Secretary, told me he saw me in St. James's-street: I was then in Turkey. A day or two afterwards he pointed out to his brother a person across the way, and said, 'There is the man I took for Byron;' his brother answered, 'Why, it is Byron, and no one else.' I was at this time *seen* to write my name in the palace book. I was then ill of a malaria fever. If I had died, here would have been a ghost story!"



## OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,  
 Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;  
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
 But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.  
 There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
 And eyes the reflection of Heaven's own blue,  
 He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,  
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal view:  
 We saw not the angels who met him there,  
 The gates of the city we could not see.  
 Over the river, over the river,  
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river, the boatman pale,  
 Carried another—the household pet;  
 Her brown curls wave in the gentle gale—  
 Darling Addie, I see her yet.  
 She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
 And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;  
 We felt it glide from the silver sands,  
 And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.  
 We know she is safe on the further side,  
 Where all the ransomed and angels be;  
 Over the river, the mystic river,  
 My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

Do none return from those quiet shores,  
 Who cross with the boatman, cold and pale?  
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
 And catch a gleam of the snowy sail.  
 And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,  
 They cross the stream, and are gone for aye;  
 We may not sunder the veil apart  
 That hides from our vision the gates of day.  
 We only know that their barks no more  
 May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea,  
 Yet somewhere I know on the unseen shore,  
 They watch and beckon and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold  
 Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar.  
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;  
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;  
 I shall pass from sight with the boatman, pale,  
 To the better shore of the spirit-land.  
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
 When over the river, the peaceful river,  
 The Angel of Death shall carry me.

## IN MEMORIAM.

MADAME ALEXANDRINA HOME, the wife of Mr. Daniel Dunglas Home, who is so well known to our readers, passed from earth on the 3rd July last, at the Chateau Laroche, Dordogne, France, the residence of her sister, the Countess Luboff Koucheleff Besborodka, in the twenty-second year of her age.

Mrs. Home was the youngest daughter of the General Count de Kroll, of Russia, and she was the god-daughter of the late Emperor Nicholas. She was educated at the Institute of St. Catherine at the same time as the present Countess de Morny, of Paris. Mr. Home, who had been at several of the Courts of Europe, where he was received with much distinction, and where the marvellous phenomena which occur in his presence excited deep attention, was at Rome in the spring of 1858 for the benefit of his health, and there first saw the lady who became his wife on the 1st of August of that year. The marriage took place at St. Petersburg, and was celebrated in the presence of M. Alexandre Dumas, who went from Paris on purpose to be present, and to officiate as godfather to Mr. Home, according to the custom of the Russian Church. The Emperor Alexander also was represented there by two of his aides-de-camp whom he sent as groomsmen, and the Emperor presented to Mr. Home on the happy occasion a magnificent diamond ring of great value. On the birth of the only child of the marriage, a son, the Emperor evinced his continued interest in Mr. and Mrs. Home by presenting to them as a memento of his friendship a ring of emeralds and diamonds. Mr. and Mrs. Home thus commenced their married life with all the outward accessories of station and wealth together with hosts of friends, as a matter of course, whilst the measure of their happiness was completed by that calm domestic bliss, which is the purest source of earthly enjoyment, and to which her kindly and tender nature contributed its full share. They could not but be happy, for their affection was pure as it was sincere, and when their union was blessed by the birth of their little son, there was no more to hope for, but to bring him up worthily to be a partaker in their happiness.

In the midst, however, of these bright human hopes and anticipations, the decree went forth that her days were numbered. About eighteen months before her departure, the physician who was called in on the occasion of some trifling illness, as it was supposed, detected, to the surprise and grief of all who loved her, such undoubted signs of consumption in her constitution that in all human probability her life could not be of long duration. Such tidings to a young and happy woman, surrounded by everything that can make outward existence attractive, would, in

ordinary circumstances, have come as the direst calamity ; but it was not so in the case of Mrs. Home. Though at that time only in her twenty-first year, she received the announcement with entire calmness. God's will be done, was the cheerful law of her life, and He who had hitherto made that life so rich would not fail, she knew, to continue His love and mercy to her in that higher life to which He was calling her. Nothing but the deepest religious conviction of the Supreme Wisdom and Love can bring the human soul into a state of submissive obedience to His otherwise apparently severe and mysterious decrees. Let us now see how the Divine Father had led and schooled His young disciple into that highest, that profoundest of all knowledge, the firm possession of which makes obedience and submission easy, and keeps the soul calm and even joyful under the most startling and adverse circumstances. We shall then in part, if not fully understand whence came the strange, and apparently almost unnatural, willingness to depart from the earthly life amidst its most attractive circumstances. *She was a deeply-believing Spiritualist.* God's love had made known to her the reality of the spiritual world ; she had been permitted to solve the great, mysterious, and perplexing riddle of the Hereafter, and so loyal was she to the knowledge which had thus been given her, that she was ready to attest it in life or in death. Like all experienced Spiritualists she knew that the outward life, be its term longer or shorter, is but a school in which God wills to train the immortal being to a higher knowledge—is but a pilgrimage, or passage by which He is willing to conduct it to another and a still happier home. She knew that in that other state of existence, though unclothed by the body, and apparently separated from the beloved on earth, she might yet be permitted to watch over and love them as their guardian angel, and to be in the close companionship of those who had gone before—of those living and glorified spirits who should lead her to the throne of grace and love ineffable. If it be the highest heroism to meet death with unflinching courage, this amiable, gentle, young woman, this child of affluence and fortune, displayed an almost unequalled degree of this noble quality of mind, and so doing, proved how strong and all-sustaining in life's extremity is the faith of the Christian Spiritualist.

The first startling intelligence that her disease was mortal came to a mind so prepared with wholly abated force. The sting was already taken from death ; nor through the whole after-trials and sufferings of her physical frame did she lose her equanimity or firm confidence in the future. This calmness, indeed, became the most striking feature of her long and painful illness. It was so profound and marked as to be almost phenomenal, and was noticed as such by the eminent physicians who attended her



in London, and subsequently in France, as well as by the Bishop of Perigueux, who frequently visited her during the latter part of her earthly life. The last sacraments were administered to her by the Bishop, who wept like a child, and who remarked that "though he had been present at many a death-bed for Heaven, he had never seen one equal to hers."

Whilst residing in London the remarkable spiritual gifts and manifestations exhibited through Mr. Home, and the many attractive qualities of his young and lovely wife had naturally gathered around them a large circle of friends to whom the singular exhibition of her calmness, her meekness, her playful, winning ways, even in the midst of suffering, and the joyfulness with which she anticipated her removal, were if possible, a greater anomaly, and almost, for the time, cast into the shade the wonderful gifts and powers of her husband. If Addison called to his death-bed his infidel son-in-law that, witnessing his composure, he might learn with how much calmness a Christian could die, so here disbelievers in Spiritualism looking on this gifted young woman, saw with wonder not only how calmly, but how joyously the Christian Spiritualist could face death. Another equally anomalous feature to the Protestant Christian was not to find in her the self-depreciation of the guilt-awakened sinner; not to hear on her lips the usual phraseology of the dying but suffering saint; no mention made of the atonement; of the works of grace on her soul, of the sufferings of a crucified Saviour for her sake. Nevertheless, with the simplicity of a little child who accepted the Divine Love as his natural gift, she loved the Saviour and rejoiced in Him, responding to His unspeakable goodness with the whole allegiance of her soul, but Gethsemane and the bloody hill of the crucifixion were not present to her mind; the agony and woe had no place in her experience. She was, it must be remembered, the embodiment of her own Greek church; of that church in which she was educated, the most ancient faith of which has ever recognized the Saviour less as the Crucified than the Arisen, the triumphant over suffering, sin, and death, as the Victor not the Victim, as the Lord who said to his chosen ones, "Rejoice that your names are written in heaven!" Such, it appears to me, who frequently saw her during this portion of her short stay on earth, was the fact which made her relationship to the Saviour so joyous, whilst her own single-heartedness left her free from all established phraseology or any wish to produce effect, and these happily combined with her actual knowledge of spiritual existence, strengthened that remarkable state of calmness and cheerfulness with which she waited the close of her outward life. Her Saviour had indeed risen for her, and with the unquestioning, unreasoning faith of a loving, obedient child-

like nature, she was not only willing to go when He called her, but cheerfully to give up all at His bidding, knowing that a more enlarged, a more glorious sphere of usefulness and angel ministrations would be unfolded to her through His love, and that thus she should be enabled more tenderly and more effectually to watch over and become a blessing to the beloved ones whom she left behind.

During that short but interesting time of her declining health in London, her remarkable unselfishness became another endearing characteristic to all her friends. She made, even amidst her increasing sufferings, constant exertions to see them, and *séances* were held frequently at the house where she and her husband were then residing, in which she took part. On these occasions many wonderful and touchingly beautiful incidents occurred, and few, if any, who thus met her, but retain with tender and affectionate regard some lovely flower or fragrant spray—an emblem of herself—which was presented to her by spirit-hands, as a little memento for each.

In the earlier stages of her disease her spiritual perception began to open, and she commenced, and throughout her illness continued to see and converse with the denizens of the spiritual world. Her most frequent visitants were her mother and her father, and the mother of her husband. From them she received the most loving messages of endearment, and the most cheering words of welcome to her spirit home. She was also constantly attended by a veiled female spirit, whom she did not know, but whose very presence gave her great comfort, though she never spoke, nor raised her veil. Mrs. Home was told that this kind guardian spirit would continue veiled until the last, when the veil would be thrown over her own new-born spirit, to keep her from the sight of the tears and mourning around the bed where her body would be lying. Through the six months previous to her passing away, the veil was slowly and gradually gathered from the feet of the guardian spirit towards the head, until two days before her release, when for the last time she saw the spirit with the veil gathered in the form of a crown about her head, but with one part, as a festoon, still concealing her face.

On one occasion eight persons, who were in the room with Mrs. Home, saw the hand and arm of the spirit to the shoulder, the appearance being that of a luminous body, most beautifully perfect in form, and covered as if with a veil of light. The eminent composer M. Magnus, of Paris, came to the Chateau Laroche to visit Mrs. Home during the last three weeks of her earthly stay, and almost daily she asked him to play for her, and whilst lying placidly listening to his music, her face assumed an almost beatified expression whilst she kept time to the music with

her hands. On one occasion she said, when he had finished playing, "Those strains are very beautiful, but I shall soon hear more beautiful still."

Frequently also, during the first three months and the last two months of her illness, not only she, but all those about her, heard delicious strains of spirit music, sounding like a perfect harmony of vocal sounds. During the last month, also, the words were most distinctly heard, and were recognized as the chants for the dying used in the Russian Church.

She departed on Thursday, the 3rd of July, and on the Saturday morning following, her little boy, of three years old, said to his nurse on awakening, "I have seen mamma, and she is quite well now. She is with God, and she told me that my uncle Gregoire, and my aunt Luba are my godfather and god-mother, and that they would be very good to me, and I must love them."

At her funeral, the service at which was performed by the vicar-general of the diocese, four of the men-servants of her sister asked each to lead a horse of the hearse to the burial ground, saying that they could not allow hired persons to be near the dear body of her who had ever had a kind word and a loving look for all. The peasantry, instead of, as is customary, throwing earth upon the coffin, first covered it with flowers—fittest for her last garment, and fittest for the expression of their love.

Such is a brief memorial of a short but lovely life on earth. But short as it was, rarely has the oldest and most experienced orthodox Christian attained to a higher degree of religious consciousness, clearness and trust in God, than did this young and attractive woman, by those very means and teachings which the religious world as yet so much ignores and questions.

Blessed, however, be God the Saviour for every fresh revelation and manifestation of his Divine life, and for every renewed teaching of his Holy Spirit.

MARY HOWITT.

## Correspondence.

### THE ORIGIN OF FREEMASONRY.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—Could we carry our investigations back far enough, I think it would be found that the mysteries of most, if not all, of the secret organizations of the middle ages, of classical antiquity, and especially of the remote East, would be found closely connected with occult and profound spiritual philosophy, derived wholly, or in part, from spiritual sources. On recently mentioning this idea to a friend who has devoted much time and literary research to the prosecution of this inquiry (the results of which I hope will be published at no very remote time), he entirely concurred in this conclusion. I am led to this remark from the article



on "The Rosierucians," in your last number. Perhaps the subjoined account of the original principles of freemasonry, by one of that body, the celebrated Heinrich Zschokke (referred to in another paper), may serve as a fitting pendant to it, and stimulate others to prosecute inquiries that may further augment our knowledge of these little-understood subjects.—Yours, &c. T. S.

"When I visited Freiburg in the year 1819, I made the journey in company with several gentlemen from Aarau who were about to be initiated into the masonic degree of master, at the Freiburg Lodge. On the way we conversed much of freemasonry; for they knew me for one of the initiated. At Freiburg I was compelled, in spite of much resistance, to be present at the solemn initiation of my fellow-travellers; although, since leaving Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, I had never been inside a lodge, and had totally forgotten all the usual customs and ceremonies.

"In order to become better acquainted with one another after this, we resolved on our return to Aarau to spend an evening every week in social intercourse together. We there conversed on politics and literature, foreign and domestic, and sometimes also on freemasonry. I did not attempt to deny that the latter tendencies and pursuits of most masonic societies seemed to me to have little, either agreeable or edifying in them. Some were engaged in the pursuit of alchemy; others were absorbed in mystical theology; others in charlatanry of different kinds. All imagined mysterious powers in their ancient symbols and empty formulas; and I did not deny that in the high meaning which I attributed to the institution of freemasonry, I was, perhaps, doing the same thing. I placed this institution between those of Church and State, as a connecting link between the two. This theory excited the astonishment, though not the anger of my friends. Although they themselves regarded the mystic society as a venerable and holy means for the promotion of brotherly kindness among men, yet they knew that the institution was generally regarded with hostile eyes by the guardians of altars and thrones.

"I endeavoured to explain myself. We children of men are on earth already members of two worlds, the outer or material, and the inner or spiritual. In the outer world we dwell together with equal rights and equal duties, but with unequal gifts and powers. This is the natural and original relation of mankind. By our equality of rights and duties we are rendered brethren; be our inequalities of gifts and powers, useful and indispensable to each other. And this necessity of association founded families, hordes, tribes, and states. But under the influence of various climates, customs, interests, and passions, the original relations of mankind are either gradually obliterated, or so distorted as to stand at last in opposition both to nature and reason. Families, tribes, and states are hostile to each other, acknowledging no

longer their mutual brotherhood; the relation of brother is exchanged for that of master and slave.

"In the supernal world, or in the character of spirits, no longer confined to the sphere of the finite and the temporary, we recognize, indeed, the truth of our universal equality and brotherhood; we feel ourselves children of the same great Father, in his boundless and wonderful mansion of the universe. This original relation of all men to God and eternity, is the foundation of religion; it is the truth divinely revealed within us, and unveiled by Jesus. It is eternally in accordance with nature and reason; for the laws of nature and reason are the laws of God. But as the social, so, also, the religious relation has become distorted in a thousand ways, and has been made contrary both to nature and reason. There have arisen various religions, various churches in every religion, various sects in every church, and bigotry and spiritual pride have usurped the names of piety and zeal.

"The restoration of the original social and spiritual relations of men, that is to say, to brotherhood in rights, hopes, and duties, without regard to differences in race, country, or creed; the reformation of that holy bond which social and religious passions and prejudices had severed so long; this were an object, I said, worthy the efforts of the wise and good. The masons of the middle ages, and afterwards the members of other guilds, as they went from town to town practising their trades, and met and conversed with each other, learned to regard each other as brothers, as world-citizens, without regard to difference of language and country. Probably this was the germ of the future institution of freemasonry, as is seen in the present form of the lodges. There the mason's hut appears as the symbol of the world, into which the holy light streams from the East; and every inmate of which, severed elsewhere from the rest, by origin, country, rank, property, and creed, is there the brother and equal of all. Wherever, in ancient or modern times, a few men united, though but for moments, and in a narrow circle, in striving towards a restoration of the original relations of mankind, and towards a realization of the ideal—there was manifested the secret and beautiful meaning of freemasonry.

"The lodge with all its symbols, is only the *form* of the masonic thoughts; the state is only the form of the social union; the church, of the religious principle. These forms, as belonging to the sensuous world, may vary; but the original thought, the spiritual essence of each, are alone the *absolute* and the *real*.

"The church is an institution for the embodiment of the idea of our filial relation to God, and our fraternal relation to each other. Prince and beggar without distinction of social rank, which cannot exist in the world of spirits, prostrate themselves

in common adoration before the Universal Father; they hear in common the call to self-sanctification, and receive in common the consecration for eternity. All, in relation to God, acknowledge themselves brothers and sisters. But outside the church, the inequalities of social life again assert their dominion. These, which were forgotten only within the walls of the temple, the mosque, and the synagogue, vanish likewise within the masonic lodge. Thus church and lodge are closely related; only that in the lodge the distinction of creeds is also forgotten, and is not permitted to sever the brothers.

“The state is a means to society for the more rapid and easier development of its faculties, by the right of every man to strive towards such a development, and by his right to a security from hindrance in so doing, while he avoids the hindering of others. The state is an institution for the general use, for the common benefit of all its citizens; for the leading of them forwards towards the perfection of human existence. Such, too, is the duty and object of the masonic lodges; they would cut and polish the rough stone of human civilisation, to build with it the temple of universal harmony.

“Whilst church and state, although both necessary institutions for the good of mankind, are frequently found in direct hostility to each other, through the errors, passions, or blindness of their guardians, Freemasonry places itself as a reconciler between them, meeting with its divine or purely spiritual side the religious element in all, and with its earthly or temporal side, the social or political element. Yet it casts from it everything *merely* political, everything originating in the laws and constitutions of particular nations, because it has to do only with the original relations of men. In the same way it casts from it everything *merely* theological, because it regards only the original relations of man to God and eternity, without distinction of creed or church.

“In this spirit lived, and do still live, thousands of excellent men, genuine freemasons, whether they ever saw the inside of a lodge or not; whilst thousands who *have* seen it, remain as far as ever from becoming genuine masons, just as in various nations thousands of pious souls have lived in the spirit of Jesus, without ever having visited a Christian temple, whilst thousands of Christians, zealous *in* church and *for* the church, would never be owned as disciples by their Divine Master. For, as many take appearances for realities, the means for the end, and church rites for religion, so many among us mistake the ceremonies of the lodge for freemasonry.

“Such were the thoughts and views which I expressed to my friends, and, at their request, afterwards communicated in writing.”

---



To the Editor of the "*Spiritual Magazine*."

25th June, 1862.

SIR,—I beg to send you the following account of a *séance* held with Madame Louise Besson, the trance medium, at her residence, No. 2, Harpur Street, Theobald's Road, W.C., on Monday evening last, the 23rd. The sitters were two ladies, and a gentleman, and myself, Madame B. making the fifth. The raps were very loud, and the movement of the table powerful. In the course of the evening, it lifted entirely off the floor several times. One or two sentences were given by means of the alphabet, asserting that the spirit relatives of those sitting were present. All the foregoing however were incidents similar to those of other sittings. The principal manifestations of the evening being a series of touches, or pats, more or less slight, on my feet, extending from first to last for a full half-hour. On being first touched, I looked down, and saw a spirit-light glide away from my feet, and vanish by the side of Madame B. The pats then became more frequent, and from being inaudible, they, at my request, were struck sufficiently loud for all the sitters to hear them. Nothing whatever could be seen; but I distinctly felt each finger of the open hand on the leather, during each pat, and in a few instances each foot was struck at the same time by different hands. The room was not in darkness; twilight being sufficient till about nine, when a lamp was used. Our hands were all resting on the top of the table during the above occurrences, and nobody else was in the room. I write this at the request of the sitters, and remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

5, Westmoreland Place,

Westbourne Grove North, W., Bayswater.

THOMAS SHERRATT, JUN.

To the Editor of the "*Spiritual Magazine*."

June 27th, 1862.

SIR,—Having heard much on the subject of Spiritualism, and read Mr. Owen's interesting work on that subject, &c., I am induced to ask a favour, which should it be granted, and the result be a correct answer, will do all that I require for the confirmation of my own belief, and that of several friends, who now have sealed copies of the following questions, which perhaps some medium may be found capable of answering.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

W. A.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. Where (*i. e.*, in what country and parish) was Edward A., who died in 1693, baptized?
2. Who was the father of——?
3. What were the three last words uttered by S. E., who died in 1859.

[The foregoing letter is a specimen of many letters we receive, and as to which we think our correspondents are a little exacting in requiring gratuitous aid from a spiritual source as the condition of their believing what is, after all, a fact, whether they believe it or not. We very much doubt if their belief is worth purchasing on such terms. Does our correspondent think there was *only one* person whose Christian name was Edward, and the initial of whose surname was A., who died in 1693, baptized; or that *only one* person bearing the initials S. E. died in 1859? Or, does he think that spirits are omniscient, and infallibly know who the persons were thus vaguely intimated? The climax of this sort of thing is, however, reached in Question 2, the blank in which probably should have been filled up with the words "Zebedee's children."—ED.]

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

---

Vol. III.]

SEPTEMBER, 1862.

[No. 9.

---

## SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY.—JACOB BÖHME.

THE Rev. Charles Kingsley, in speaking of the "illumination, intuition, or direct vision," claimed by Tauler and other "mystics" of various denominations, thinks "it would be in accordance with Baconian induction as well as with St. Paul's direct assertions in his Epistle to the Corinthians," to say "The testimony of so many isolated persons to this fact is on the whole a fair probability for its truth; and we are inclined to believe it, though it transcends our experience, on the same ground that we believe the united testimony of travellers to a hundred natural wonders, which differ as utterly from anything which we ever saw, as do these spiritual wonders from anything which we have ever felt." Mr. Kingsley's reflection is equally applicable, not only to somewhat analogous experiences of a more recent time, but (and even with greater force) to those outward spiritual manifestations which are now comparatively so common. Both classes of facts are generally held by us in but slight account, and are almost equally foreign to our habits of thought and ordinary experience. Neither class we think can be adequately understood, so far even as it is in our power to comprehend it, without some knowledge of the other, especially by those who regard it *ab extra*. They will look upon the mystic as an unintelligible dreamer, and his revelations and experiences as the result of morbid conditions tending to insanity; or as an enigma, not easily to be solved, and perhaps not worth the labour of the attempt, and so to be passed by on the other side by kindly disposed people of common sense with a smile of superior sagacity and contemptuous toleration. The phenomenal class of evidences of spiritual action give to these interior experiences a continent and basis of support. They demonstrate the action of spiritual powers in a way that appeals direct to the senses and the intellect, and so these outermost manifestations, which considered alone would seem low and limited, adapted only to meet a gross Materialism on its

own ground; have this farther effect, that they excite a more general attention to, and prepare the mind for, higher spiritual truths, and present in graduated series phases of spiritual operation of more interior and complex character, even to the highest visions and inspirations of seers and revelators; so that instead of seeing only separate links, we thus by the knowledge and comparison of the phenomenal facts of Spiritualism and psychological experiences learn to apprehend that together they form as it were a golden chain, uniting the visible and the invisible, the natural and the spiritual; and they enable us to gain a new and deeper insight into the laws of their mutual relation and interdependence.

One of the most profound, and in some respects extraordinary of the so-called mystics, is Jacob Böhme. A man possessing none of those advantages of education, learning, or social position which ordinarily attract attention. He was, on the contrary, illiterate, poor, of unprepossessing appearance, and yet we find him producing books that have deeply interested such men as Schelling, Hegel, Oken, and Sir Isaac Newton. The papers of the latter contained many autograph extracts from the works of Böhme, and the Rev. William Law, a learned and enthusiastic disciple of Böhme, conjectures that Newton derived from him his system of fundamental powers, but that he avoided mentioning him as the originator of his system lest it should be brought into disrepute.

Böhme was born in 1575, at Alt-Seidenberg, a small market-town near Görlitz, in Upper Lusatia. His parents, in popular phrase, were "poor but honest people" (by the way, why do we never say "rich but honest?" is it that nobody would believe us?) His first employment was the care of cattle, but when grown older he was placed in a school where he learned to read and write, and was afterwards apprenticed to a shoemaker in Görlitz. He married when nineteen years of age, and had four sons whom he placed in various trades. He became master shoemaker in 1595. He is described as being lean, of small stature, with a low forehead, prominent temples, and somewhat hawk-nosed, eyes grey and glistening, and beard thin and short; he had a low but pleasing voice, and was modest and humble in his conversation. He wrote very slowly but legibly, and seldom or never struck out or corrected what he had written.

He relates that when a herdsboy he had a remarkable trial. In the heat of mid-day, retiring from his playfellows he went to a stony crag called the Landskron, and, finding an entrance or aperture overgrown with bushes, he went in, and saw there a large wooden vessel full of money, at which sight, being in a sudden astonishment, he retired in haste without touching it, and



related his fortune to the rest of the boys, who, coming with him, sought often an entrance but could never find any. Some years after a foreign artist, as Böhme relates, skilled in finding out magical treasures, took it away and thereby much enriched himself; yet he perished by an infamous death, that treasure being lodged there and covered with a curse to him that should find and take it away.

He also relates that when he was an apprentice, his master and his mistress being abroad, there came to the shop a stranger, of a reverend and grave countenance, yet in mean apparel, and taking up a pair of shoes desired to buy them. Knowing as yet little of the business, Jacob would not presume to set a price on them; but the stranger being very importunate, he at last named a price which he was certain would keep him harmless in parting with them. The old man paid the money, took the shoes, and went from the shop a little way, when standing still, with a loud and earnest voice he called, "Jacob, Jacob, come forth." The boy came out in a great fright, amazed that the stranger should call him by his Christian name. The man with a severe but friendly countenance, fixing his eyes upon him, which were bright and sparkling, took him by his right hand and said to him:—"Jacob, thou art little, but shalt be great, and become another man, such a one as the world shall wonder at; therefore be pious, fear God, and reverence his word. Read diligently the Holy Scriptures, wherein thou hast comfort and instruction. For thou must endure much misery and poverty, and suffer persecution, but be courageous and persevere, for God loves and is gracious unto thee;" and therewith pressing his hand, with a bright sparkling eye fixed on his face, he departed.

This prediction made a deep impression on his mind. He grew serious and thoughtful, went more frequently to church, "and profited well therein in the outward reformation of his life," and read and meditated the Scriptures. Seriously considering the promise (Luke xi. 13) that the Holy Spirit would be given by our Heavenly Father to them that ask him; he with much earnestness prayed for the promised Comforter; and, at length, as he relates, he was "surrounded with a Divine light for seven days, and stood in the highest contemplation and in the kingdom of joys whilst he was with his master in the country about the affairs of his vocation." In the twenty-fifth year of his age he was again surrounded by this "Divine light," and so quickened were his perceptive faculties, that in going into the fields and viewing the herbs and grass, he "saw into their essences, use and properties, which were discovered to him by their lineaments, figures, and signatures. In like manner he beheld the

whole creation, and from that fountain of Revelation he afterwards wrote his book *De Signatura Rerum*. In the unfolding of these mysteries he took great delight, yet scarcely spoke of them to any till the year 1618, when, "being again taken into this light, lest the mysteries revealed to him should pass through him as a stream, and rather for a memorial than intending it for publication, he wrote his first book called *Aurora, or The Morning Redness*."

This manuscript being seen by a gentleman of rank who sometimes conversed with him, he requested Böhme to indulge him with the perusal of it, and so greatly was he interested in it that he got it copied, and being circulated it soon fell into the hands of the pastor primarius of Görlitz, Gregory Richter, who denounced both the book and its author from the pulpit, and stirred up the Senate against him, so that they summoned Böhme before them and admonished him to stick to his business and leave off writing books which were calculated to give offence. In obedience to this injunction he abstained from writing for seven years; when, what he felt to be a higher than earthly power again impelled him to write. His second book is entitled *The Three Principles*. Of the manner of its production he says:—"Art hath not wrote here, neither was there any time to consider how to set it punctually down, according to the right understanding of the letters, but all was ordered according to the direction of the Spirit, which often went in haste; so that in many words letters may be wanting, and in some places a capital letter for a word; so that the penman's hand, by reason he was not accustomed to it, did often shake. And though I could have written in a more accurate, fair, and plain manner, yet the reason was this, that the burning fire did often force forward with speed, and the hand and pen must hasten directly after it; for *it comes and goes as a sudden shower*. I can write nothing of myself but as a child, which neither knows nor understands anything, which neither has ever been learnt, but only that which the Lord vouchsafes to know in me, according to the measure as himself manifests in me. For I never desired to know anything of the Divine mystery, much less understood I the way to seek and find it. I knew nothing of it, as it is the condition of poor laymen in their simplicity. I sought only after the heart of Jesus Christ, that I might hide myself therein from the wrathful anger of God, and the violent assaults of the devil; and I besought the Lord earnestly for His Holy Spirit and His grace, that He would please to bless and guide me in Him, and take that away from me which did turn me from Him, that I might not live to my own will, but His; and that He only might lead and direct me, to the end I might be His child in His Son Jesus. In this my earnest and Christian seeking and desire, the gate was opened unto me,

that in one quarter of an hour I saw and knew more than if I had been many years together at an University, at which I did exceedingly wonder, and thereupon turned my praise to God for it. For I saw and knew the Being of all beings, the Byss and Abyss, and the eternal generation of the Holy Trinity, the descent and original of the world, and of all creatures through the Divine Wisdom; I knew and saw in myself all the three worlds, namely, *the Divine*, (the angelical and the paradisaical), and *the Dark world*, (the original of the nature to the fire), and then, thirdly, *the External* and visible world, being of a procreation or outward birth, from both the internal and spiritual worlds. I saw and knew the whole working essence, in the evil and the good, and the mutual original and the existence of each of them, and likewise how the fruitful bearing womb of eternity brought forth. So that I did not only greatly wonder at it, but did also exceedingly rejoice, and presently it came powerfully into my mind, to set the same down in writing, for a memorial for myself, though I could very hardly apprehend the same, in my external man, and express it with the pen. Yet however I must begin to labour in these great mysteries, as a child that goes to school. I saw them as in a great deep in the internal. For I had a thorough view of the universe, as in a chaos, wherein all things are couched, and wrapped up, but it was impossible for me to explain the same. Yet it opened itself in me, from time to time, as in a young plant; though the same was with me for the space of twelve years, and it was as it were breeding, and I found a powerful instigation within me, before I could bring it forth into external form of writing. And whatever I could apprehend with the external principle of my mind, that I wrote down. But however, afterward the sun shone upon me a good while, but not constantly, for the sun hid itself, and then I knew not, nor well understood, my own labour. So that man must acknowledge that his knowledge is not his own, but from God, who manifests the ideas of wisdom to the soul of man, in what measure he pleases."

The primate Richter appears to have become still farther embittered against Böhme by this second book, and procured from the Senate his banishment from the city, but upon more sober thought, they next morning repealed this absurd and unjust sentence. "Yet," says Dr. Weisner, "still tired with the prelate's incessant clamour, they at length sent for him again, and entreated him that in love to the city's quiet he would seek himself a habitation elsewhere; which if he would do, they should hold themselves obliged to him for it, as an acceptable service. In compliance with this friendly request of theirs he removed from thence. After this, upon a citation, Jacob Böhme came to Dresden before his highness the Prince Elector of



Saxony, where were assembled six doctors of divinity, Dr. Hoe, Dr. Weisner, Dr. Baldwin, Dr. Gerhard, Dr. Leyser, and another doctor, and two professors of the mathematics. And these, in the presence of his highness the Prince Elector, began to examine him concerning his writings, and the high mysteries therein; and many profound queries in divinity, philosophy and the mathematics they proposed to him. To all which he replied with such meekness of spirit, such depth of knowledge and fulness of matter, that none of those doctors and professors returned one word of dislike or contradiction. The prince his highness much admired him, and required to know the result of their judgments in what they had heard. But the doctors and examiners desired to be excused, and entreated his highness that he would have patience till the spirit of the man had more plainly declared itself, for in many particulars they could not understand him. To Jacob Böhme's questions they returned answers with much modesty, being amazed to hear from a man of that mean quality such mysterious depths. There were two astrologers present, to whom, having discoursed of their science, he said, 'Thus far is the knowledge of your art right and good, grounded in the mystery of nature; but what is over and above are heathenish additions.' The Elector being satisfied with his answers took him apart, and discoursed with him concerning difficult points, and courteously dismissed him."

Dr. Weisner is reported to have afterwards said—"Who knows but God may have designed him for some extraordinary work, and how can we with justice pass judgment against that we understand not, for sure he seems to be a man of wonderful high gifts of the spirit, though we cannot at present, from any ground of certainty, approve or disapprove of many things he holds forth." The favourable opinion of the Elector and the Doctors of the Council induced many preachers and learned men to examine his writings; the effect of which was, in the words of one of his biographers, that they began to cease "from preaching up disputes and controversies in religion, many of these being no ways determinable but by the intervention of a Divine light above that of reason . . . whence they judged all contest about those difficulties, (being most pregnant mothers of pride and contention,) as baneful to Divine charity, and the common peace of mankind. But for resolution of all doubts referred them to an earnest endeavour after the recovery of the life of Christ, the only fountain of all true light and right understanding in Divine things."

From the publication of his first book he began to be much visited by many learned men, and it was from his frequent conversations with them that he got the use of those Greek and

Latin words that are frequent in his works. One of these learned men was a physician named Balthasar Walter, a man who had travelled in search of ancient magical learning throughout the East, particularly Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, where he found such small remnants of it, that he returned unsatisfied to his own country, where he became inspector of the chemical laboratory at Dresden. Having become acquainted with Böhme, he rejoiced that at last he had found at home, in a poor cottage, that for which he had travelled so far in vain. He introduced the appellation of *Philosophus Teutonicus*, sometimes applied to Böhme. Dr. Walter went to the German universities, and collected such questions concerning the soul as were accounted impossible to be resolved fundamentally, of which he made a catalogue, being forty in number, and sent them to Böhme, from whom he received answers to his satisfaction (which answers are public in many languages). Dr. Walter came to Böhme and professed that he had received from him more solid answers than from the most clever and learned men with whom he had anywhere conversed. The translator of these answers into English presented a copy to King Charles I., who a month after said, that if Böhme were no scholar, the Holy Ghost was now in men; but if he were a scholar, he was one of the best.

It may be mentioned as characteristic of the man that he usually prefixed to his letters the motto, "Our salvation in the life of Jesus Christ in us," and sealed with a seal on which was engraved a hand outstretched from heaven, holding three blown lilies.

Böhme died in Silesia, in November, 1624. Early in the morning he asked his son if he heard the excellent music; the son replied, "No." "Open," said he, "the door, that it may be better heard." Afterwards he asked what the clock had struck, and, on being told, said, "Three hours hence is my time." When the three hours had nearly passed, he took leave of his wife and son, and blessed them, and said, "Now go I hence into Paradise;" and immediately, with this joyful assurance, departed.

Notwithstanding his peaceable and blameless life, and his always having been in strict communion with the Lutheran Church, so inveterate was the hatred borne to him by the clergy that they refused to bury his corpse till compelled to do so by the magistracy, and though Richter had died three months previously, a double portion of his spirit seemed to have fallen on his successor, who refused to preach at his funeral, feigning illness; and his colleague, when compelled to do so, began by declaring he would rather have walked a hundred miles than preach the funeral sermon.

After Böhme's death, his opinions spread over Germany, Holland, and England. A son of his persecutor, Richter, com-

menced a refutation of them, but in reading his works for this purpose, his views underwent an entire change, and so highly did he come to esteem them, that he edited, and printed at his own expense, an edition of a hundred copies of an epitome of them in eight volumes, and arranged their contents in a sort of index. His works have gone through several editions, and have been translated into Dutch, French, and English. He has written upwards of thirty treatises. I give below the full titles of some of the more important, with the respective dates of their publication.\*

It is greatly to be wished that some competent person, well versed in the writings of Böhme, and who has entered into the spirit of their philosophy, would present us with a clear digest of his teachings in good modern English. Many of his deep truths are veiled in an obscurity in part arising from his imperfect knowledge and command of language, as well as from the inadequacy of language itself to convey many of the ideas and images that flowed into his mind. It must always be difficult to find suitable terms in which to convey to the mind of another a knowledge of spiritual things. It would be vain to attempt to convey to the reader an idea even in outline of the theosophy of Böhme. The best I have seen in a short compass is by the Rev. William Law, which is here subjoined. Speaking of "the poor illiterate Behmen," and the "mystery" revealed in his works, Law says "he was so merely an instrument of Divine direction, as to have no ability to think, speak, or write anything, but what sprung up in him, or came upon him, as independently of himself, as a shower of rain falls here or there independently of the place where it falls.

"His works being an opening of the Spirit of God working in him, are quite out of the path of man's reasoning wisdom, and proceed no more according to it, than the living plant breathes forth its virtue according to such rules of skill as an artist must

\* *The Aurora, or the Dawning of the Day; or Morning Redness in the Rising of the Sun. Containing the Root of Theology, Philosophy, and Astral Science, from the true ground.* 1611.

*The Three Principles of the Divine Essence: of the Eternal Dark, Light, and Temporary World. With an Appendix of the Threefold Life of Man.* 1612.

*Signatura Rerum; or the Signature of All Things: shewing the Sign and Signification of the Several Forms, Figures, and Shape of Things in the Creation; and what the Beginning, Ruin, and Cure of everything is; comprising all Mysteries.* 1621.

*The Mysterium Magnum: an Explanation of Genesis; treating of the Manifestation and Revelation of the Divine Word, through the Three Principles of the Divine Essence. Also of the Origin of the World and the Creation, wherein the Kingdoms of Nature and Grace are explained, for the better understanding of the Old and New Testament, and what Adam and Christ are.* 1623.

*A Table of the Divine Manifestation; or, an Explanation of the Threefold World.* 1623.

*Of the Supersensual Life.* 1624.

*Of Divine Contemplation, or Vision,* 1624. (imperfect).



use to set up a painted dead figure of it. But as the Spirit of God worked in the creation of all things, so the same Spirit worked and opened in the ground and depth of his created soul, an inward sensibility of it.

“His writings begin where the spirit of God began, in the first rise of nature and creature. They are led on by the Spirit of God, as it went on in the creation of angels and men, and all this material system of things. The all-creating Spirit of God, which did, and still does, all in every birth and growth of life, opened its procedure in this chosen instrument, showing how all things came from a working will of the holy triune incomprehensible God, manifesting himself as Father, Son and Holy Spirit, through an outward perceptible working triune power of fire, light, and spirit, both in the eternal heaven, and in this temporal transitory state of material nature; showing from this eternal manifestation of God in the unity and trinity of heavenly fire, light, and spirit, how and what angels and men were in their creation: how they are in and from God, his real offspring, and born partakers of the Divine nature; how their life begun in and from this Divine fire, which is the Father of Light, generating a birth of light in their souls, from both which proceeds the Holy Spirit, or breath of Divine love, in the triune creature, as it does in the triune Creator: showing how some angels and all men are fallen from God, and their first state of a Divine triune life in them; what they are in their fallen state, and the difference between the fall of angels and that of men: showing also how and whence there is good and evil in all this temporal world, in all its creatures, animate and inanimate, spiritual and material, and what is meant by the curse that dwells everywhere in it; showing what are the natures, powers, and qualities of all creatures; whence and why their numberless variety; what they have of good in them, and how they have it; what is the evil in them, and why there is such strife and enmity betwixt creatures and creatures, elements and elements, what is meant by it, to what end it works, and when it shall cease; how and why sin and misery, wrath and death, shall only reign for a time, till the love, the wisdom, and the power of God shall in a supernatural way triumph over sin, misery, and death, make fallen man rise to the glory of angels, and this material system shake off its curse, and enter into an everlasting union with that heaven from whence it fell.”

I believe that Böhme is the first writer who has evolved from the letter of Scripture a consecutive spiritual sense, though this is carried by him no farther than the Book of Genesis. It is not so clear, nor so methodical, as the similar exposition by Swedenborg; but it is probable that though less formally methodical,

this does not, at least, in the same degree, extend to its substance—to the ideas themselves. Nor is this the only point of junction between these two eminent seers; (though, on the other hand, there are some in which there is a marked divergence). Böhme seems to have anticipated the Swedish seer in tracing the parallelism between the physical and the spiritual worlds and their correspondences. Both taught that in all things natural forms take their shape from, and are the sign or expression of their interior spiritual forms, their qualities inhering not in the natural but in the spiritual. These views, however, cannot be said to have originated with either Böhme or Swedenborg; they (or at least views very similar to them) may be traced to Plato, and, perhaps, beyond. The doctrine of discrete degrees, however, is one drawn more clearly and sharply by Swedenborg than I believe by any previous writer. In his teaching of the Trinity there seems again to be a substantial agreement between the Swedish Seer and the Teutonic philosopher. The opening of the creation to Böhme by the Divine light, so that he saw into the essences and properties of things, will remind many of the like experience of George Fox, who, in his Journal, describes how in vision the creation was opened to him, and the nature and virtues of all things were so revealed that he was in doubt whether he should not practice as a physician for the good of mankind. In this, and in teaching that there is a *one* language, a *spiritual* language (spoken he believes on the day of Pentecost), from which the earliest languages have proceeded, and in many other things his statements agree with those made by the Seeress of Prevorst,\* and by many of the seers and mediums of our own time, and even with some of our modern churches among whom the gifts of the Spirit have been manifested. This language Böhme held could be known only by those who were spiritually enlightened.

Of those who deny spiritual illumination, who hold with Locke that we can receive ideas through no channel but the senses, we ask “Whence had this man this knowledge?” Not from education, for his was of the humblest description; not from books, for he was little acquainted with them, and had he sought it there he would not have found it. He was not a learned professor, but an industrious shoemaker. Whence had he this knowledge? Can we give to this question any better answer than the Saviour’s words:—“The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit?”

T. S.

---

\* See *Spiritual Magazine*, No. 30. There is no ground for any surmise that Madame Hauffe was acquainted with the writings of Böhme.

## A GUARDIAN SPIRIT'S PROPHETIC WARNING.

---

As an old magnetizer who has had a very extensive practical experience, wonderful phenomena have from time to time been presented in my practice which have made me a confirmed believer in the protection of spiritual beings being constantly exercised, and in their presence amongst us; a constant fact long before the recent "Spiritual Manifestations" occurred, as material demonstrative evidence of this fact. As one instance, taken from many, allow me to present you the following. Some of the parties are still living, and could add their testimony to mine if needed.

One day in the beginning of January, 1853, a lady visitor was announced, who on being seated informed me "That she was told that she had been mesmerized, and had been talking in her sleep, and that some lady friends assured her that in this she had done a very wicked act, and one which she would get punishment for in the next world. This had frightened her, and having heard of my name as a mesmerizer of great experience, she had come to ask me if it was true that she could have been asleep, and have talked in her sleep without remembering it, and if so, was being put to sleep when she did not know anything about it such a serious sin as the lady friends declared it?" I inquired as to the circumstances, and ascertained that my visitor, Miss E. resided as housekeeper with a gentleman, Mr. A. B. with whom I was slightly acquainted; that she was suffering very much with pain in the face and head, that Mr. A. B. told her to sit down and he would draw away the pain, and that she did not know anything more, excepting that after a lapse of some hours, she found herself in the same chair, the pain quite gone, and was told she had been in a mesmeric sleep, and had been talking. I requested her to put her right hand on the back of a chair, made two or three passes over the hand with the intention of causing it to stick to the chair, and then said quietly, "Be so good as to remove your hand." This she could not do, the hand was fixed; and I thus ascertained that she was a subject peculiarly susceptible to magnetic influence. I of course immediately released her hand, and telling her there was no reason to doubt that she had been put to sleep, gave her proper advice about allowing herself to be again magnetized, and comforted her by an assurance that mesmerism was not sinful, but a "gift from God," which she should thankfully accept, when it relieved her from suffering.

In the evening of the same day, Mr. A. B. called to request me to magnetize him and remove a pain from his back. He



became an occasional patient for a few months. In the course of conversation, he told me that he had mesmerized his housekeeper, Miss E.; that she had gone to sleep, and then talked to some imaginary being, who she said was her guardian spirit. He laughed at this hallucination, and I then discovered that he did not believe in the future or spiritual existence. The Bible afforded him no evidence of this truth, as he did not believe the Scriptures; he was a deeply learned natural philosopher, a chemist, astronomer, electrician, and good mathematician. He liked to have ocular and rigidly demonstrative evidence of facts before he accepted them. He was not perversely stupid enough to reject human testimony; he would believe many things on the testimony of others, but who was to testify to the truth of those whose evidence we accepted as to the narratives of the Holy Scriptures; these belonged to past history, the original witnesses were dead and could not come into court, we only had the tradition handed down from one set of believers to another set of believers. My friend was anxious to know that our future existence was not a fable; but he was a student of material science, and having sought to ascertain a fact in spiritual knowledge by employing the instruments required in natural or material philosophy, he always failed in the result of his experiment. My friend occupied in this respect no exceptional position, he was only one amongst thousands who totally deny the Divine authority of Scripture as to our future existence, because they reject tradition and have never been fortunate enough to obtain evidence which could appeal to their material senses and bring conviction.

How happy would my friend have been, how happy would thousands of kind-hearted, moral, loyal, but atheistical clever men now be, if they could only catch a departed soul and cork it up in a bottle, put it on a shelf, and at their leisure subject it to rigid and exact analysis. They would then know that a human soul did exist and they would know what its nature and condition was, whether he, she, or it. However our Heavenly Father does not allow any of His creatures to catch the souls of others of His creatures and cork them up in bottles; but in His merciful Providence He treats learned and philosophical materialists who will not believe on testimony and tradition with more kindness than many of His ministering servants do—for He has provided that there shall exist other evidence than testimony and tradition for those who harden not their hearts, but desire a rational conviction of His existence, and their future life in the spirit state.

My friend, Mr. A. B., required evidence which he could accept, and we shall see how this was afforded, and how he became a Christian and a believer in our future existence. He continued daily to put Miss E. to sleep; he took notes of her

conversation and statements made in this sleep; but on no account was any casual visitors admitted to these mesmeric sittings—one other friend, who was also a philosopher and unbeliever in the future life, being the customary witness. Miss E. usually conversed with her guardian, and sometimes made remarks relating to herself, and to her health, and foretold circumstances which would shortly happen, and which did happen as foretold. These prophecies, when verified, greatly disturbed Mr. A. B.'s atheistical tendency; he began to think this guardian really might exist, although he had no sensuous perception of his existence; but he yet strove hard with many clever hypotheses to show the wonderful powers of the brain and its electrical life, and to explain the phenomena in accordance with the conditions of ponderable matter, and thus blot out Miss E.'s guardian spirit.

Although the occasional information and prophetic warnings of the guardian spirit were curiously true and often useful, not any had been sufficiently marked to be quite out of the range of "extraordinary and wonderful coincidence;" at least, not enough so to convert my unbelieving friend from his scepticism. One evening, the 2nd of February, he called and told me, "Miss E. has been to sleep to-day; her guardian says there is a great danger awaiting her; it may be avoided, but this is not certain; it will be from an accident; it will endanger her life, and may deprive her of it. More cannot be told her now." This, of course, greatly interested the few friends who were informed, and Miss E. was usually mesmerized every day, and notes taken of her statements. For several days no more information was given by the "guardian." Then we were told by Miss E., "that the accident could not be avoided, it must happen;" but the guardian could neither inform us of its character or the day when it would happen. The guardian was now often addressed through Miss E., by telling her to ask questions and requesting replies. Of course, as a mesmeric (or rather magnetic) medium she heard the questions and put them, and returned the guardian's replies. But how was Mr. A. B. or his friend Mr. F. to know that there was a guardian, it might all be hallucination, a dream repeated as often as the mesmeric sleep was induced. One day, Miss E. said, "My guardian tells me the accident will happen in March; if I escape with life I shall be subject to fits afterwards." This kind of information was given us until the 20th of February, when Miss E. said, "My guardian now tells me the accident is to happen on the 13th of March; I cannot know what it will be, but I am to tell you, Mr. A. B., not to go from home that day on any account or I shall lose my life; Mr. F. is not to go from home on any account or I shall always have fits;—when it

happens I shall have an epileptic fit from fright; then send for Mr. F., who is to magnetize me until I have quite recovered from the fit and the fright. I am not to know at what hour it will happen; but it will be some time on the 13th of March."

From time to time previously to this March 13, Miss E. was mesmerised, and repeated this statement, but could neither ascertain the nature of the accident which was to happen, nor the precise hour at which it would happen. We had nothing else left us but to await the event, which those who were informed did with much anxious and curious speculation as to whether it would be, and what it would be. Miss E. herself knew nothing of this warning prophecy, and was as merry and unconcerned as usual on the eventful March 13. On that day Mr. A. B. never left his house, and took care that Miss E. should not leave home; Mr. F. also kept closely at his own house. Mr. A. B. waited all day and nothing happened; at half-past six, p.m. he was sitting in his counting-house, tired of waiting the event, speculating whether it would come off, and thinking there was no "guardian spirit," that the whole was a dream and delusion, when suddenly he was startled by loud screams proceeding from his kitchen; he hastened there, and found Miss E. in flames. She had gone to the kitchen to give some directions, and was standing with her back to the fire, when some one opened a door, and the draught blew her dress against the grate bars. Mr. A. B. threw her down, rolled her in the carpet, and extinguished the flames before she was seriously burnt. Then Miss E. became convulsed, and had a severe epileptic fit; Mr. F. was sent for, and magnetized her until she recovered. She never had any more fits. Thus was the guardian spirit's prophetic warning, given many weeks previously to the event, verified. Did the materialistic philosophers, Mr. A. B. and Mr. F., believe? Yes! they could not do otherwise. Was it the devil or an evil spirit who took all this trouble to save Miss E. from harm, and convert two of God's creatures from their infidel scepticism? I think not. Who did it then? I believe a good angel or spirit directed by God's providence; if not I know not who else did, or what other power could.

GEORGE BARTH.

---

Every act is to be regarded as a religious one which raises man above the mere animal, and that brings him nearer to the Divine nature.—HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.



LAZARUS AND HIS MESSAGE.

---

To "see ourselves as others see us," however useful, is certainly not easy. We wonder at the blindness and folly and hardness of heart of the old Scribes and Pharisees and Sadducees; but we have no doubt that to their contemporaries they were simply respectable, well-dressed gentlemen, who gave good dinners, and who, though they might differ a little among themselves as high church and low church, were yet on the whole, good orthodox people, who went to the synagogue every Sabbath-day, paid tithe regularly, and united against all outside heresy. They were great sticklers for the old faith and the old forms, believed devoutly in all the miracles contained in the canonical books, and treated with proper contempt all alleged supernatural manifestations in their own day. Those who affirmed their occurrence, they regarded as either fools or impostors. Was not the law of Moses perfect, and the canon of Revelation closed? What need then for further miracles? Were such alleged occurrences at all conformable to observation? Had not "a firm and unalterable experience" established the constancy of nature? The age of miracles had ceased, or granted that miracles were still possible, and had actually taken place as affirmed, were they not wrought by Beelzebub? These new thaumaturgists taught something different from Moses: did not this clench the argument, and convict the *pseudo* wonder-workers of rank blasphemy? We need not travel to Judea, or go back eighteen centuries to find illustrations of this type of character. Gentlemen of that ilk may be found any day walking the west end of London. Accepting for the moment the theory of transmigration, we can imagine Dives a regular swell, his shirt of the finest linen, his coat of the best broad cloth, keeping an excellent table, and giving wine parties. Perhaps, following the ancient occupation of a scribe, he may be the editor of a *Critic-al* publication, and sometimes visit his friend the magistrate, to consult with him as to the best means of putting down mediums. Not altogether a bad man, he would perhaps have sufficient commiseration for Lazarus to allow him to sit on his door-step without ordering him to "move on." That Dives had some good points about him, that his milk of human kindness had not all turned sour is evident from the interest he took in his five brethren on earth, and his anxiety that Lazarus should carry to them a communication from that world of spirits into which both had entered. Had his request been acceded to is it likely to have had any more effect upon them than spiritual communications have upon some people now-a-days? In a sermon

on *Lazarus and his Message*, in the volume entitled *Three Months' Ministry*, the Rev. Thomas T. Lynch has endeavoured to depict what is likely to have occurred. We leave him at this point to carry on the argument. He says:—

That we may picture to our minds what might have occurred had Lazarus been sent according to the rich man's wish, let us suppose the brothers in succession visited. The first brother has dined, and shortly afterwards a Rabbi enters—his friend. "You seem disturbed to-day," says the Rabbi. "I am," he replies; "a strange thing has occurred. I was thinking of my poor brother, and presently it seemed as if some one were in the room. I looked up and saw that beggar that used to lie at his gate. It was Lazarus, and yet he looked handsome and young; but I could not mistake him: it was another Lazarus, and yet himself. And as I looked he spoke these words: 'Thy brother says repent, lest thou also come into the place of torment.'" "Ah!" says the Rabbi, "no wonder, you are disturbed! This is an illusion, but the time will account for it. You had just dined; you have been very anxious lately. The brain has affected the stomach, and the stomach in return has affected the brain;—tit for tat, according to our law. The anxiety you have suffered disturbed your digestion, and then indigestion disturbed your brain; and hence this illusion. Indeed, you have felt your brother's death too much, and though every conscientious man must, as he thinks of death, wish at least to be ready, you, my friend, are too feeling and too conscientious; be not disturbed; it was but an illusion; do not fear." And so the Rabbi will leave this brother, and the man will feel somewhat complacent with himself. The apparition is accounted for, and accounted for in a way rather complimentary to him than otherwise.

We will suppose the second brother is walking in his garden, and one comes to accost him upon business. "You are deep in thought," he says. "Well, I was; I have just been visiting my late brother's house to settle some affairs there, and as I went up to the door I saw sitting, or I thought I did, the very beggar man that died about the same time that my brother did. There he was sitting, there were his rags, there was his miserable countenance, the very same; and as I went up the steps he spoke these words: 'Thy brother says repent, lest thou also come into the place of torment.'" "Strange, indeed," says the friend, "is the power of association. You have not been thinking of the man, but you go to your brother's house, where you had often seen him, and the mere going to the house with your mind naturally full of old times and scenes has raised up this illusion." The brother feels satisfied. True, it takes the whole afternoon and part of the morrow for the moral effect to wear off. But still he has a philosophical explanation—the principle of association. What we have seen in a particular place, that, under a change of circumstances, we may fancy we have seen again!

The third brother had occasion to visit the grave of the deceased rich man, and as he was looking rather reflectively, in much sorrow, for in fact there came thoughts into his mind just at that moment about the division of the property, as he was looking at the grave, he saw—the figure seemed to rise up before him, first like a shadow, and then it became distinct—he saw Lazarus standing. He started, he was surprised; still more surprised when the voice addressed him: "Thy brother says repent, lest thou also come into the place of torment." But, you know, where can you expect to see a ghost if it be not by the side of a grave? The very fact that you see it there proves that it is not a real ghost; men naturally conjure up these phantoms at a grave-side. Thus he reasoned with himself and walked away, and the impression very soon wore off.

The fourth brother was going into the temple, at the gate of which people were often sitting or lying to ask alms, and whilst he was at some distance he saw this beggar man, Lazarus, sitting at the gate. He recognised him; it certainly was he, or very strangely like him. He noticed many persons passing into the temple and giving him nothing, and then there did flit a twinging thought across his soul—how often he had passed Lazarus, and given him nothing himself. He comes up, and as he enters, Lazarus speaks again the very same words: "Thy brother says repent, lest thou also come into the place of

torment." He goes into the temple; he feels partly persuaded that it was indeed Lazarus's ghost. "But," says he, "how strange that men should carry their evil tempers into the other world! Why, that man Lazarus often grudged with his eyes the good things that went into my brother's mansion. The very smell of the dinner made him feel wicked; and now he has got into the other world, all that he thinks of is to come back here and spite himself upon us, to try and frighten us with a bugbear. As if our brother had gone to any place of torment—a man that lived respectably as he did!

The fifth brother is reading Moses in a very comfortable apartment, and he has fallen upon that part of Moses in which the dreadful curses are pronounced upon those that depart from the living God and commit folly and sin. He feels there is a strange incongruity between this awful kind of reading and the very comfortable aspect of the apartment; and as he is feeling thus and determining to put by the roll of parchment, the figure of Lazarus rises, the same words are spoken: "Thy brother says repent, lest thou also come into the place of torment." He feels really alarmed; his friends do not see him next day; he takes Moses again and reads him next day. He thinks he will repent. But friends begin to talk: "How is it that he keeps himself so retired?" they say. "He has seen the ghost of Lazarus," is the reply. So one friend cries, "Well, if any ghost could persuade me, it should be a better ghost than that of the beggar man, Lazarus." And this is very kindly and carefully reported to the fifth brother; so he feels angry and yet ashamed. Ashamed of what? Why, ashamed of having so nearly made a fool of himself by repenting. So he goes on dining worse and worse, that is to say, better and better, more and more sumptuously; he is obliged to dine himself into stupidity, lest the memory of the ghost should prove too much for him—lest he should after all be a fool in the eyes of all his acquaintance, and repent of his sins and lead a new life.

This kind of preaching is indeed holding the mirror up to Nature. We hope some of our friends may be persuaded to look into the glass.

T. S.

## THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

IT will be forty years ago, next month, since the ship I was then in came home from the West India station, and was paid off. I had nowhere in particular to go just then, and so was very glad to get a letter the morning after I went ashore at Portsmouth, asking me to go down to Plymouth for a week or so. It came from an old sailor, a friend of my family, who had been commodore of the fleet. He lived at Plymouth; he was a thorough old sailor—what you young men would call "an old salt"—and couldn't live out of the sight of the blue sea and the shipping. It is a disease that a good many of us take who have spent our best years on the sea. I have it myself—a sort of feeling that we must be under another kind of Providence, when we look out and see a hill on this side and a hill on that. It's wonderful to see the trees come out and the corn grow, but then, it doesn't come so home to an old sailor. I know that we're all just as much under the Lord's hands on shore as at sea; but you can't read in a book you haven't been used to, and they that go down to the sea in ships, they see the works of the Lord and his



wonders in the deep. It isn't their fault if they don't see his wonders on the land so easily as other people. But, for all that, there's no man enjoys a cruise in the country more than a sailor. It's forty years ago I started for Plymouth, but I haven't forgotten the road a bit, or how beautiful it was, all through the New Forest and over Salisbury plain, and then on by the mail to Exeter, and through Devonshire. It took me three days to get to Plymouth, for we didn't get about so quick in those days. The commodore was very kind to me when I got there, and I went about with him to the ships in the bay, and through the dockyard, and picked up a good deal that was of use to me afterwards. I was a lieutenant in those days, and had seen a good deal of service and I found the old commodore had a great-nephew whom he had adopted, and had set his whole heart upon. He was an old bachelor himself, but the boy had come to live with him, and was to go to sea; so he wanted to put him under some one who would give an eye to him for the first year or two. He was a light slip of a boy then, fourteen years old, with deep-set blue eyes, and long eyelashes, and cheeks like a girl's, but as brave as a lion and as merry as a lark. The old gentleman was very much pleased to see that we took to one another. We used to bathe and boat together, and he was never tired of hearing my stories about the great admirals, and the fleet, and the stations I had been on. Well, it was agreed that I should apply for a ship again directly, and go up to London with a letter to the Admiralty from the commodore, to help things on. After a month or two I was appointed to a brig lying at Spithead; and so I wrote off to the commodore, and he got his boy a midshipman's berth on board, and brought him to Portsmouth himself a day or two before we sailed for the Mediterranean. The old gentleman came on board to see his boy's hammock slung, and went below into the cockpit to make sure that all was right. He only left us by the pilot-boat, when we were all out in the Channel. He was very low in parting from his boy, but bore up as well as he could; and we promised to write to him from Gibraltar, and as often afterwards as we had a chance. I was soon as proud and fond of little Tom Holdsworth as if he had been my own younger brother and for that matter, so were all the crew, from the captain to the cook's one boy. He was such a gallant youngster, yet so gentle. In one cutting-out business we had, he climbed over the boatswain's shoulder, and was almost first on deck; how he came off it without a scratch I can't think to this day. But he hadn't a bit of bluster in him, and was as kind as a woman to any one who was wounded or down with sickness.

After we had been out about a year, we were sent to cruise off Malta, on the look-out for the French fleet. It was a long

business, and the post wasn't so good then as it is now. We were sometimes for months without getting a letter, and knew nothing of what was happening at home, or anywhere else. We had a sick time, too, on board, and at last he got a fever. He bore up against it like a man, and wouldn't knock off duty for a long time. He was midshipman of my watch, so I used to make him turn in early, and tried to ease things to him as I could; but he didn't pick up, and I began to get anxious about him. I talked to the doctor, and turned matters over in my own mind, and I thought he wouldn't be any better unless he could sleep out of the cockpit. So one night, the 20th of October it was—I remember it well enough, better than I remember any day since—it was a dirty night, blowing half a gale of wind from the southward, and we were under close-reefed topsails—I had the first watch, and at nine o'clock I sent him down to my cabin to sleep there, where he would be fresher and quieter, and I was to turn into his hammock when my watch was over. I was on deck three hours or so after he went down, and the weather got dirtier, and dirtier, and the scud drove by, and the wind sang and hummed through the rigging—it made me melancholy to listen to it. I could think of nothing but the youngster down below, and what I should say to his poor old uncle if anything happened. Well, soon after midnight I went down and turned into his hammock. I didn't go to sleep at once, for I remember very well listening to the creaking of the ship's timbers as she rose to the swell, and watching the lamp, which was slung from the ceiling, and gave light enough to make out the other hammocks swinging slowly all together. At last, however, I dropped off, and I reckon I must have been asleep about an hour when I woke with a start. For a moment I didn't see anything but the swinging hammocks and the lamp, but, then, suddenly I became aware that some one was standing by my hammock, and I saw the figure as plainly as I see any of you now, for the foot of the hammock was close to the lamp, and the light struck full across on the head and shoulders, which was all that I could see of him. There he was, the old commodore; his grizzled hair coming out from under a red woollen nightcap, and his shoulders wrapped in an old threadbare dressing-gown, which I had often seen him in. His face looked pale and drawn, and there was a wistful, disappointed look about the eyes. I was taken aback—I couldn't speak—but lay watching him. He looked full at my face once or twice, but didn't seem to recognize me; and just as I was getting my tongue and going to speak, he said slowly: "Where's Tom? this is his hammock. I can't see Tom;" and then he looked vaguely about, and passed away somehow, but how, I couldn't see. In a moment or two I jumped out and hurried to my cabin, but young Holds-

worth was fast asleep. I sat down and wrote just what I had seen, making a note of the exact time, twenty minutes to two. I didn't turn in again, but sat watching the youngster. When he woke I asked him if he had heard anything of his great-uncle by the last mail. Yes, he had heard; the old gentleman was rather feeble, but nothing particular the matter. I kept my own counsel, and never told a soul in the ship; and when the mail came to hand a few days afterwards, with a letter from the commodore to his nephew, dated late in September, saying that he was well, I thought the figure by my hammock must have been all my own fancy. However, by the next mail came the news of the old commodore's death. It had been a very sudden break-up, his executor said. He had left all his property, which was not much, to his great-nephew, who was to get leave and come home as soon as he could.

The first time we touched at Malta, Tom Holdsworth left us and went home. We followed about two years afterwards, and the first thing I did after landing was to find out the commodore's executor. He was a quiet, dry little Plymouth lawyer, and very civilly answered all my questions about the last days of my old friend. At last I asked him to tell me as near as he could the time of his death; and he put on his spectacles, and got his diary, and turned over the leaves. I was quite nervous till he looked up and said:—"Twenty-five minutes to two, sir, a.m., on the morning of October 21st; or it might be a few minutes later." "How do you mean, sir?" I asked. "Well, said he, "it is an odd story. The doctor was sitting with me, watching the old man, and, as I tell you, at twenty-five minutes to two, he got up and said it was all over. We stood together talking in whispers, for, it might be, four or five minutes, when the body seemed to move. He was an odd old man, you know, the commodore, and we never could get him properly to bed, but he lay in his red nightcap and old dressing-gown, with a blanket over him. It was not a pleasant sight, sir, I can tell you. I don't think one of you gentleman, who are bred to face all manner of dangers, would have liked it. As I was saying, the body first moved, and then sat up, propping itself behind with its hands. The eyes were wide open, and he looked at us for a moment, and then said slowly:—"I've been to the Mediterranean, but I didn't see Tom." Then the body sank back again, and this time the old commodore was really dead. But it was not a pleasant thing to happen to one, sir. I do not remember anything like it in my forty years' practice."—*Tom Brown at Oxford.*

---



SPIRITS *versus* ODYLE.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE following letter was addressed by Mr. William Howitt to the Rev. G. H. Forbes, and is taken from Mr. Forbes' pamphlet in reply to the late Rev. Baden Powell, reviewed in No. 11, Vol. II., of the *Spiritual Magazine*:—

West Hill Lodge, Highgate, May 9th, 1861.

Dear Sir,—You ask me to give you a few facts witnessed by myself which support the position in your essay, “No Antecedent Impossibility in Miracles,” as directed against the reasonings of the late Rev. Baden Powell, in his article in the “Essays and Reviews.” In your note you suggested that we may differ as to the nature of the power which is called spiritual. You have adopted the theory of the Rev. A. Mahan of America, that this power or agent is the Odylie Force, and not spirits, to which you say “those ignorant of the real cause” ascribe this agency. Now I am one of those—one of many millions—who ascribe the phenomena called spiritual to spirits; whether in ignorance of the real cause remains to be seen.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am glad to see Mr. Hughes—“Tom Brown”—in a “Tract for Priests and People,” speak brave words for the Bible. He admits the frightful growth of infidelity amongst our youth, and he thinks that he can charm them back to belief without a faith in the historic evidences of Christianity. I admire his enthusiasm, but I prophesy his failure. I, too, have mixed a great deal with the young, both in this country and abroad; I have gone, too, much amongst the working classes, and found at home and abroad the same deadly infidelity. A church spiritually dead has brought forth dead children, and I never yet found the magic word,—that music of Amphion,—which could rebuild the temple of faith when its historic foundations were torn up. Men of this age are not trouts to be tickled, or to be caught with *artificial* flies. They demand not logic, but facts. They are true Baconians; they care nothing for the postulates of any Aristotle; they demand nature, that they may draw their own inferences. As I stated in the *Critic* long ago,—“Sceptic materialists always turn round with this pertinent remark, ‘It is all very well to tell us of miracles and a history occurring nearly 2,000 years ago; but if God then condescended to convince souls by the reality of a spirit-world, by unquestionable physico-spiritual manifestations, why should He not now? Is God grown old? Is He less regardful of humanity? Don’t *preach* to us, but give us *proofs*.’” And men not being able to produce those proofs, never did convince the sceptic; and till they do produce them, never will.

I rejoice, Sir, that you and other clergymen are now disposed to approach these proofs in any degree. It is not for me to say how long, or how carefully, or with what opportunities you have examined these phenomena, but I have examined them steadily, cautiously, perseveringly, and with ample opportunities for more than six years; and I am prepared to say and to prove that the so-called spiritual phenomena are produced by direct spirit agency, and that the Odyllic force is totally inadequate to elicit them. Whilst, therefore, prepared to support your proposition that there is a power proceeding from the world of mind which does control the action of matter, and completely knocks on the head all the reasonings of the Rationalists, I am equally prepared to shew that the ignorance does not lie on the side of the Spiritualists, but on that of those who, yet bound in the fetters of a materialistic education, tremble to advance beyond the precincts of physical law.

Amongst the facts which I have to give you, let us first determine this. The Odyle force, then, is a mere physical, unreasoning force, and consequently cannot adduce or refute arguments. They who ascribe the powers exercised by spiritual agency to Odyle force, betray an equal ignorance of the real properties of that force, and of the present status and facts of Spiritualism. Search through Reichenbach's essay on this force, and you will find no trace of a reasoning power in it. He ascribes no such properties to it. He says it throws a flame in the dark, visible to sensitive persons, such as the Spiritualists call mediums; that this flame is thrown from magnets of great power, from crystals, from the light of the sun, &c. That by passes made with magnets, or crystals, or by water impregnated with the sun's rays, certain sensations, agreeable or disagreeable, as the power is applied, are induced, but not a trace of any reasoning in this power, of any revelation of facts, of any pictorial vision, of any faculty of prognostication. It cannot tell you what will take place to-morrow, much less at the 'Antipodes, or in the spiritual world. But spirits do all this, and more. It does not attract iron, or other physical substances, which, as far as iron goes, its cognate, magnetism, does. But spirits lift iron or any other body of very great weight, and not in one direction only, but carry them about from place to place. Spirits lift heavy tables: I have seen dining tables, capable of accommodating more than a dozen people, lifted quite from the ground. Spirits play on all musical instruments; they can carry about hand-bells, and ring them in the air, *as I have seen them*. The music which they produce is often exquisite. Spirits will draw or write directly upon paper laid for them in the middle of the floor, or indirectly, through the hands of people who never took a lesson, and never

could draw. *I am one of them.* These are things which are not only going on in England, and amongst my own friends every day, but have been going on for these forty years; ten years in America, and thirty before that in Germany. But in America, the wide diffusion and constant repetition of these phenomena have convinced some millions of people, and some of them the first men of scientific and legal ability in the country. Those persons have not believed on mere hearsay, or mere hocus-pocus and delusion, but upon the familiar evidence of facts; and as I have observed, for thirty years before that in Germany, there existed a considerable body of the most eminent philosophers, poets, and scientific men, familiar with most of these things. Amongst these no less a man than Emanuel Kant; and also Görres, Ennemoser, Eschenmayer, Werner, Schubert, Jung Stilling, Kerner; and pre-eminent amongst women, Madame Hauffe, the seeress of Prevorst, whose history Kerner has written. The seeress of Prevorst is a sort of antitype of everything which has occurred in Spiritualism since; and after intimate observation of the laws and phenomena of this power, now again, through ten years, every Spiritualist recognizes the truthfulness of her statements. She always professed, not merely to have spiritual communications, but to see and converse daily with spirits, and she gave continual proofs of it, as any one may see who reads her story.

Now it is useless to tell us that the Odyle force, acting somehow mysteriously on the brain, can produce these results. It cannot enable people to draw, and write, and play exquisite music, who have no such power or knowledge in their brains; for on the old principle *ex nihilo nihil fit*, no such things being in, no such things can come out. It cannot come from other brains, for there are often no other brains present. If it could do such things it would be *spirit*, endowed with volition, skill, and knowledge, and there would be an end of the dispute. The condition, therefore, of those who ascribe these powers to Odyle force, is that of one ascribing the telegraphic message to the wire, and not to the man at the end of it. Odyle force may be the wire,—for spiritual communications are, and ever have been, made through and under certain laws, as all God's works always are,—but it certainly is not the intelligence at the end of it: as I shall soon shew. They who believe in the Odyle force, and not in spirit operating upon or through some such force, believe in the staircase, but not in the room for which it was erected.

I should have said that not in Germany alone, fifty and more years ago, were there great Spiritualists, but in many countries of Europe. In Switzerland, Lavater and Zschokke were Spiritualists. In France, the pious and learned Oberlin.



When he went to his living in the Ban de la Roche, his parishioners used to talk of spirits and ghosts, and he told them it was all nonsense and superstition; but after his wife died she re-appeared to him, and he used to sit an hour with her nearly every evening for, I think, nine years. Then the tables were turned upon him, and his friends told him it was a delusion. "You are welcome to think so," said Oberlin quietly; "I know that it is as real as any other part of my life." In fact, is not the world full of Spiritualists? Is there a man who does not from education ridicule the belief in ghosts? Is there a family that has not its authentic story of one? Scholastically they disbelieve: in their inner hearts they believe and tremble. Thus the world goes on living in a laughable see-saw betwixt the influence of a false education and the omnipotent power of nature in the human heart; blowing hot and cold; believing and disbelieving; without courage, from the bugbear of superstition, to come out of this fool's labyrinth, and admit that God's eternal laws are for ever in the ascendant above all school theories.

And, in fact, are you not all Spiritualists? Does not your church and creed call upon you to believe in the direct influence of the Holy Spirit, and in the communion of saints? If you do believe that God—a Spirit—influences your hearts; that He hears your prayers, and turns events in accordance, as He has promised; that by the supernatural power of the Holy Spirit you are actually born again; that by the vitalizing and detergent essence of this Spirit you are made "new creatures," or have no hope of entrance into heaven; then, you are essentially Spiritualists, every one of you. If you do not believe in this constant living influence and celestial metamorphosis, then you are no Christians. Your religion is a dead religion, not a vital principle; not a transforming, renewing, divinely-creative principle, but a mere dry husk, a mere hopeless and worthless tradition. Do you believe that all God's angels are "ministering spirits, sent to minister to all those who are heirs of salvation?" Then where is the difference betwixt you and those at whom you say your friend will "smile,"—betwixt you and avowed Spiritualists? The only difference is that Spiritualists are consistent with themselves and their professions, and whilst you take these broad and substantial declarations in a vague metaphysical sense, they believe and know that they have tangible evidences of the fact; and have not all good men and women in all ages been, more or less, believers in these open evidences of the fact? What say the works and lives of the Reformers,—of Luther and Melancthon? Of your own bishops and clergy, many of them educationally denying present miracles in their works, but recording them as special providences in their lives. What of a Bishop of Gloucester,

who records an apparition? What of Bishop Seale of Norwich, with his "Invisible World?" What of John Wesley's father, and the occurrences in his parsonage at Epworth? What of Wesley himself, and all the records of his "Armenian Magazine?" What of Fletcher of Madeley? What of the avowed doctrine of continued miraculous power in God's church, in Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity?" Are not all these full-length Spiritualists, admitting and shewing evidences of these things? New modes of evidence may have been added to meet the stern necessities of the times, but the principle is absolutely the same. And let me ask you, do you think that the three millions of Spiritualists in America, and the many millions in Europe and elsewhere, including the whole population of the East, the native region of revelation, who have been always and are, confirmed unshakable Spiritualists—are likely to be all "ignorant;" so ignorant as not to be able to distinguish between the operations of a magnetic fluid and those of living and intelligent souls?

You say that many religious persons think that the devil is seen in these phenomena, but that "it is God and not Satan who rules in this world." But these religious persons are nearer the truth than you suspect, for undoubtedly the devil takes care to have a finger in this matter, as he does in everything on earth. God rules indeed, but the devil rules too; and such is the marvellous patience of God till His own good time shall come, that many think that the devil rules in this world more than the Almighty. Look at all the wars in which the *soi-disant* disciples of the Prince of Peace are engaged all over the world. Does God or the devil rule in them? Spiritualism, therefore, claims no exemption from the inroads of the devil. It is an open general influx from the spiritual world, as universal, as inevitable as the influx of light from the sun: but like the world, it has its two sides, its day and night; and the dark side is the devil and his sorcery, the light one is the power of God teaching Spiritualists by prayer and faith in the Cross to trample Satan under foot.

Whilst the odylists and automatists speculate about an action on the brain, we cut the matter short, and say, there stand the spirits themselves, seen, heard, felt, and conversed with. As to Mr. Mahan's theory, Professor Hare, the great American electrician, has completely demolished it. Using almost the words of the celebrated treatise of Andrew Baxter on "The Nature of the Human Soul," he first demonstrated Odyle to be matter, and then, as a consequence, "that no inanimate, imponderable principle can be, *per se*, a moving power; that inanimate matter does not move itself." To satisfy himself whether he was dealing with Odyle force or a spirit, Hare took

this course : being at Cape May, nearly a hundred miles from Philadelphia, and a deceased sister having repeatedly announced herself to him, he asked her to go to Philadelphia, and request Mrs. Gourlay, a medium, to get her husband, Dr. Gourlay, to go to a certain bank and inquire whether a certain bill had regularly passed through it. The spirit promised to do so, and in half an hour came back, and said that it was done. On Dr. Hare's return to Philadelphia, some weeks afterwards, he asked Mrs. Gourlay whether she received any message from him during his absence ? She said—Yes, and under very extraordinary circumstances ; that she was holding a *séance*, and receiving a communication from a spirit, when it suddenly stopped, saying that another spirit was anxious to deliver a special message ; that his sister announced herself, and gave the message about the bank, to which Dr. Gourlay attended. Dr. Hare then went to the bank, and found this quite correct. This quite satisfied him that he had been dealing with a spirit, and not with a fluid and lying force.

Having now shewn you why I reject Odyle as the agent in these transactions, I will proceed to the facts from my own experience. More than six years ago I began to examine the phenomena of Spiritualism. I did not go to paid, nor even to public, mediums. I sat down at my own table with members of my own family, or with friends, persons of high character, and serious as myself in the inquiry. I saw tables moved, rocked to and fro, and raised repeatedly into the air. I saw a small round table, whenever touched by a medium, lay itself down, and crawl, as self-moved, all round the room ; and this was continued daily for a fortnight, the table refusing to perform any other motion. The absurd spirit which was supposed to be moving it, was then solemnly exorcised in the name of God, and the table was immediately all right. A most sensible and obedient odyle, you must think. I heard the raps ; sometimes a hundred at once, in every imaginable part of the table, in all keys, and of various degrees of loudness. I examined the phenomena thoroughly, though I knew every person present treated the inquiry not only with a serious but sacred feeling. Silly, but playful spirits, came frequently, and drew the most laughable life-scenes on paper, and told the most rhodomontading stories. I heard accordions play wonderful music as they were held in one hand, often by a person who could not play at all. I heard and saw hand-bells carried about the room in the air ; put first into one person's hand and then into another's ; taken away again by a strong pull though you could not see the hand touching them. I saw dining and drawing-room tables of great weight, not only raised into the air, but when placed in a particular direction, perseveringly



remove themselves, and place themselves quite differently. I saw other tables answer questions as they stood in the air, by moving up and down with a marvellous softness. I heard sometimes blows, apparently enough to split the table, when no one could have struck them without observation; and breathed perfumes the most delicate. I saw light stream from the fingers of persons on the table, or while mesmerising some one. As for communications professedly from spirits, they were of daily occurrence, and often wonderful. As I have said in my note to you, our previous theological opinions were resisted and condemned, when I and my wife were alone. This, therefore, could be no automatic action of our own brains, far less of the brains of others, for they were not there. We held philosophical Unitarian opinions, but, when thus alone, the communications condemned them, and asserted the Divinity and Godhead of our Saviour. When we put questions of a religious nature to the spirits, they directed us to put all such questions to the Divine Spirit alone. They recommended us, in opening our *séances*, to read a portion of the New Testament, and promised to select passages, and they did it through the means of the alphabet, naming the book, the chapter, and the particular verses, and the selections were most *à propos* to the communications which followed. They exhorted us not only to constant reading of the Scriptures, but to constant and earnest prayer. Many persons that we know, draw, paint, or write under spiritual agency, and without any effort or action of their own minds whatever, some of them having never learned to draw. Several of my family drew and wrote. I wrote a whole volume without any action of my own mind, the process being purely mechanical on my part. A series of drawings in circles, filled up with patterns, every one different from the other, were given through my hand, one each evening; the circles were struck off as correctly as Giotto or a pair of compasses could have done them; yet they were made simply with a pencil. Artists who saw them were astonished, and, as is generally the case in such matters, suggested that some new faculty was developed in me; when, lo! the power was entirely taken away, as if to shew that it did not belong to *me*. The drawings however remain, but I could not copy one of them in the same way if my life depended on it. A member of my family drew very extraordinary and beautiful things, often with written explanations, but exactly in the same mechanical, involuntary manner. In fact, most of these drawings are accompanied by explanations spiritually given, showing that every line is full of meaning. I may add that I have never visited paid mediums, but I have seen most of the phenomena exhibited through Mr. Home, Mr. Squire, and others. *I have*

seen spirit-hands moving about ; I have felt them again and again. I have seen writing done by spirits by laying a pencil and paper in the middle of the floor, and very good sense written too. I have heard things announced as about to come to pass, and they have come to pass, though appearing very improbable at the moment. I have seen persons very often, in clair-voyant trances, entering into communication with the dead, of whom they have known nothing, and giving those who had known them the most living description of them, as well as messages from them. And to put the matter at rest whether they are actual spirits who make these communications, though not clair-voyant myself, I have tested two ladies who, from childhood, have professed, in their normal state, to see spirits, and have always found that they could prove what they asserted beyond doubt.

One of these, the first time that she was in our house, said that she saw the spirit of a young man, and described his dress and person, which corresponded so exactly with the gentleman who had occupied the house before us, that we all instantly recognized it. On another occasion we shewed her several portraits,—amongst them that of the young man whose spirit, according to her description, she seemed to have seen,—but without making any remark. The moment she saw this portrait she said, “That is the young man that I saw when here before.” In a dozen other ways I have seen her prove the reality of her assertions, besides that she is a person of a most truthful character. She is the same lady who saw the apparition of Captain W—— the day he was killed at Lucknow, and was told by him that he was just killed there, though she never knew him before. On the same day Captain W——’s wife in a distant town saw the same apparition, these ladies being unacquainted with each other. The fact, well known to us and all her circle of friends, is related by Mr. Dale Owen in his *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*.

The other lady, a very extraordinary medium, saw the spirits at the old house at Ramhurst mentioned also by Mr. Owen, and that when no one in the place knew that such persons had lived *there*, for they had lived there only in the reign of Queen Anne or George I. Now it is idle talking of Odyle force in the face of facts like these, which are occurring all over America, and in various parts of Europe, and which accord with the attestations of men of the highest character in all ages and nations. In Greece, Plato, Socrates, Pythagoras, and numbers of others asserted this spirit action. In Rome, India, Egypt, Scandinavia, and aboriginal America, as well as in Judea and amongst the most eminent Fathers of the Church. The leading

minds of every age but this have but one voice on the subject. It is the last, vain clutching at shadows to avoid coming to the substance, which makes those educated in the anti-spiritual theories of the past century, seize so eagerly on the Odyle as their forlorn hope. It will be torn by advancing truth from their grasp. The cry that all is imagination is gone already; Odyle is the present stage, and it must go too.

And here I could give you a whole volume of the remarkable and even startling revelations made by our own departed friends at our own evening table; those friends coming at wholly unexpected times, and bringing messages of the most vital importance,—carrying them on from period to period, sometimes at intervals of years, into a perfect history. But these things are too sacred for the public eye. All Spiritualists have them, and they are hoarded amongst the treasures which are the wealth of the affections, and the links of assurance with the world of the hereafter.

Now, I ask, what right have we, or has any one, to reject the perpetual, uniform, and voluntary assertions of the spirits; to tell them that they lie, and are not spirits, but merely Odyle, or some such blind and incompetent force? Nothing but the hardness and deadness of that anti-spiritual education which has been growing harder and more unspiritual ever since the Reformation could lead men to such absurdity. As I said to you in my private note, Protestantism, to destroy faith in Popish miracles, went, as is always the case, too far in its reaction, and not content with levelling the abuses, proceeded to annihilate faith in the supernatural altogether. Now it is a striking fact that Protestantism is the only faith, Christian or Pagan, that has systematically combated and rejected the miraculous. The Old and New Testaments are built altogether on the miraculous,—they are that or nothing. Christ appealed to the miraculous of 4,000 years as true. If that were not true, then He is not true. If He be not true, then our faith is vain, and, as the Apostle says, we are of all men the most miserable. The early Fathers appealed to the miraculous of Christ and His Apostles as true, and to the miraculous still existing amongst themselves. The Greek and Roman Churches, the Waldenses, the Vaudois, the Cevennois, have to this day maintained the existence of the miraculous in the Church of Christ. What mean then these "Essayists and Reviewers," thus limping up half a century after Paulus and his disciple Strauss, and clad in their worn-out rags, talking of 'the course of nature?' If the Bible be true,—and surely the Jews must have been rather more competent judges on this point than Strauss or Mr. Baden Powell,—the course of nature for 4,000 years was regularly miraculous. This was clearly



perceived by Bishop Butler, who, in his *Analogy*, (Part ii. chap. 2,) says that "it might be part of the original plan of things that there should be miraculous interposition." That there is an *ordinary* and an *extraordinary* course of nature, to the latter of which miracles belong, as comets and the imponderables do, being so contrary to the properties of other bodies.

But Protestantism having taken up the doctrine that miracles had ceased, having once proved the truth of Christianity, and being, therefore, no longer necessary, the great theologians, both Churchmen and Dissenters, have grown more dogmatic on that head through all succeeding years. The French Revolution, with its culminating infidelity, unconsciously hardened this temper in Protestant writers. We see to what a length it went in Farmer, Bishop Douglas in his "Criterion," and his disciple, Paley. The present generation of educated men in all departments, clergy, lawyers, legislators, men of literature and science, were all regularly moulded in this anti-spiritual school. They are petrified in it, and oh! how hard will it be for them to burst their thralldom, and open up again their spiritual organs to that influx of the heavens which has never ceased through all ages, and never will. But having cut the cable of its belief in the supernatural, Protestantism must drift towards utter negation, utter spiritual death, till God, with His inevitable Nemesis, shall horrify it by the view of the gulf of perdition which it is approaching, and compel it to try back, and seize once more on the vital spirit of faith in our kinship and communion with the unseen. Being spirit as well as body, we are dead if we do not keep open the avenues of perpetual influx from the spiritual world. This modern race of theologians and *savans* stands amid the ages as a thing out of joint; an excrescence on the genial growth of the world,—an anomaly. It is not in harmony with any age that has gone before it, or any church that co-exists with it, and cannot, therefore, be a true birth: it is an abortion.

Mr. Baden Powell sees such insuperable difficulties in accepting the miraculous history of the Bible with our present knowledge of the laws of nature. He should say our present ignorance of those laws. In this little nook of flesh, is it likely that we can know a tenth part of the laws that are operating in and on the infinite universe? The difficulty lies in him, not in God. Men may tie up their own hands and minds in a network of syllogisms and doubts, but they cannot tie up the hands of God. Bishop Burnet, in his *History of his Own Time*, saw that:—"Those who hate the very name of a miracle, in reality suppose the greatest of all miracles, the tying up of the hands of the Almighty from disposing events according to His will."

If Mr. Babbage can so arrange his calculating machine that

it shall go on registering a regular succession of numbers of hundreds of millions of figures, and even for ages, as he contends might be done, and for it then to change, according to his pre-arrangement, is it not downright imbecility to suppose that the Creator of the Universe cannot much more wonderfully vary, by pre-arrangement, his machinery?

But why ask the question? Here stand the phenomena of the higher course of nature ready to put their stamp of verity on all the past,—to grind to dust all this sophistry. The angel of God stands in the way against it. The Balaam of imagined sagacity does not see it yet, but his ass does. Common sense swerves aside, and seeks “a more excellent way.” Spinoza declares that if he could have been persuaded that Lazarus had been raised from the dead, after lying four days in the grave, he would have broken his system to pieces, and have embraced Christianity. The late Baden Powell, it has been said, made a similar remark in regard to the present spiritual phenomena. But whether he said so or not is not of the slightest consequence, for these phenomena do break the systems of Spinoza and Mr. Baden Powell to atoms. Their conviction would, after all, have been but that of two individuals; these phenomena have convinced millions, and, therefore, stand broadly independent of any isolated cases of belief or unbelief in them.

Instead of your philosophy, that there is a law which does control matter, being broken, I trust you will find it greatly invigorated; that a deeper insight into Spiritualism will shew you that you have in it a more efficient weapon against scepticism than you imagined.

Yours faithfully,

The Rev. G. H. Forbes.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

## INTERNAL RESPIRATION.—EVIDENCES OF ITS LATENT EXISTENCE.

WHAT we have hitherto written is a *résumé* of a momentous subject lying greatly neglected in the writings of Swedenborg—a subject fraught, as we think, with immense consequences to the race—but if the reader has attentively considered the principle that there is a reciprocal relation between respiration and sensation, and between the organs of respiration and sensation, so, that given the organs of respiration, we may infer the organs of sensation in the animal kingdom, he will be able for himself to trace the analogy between higher forms of respirations and sensations, as he will have proof that there is a latent internal respiration in man. We believe that it can be scientifically and philo-

sophically demonstrated from the very laws of logic, language, music, poetry, &c., that there is in man the germ of internal respiration.

Sensation must have its respirations—its pauses—its breathings; and when you have determined the quality of the sensation you have ascertained the quality of the respiration. Thought is respiration. It is truth that thinks, therefore it is truth which respires. As then man comes more and more to think truthfully and love deeply, internal respiration manifests itself in poesy and song and sensational refinement, &c. If we have only external respiration, it is simply because we are as yet in natural thought, and are the subjects of mere natural sensation—that we are not spiritual nor celestial. When a man says that he has not internal respiration, he confesses the melancholy truth that he has not, in the highest sense of the term, the breath of life in him. God inspires—man respires; but respires in kind and degree only as to his sensational life. He may be a gross man as to his thoughts and feelings, so will he be as to his respirations; assuredly they will not be internal. But God demands that we should have the breath of spiritual life in us—that we should not remain in a mere natural, or animal condition as to our affections and thoughts. We may come to breathe a celestial *aura* with the same life-giving results to the spirit as the body receives by contact through the lungs with the external atmosphere. This Divine breath will produce thoughts, and these will produce speech, which will be the same as the speech of the celestial angels. The race at the present day are confessedly only natural. They are prone to deny the very existence of the spiritual—the fine texture of the spiritual organism is hardened and devitalized by external affections. How can they be softened so that man may come to know from consciousness that there is an internal respiration? Only by the cultivation of interior loves, or by resisting natural loves, for it is this way that the interior are developed—when we reject passion, overcome evil, abandon selfishness, crush pride, avarice, selfish conventionalism, false seemings, hypocritical blandishments.

There is no hindrance to the realisation of interior breathing but naturalism. Let this be put away under the influence of spiritual truth, and by potency of will in overcoming evil affections, and the hardened textures of the spiritual organism will dissolve. It will prove like the action of the sun upon seeds, and hold them in a state of expansion ready to receive the influx as it descends from the spiritual world. Take the writings of our best and purest minds at the present day—men who do and think, and dare and suffer for the sake of the good and the true, and it will be found that they abound with evidences of the incipient



opening of the internal respirations. Such men are taught of God; they don't *create* their thoughts, they utter them under inspiration, they have the breath of life in them, and cannot but speak and write as they do; as Byron expresses it, they speak in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn;" but the Bible said this before Byron. Such inspiration has shown itself from time to time in the writings of all good and great men—of poets, prophets, preachers, statesmen, and philanthropists, but more now than ever, but more hence than now, for reasons which those acquainted with the altered condition of the world of spirits will appreciate.

Is there not on the face of the spiritual heavens, the manifest signs of a great movement and approaching change? The whole world is on the move, under the inspiration of new ideas. The lightning itself is scarcely swift enough to write the history of the hour, so rapidly does one event and change follow on another. Men think and act amazingly fast nowadays; time and space are being annihilated. The conditions of the world of spirits are entering our mundane sphere. Motive is difficult of concealment, crime can scarce escape detection—men are beginning to read each other's minds as they read books. There is less effort as well as less ability on the part of man to be anything except what he really is. Bad men are becoming worse, and good men better. Character ripens more rapidly than formerly. Spirits are breaking through the partition which separates the two worlds, and demonstrating the fact of their existence in the most obvious manner; the ridicule and ravings of bigoted and ignorant journalists to the contrary notwithstanding.

Commercial panics, political revolutions, religious awakenings, the tumults of the peoples, the ground swell of unrest in the minds of the masses—material grossness on the one hand, and the inward longing of many hearts after purity and peace and faith in the spiritual on the other—the doom of despotism, the jubilant shouts of the disenslaved, the hopes and aspirations of the oppressed nationalities; all things give evidence of the quickenings of a new form of life, and the departure of one that is old and effete, and, in the language of Emanuel Swedenborg, show that "the end of the present church approaches and the beginning of a new church is at hand."

"Since the fathers fell asleep," say the scoffers, "all things continue as they were; where is the promise of His coming?" But all things do not now continue as they were; there are innumerable signs of the Lord's celestial advent. A climax in human conditions is surely approaching. Events have been culminating to a point for the last eighteen centuries, which is nearly reached. Hell is subdued—man is redeemed. Fresh

instalments of spiritual power are descending from heaven; and the causes which induce change are vastly augmented and accelerated. It is true that developments of new states in man are slow and gradual, but when a climax is arrived at, changes are often sudden, violent, and universal. Witness the case of the Antediluvians. Internal respiration *gradually* left them, but when the change came it produced sudden and universal results. The passion on Calvary, and the ascension into heaven, mark the commencement of man's return to primeval states.

It has hitherto been slow, but everything gives evidence that we are now more rapidly approaching another crisis in human conditions and relations. There are causes for this which those acquainted with interior states fully understand. Hell is losing power, and heavenly power is on the increase, and changes will be hastened. We do not anticipate that man will return to the simplicity and internal life of the most ancient people. That is, that he will cease to breathe the external air, but that he will retain his present mode of external respiration, but have super-added the gift of Internal Respiration. Emanuel Swedenborg is a case in point. He had both modes of breathing, and frequently conversed with spirits and angels in an audible voice, as witness his interview with Virgil. The man of the future will be developed outwardly as well as inwardly. He will retain all the excellencies of his natural state, fitting him pre-eminently for the expansion and application of scientific thought and action under the heaven-born inspirations obtained through the medium of Internal Respiration. He will be able to gather the starry knowledges of heaven, and weave them into a crown of glory to deck the brow of science.

We have sometimes a dream, which may not be all a dream, of man's future. We see him with the illumined word in his hands, the fire-breath of heaven in his lungs, respiring from internals to externals—his life joined with the angels, his heart all aglow with love to God and man, his understanding luminous with heaven's own light—a habitation of God through the spirit; his physical organism filled with the spirit's presence and power, and made transparent with the ruby splendours of celestial fire. The grasp of his mind is herculean; he has complete control over the elements of nature; heaven and earth are consciously united in his experience. He is at once the seer, the philosopher and the poet, the sage, the utilitarian, and the idealist; his head is crowned with the wisdom of spiritual Christianity; in genius he is colossal, and pure as he is brilliant and mighty. The actual transcends the past ideal; along the broad currents of his thoughts flow poesy and song, science and literature, elevated by the worship of a God divinely human, and by interior openness to

the heavens; imagination is etherealized, and creations of the beautiful in painting, and statuary, and architecture descend to adorn the happy homes of inly-breathing men; and music, divinest art, deriving diviner inspiration from the music of the higher spheres thrill men's souls with an ecstasy of joy in the social circle, and when they meet for worship there is no parallel to such a civilization in all the past. The creations of human genius begotten of natural respiration pale before the new-born glories of the interior life. All things are made new. The very forms of things are new, re-cast in the mould of the new spiritual era; for there is a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Such are the foregleams of the future man. Every devout heart exclaims, "Even so, Lord Jesus come quickly. Amen."

RESPIRO.

### SPIRITUALISM AMONGST THE QUAKERS.—LIFE OF STEPHEN GRELLET.

THE first words of the motto on our title page are, "Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion or influx:" and it may perhaps have occurred to some thoughtful readers that such is also the basis of many distinct developments of Christian life and energy. Most of the movements, both of thought and action, that we read of in church history, are unintelligible except upon the assumption that the spirit of man is in direct communication with the heavens, and that all true life is really an inspiration. It would be interesting to trace the workings of this idea in the course of the Christian Church. This will have to be done before either church history or the historical aspects of Spiritualism are thoroughly understood. At present I intend to refer to only one illustration—that presented by the experiences of Quakerism, especially as illustrated by the life of Stephen Grellet.

The doctrine which lies at the root of Quakerism, is, as its best exponents aver, the doctrine of an inner light, which speaks directly to the heart of each man, and brings him into conscious communication with the Divine Spirit. It thus starts with supernaturalism as its very groundwork—it claims for each Christian man an entrance into the kingdom of heaven, and requires that all merely natural suggestions and impulses should be controlled by invisible powers.

The question then arises, is this a working theory—can any man live in this practical, visible world, can he be a useful citizen in it, and fulfil all its homely duties and requirements, and yet act upon such a transcendental rule as this? Here is a scheme of life—Can it be actually carried out? The answer must be



found in the experience of those who have tried it. I do verily believe it is a working idea. It is not indeed necessary that any particular form or machinery of church life or common life, like Quakerism, should be adopted in order to realize it. Indeed I believe that the great business of Quakerism is to witness for a truth which belongs to Christendom as a whole, and which must ultimately be accepted as the only possible foundation for deep, earnest, vital religion. It is impossible to read the lives of some of the more distinguished members of the Quaker body, without being struck with the strength and vitality of this conviction in their minds. Stephen Grellet, to whose case I wish now especially to refer, exemplified this "cardinal fact" of Spiritualism in a most remarkable degree. For the greater part of his active life he was a missionary, travelling through nearly every part of North America and Europe, preaching and teaching, in public and in private. His visit to every place, the length of his stay in it, the audiences he shall address, the private interviews he shall seek, the words he shall use, are invariably determined by the suggestions of his invisible Divine guide. Not only so, he is invariably brought into a kind of spiritual *rapprochement* with those with whom he is in outward contact. Their piety or earnestness is a cause of deep inward pleasure, if they are sceptical, or frivolous, or indifferent, their antagonistic moral state makes itself felt, and gives him deep pain and suffering. Wherever he goes his sensitive nature at once measures the attractive or repelling forces that exist in the moral atmosphere around him.

Stephen Grellet was the son of a rich and influential French landed proprietor, who was ruined by the first French Revolution, which happened when Etienne de Grellet (as he then spelt his name) was sixteen years of age. He took refuge first in the West Indies, and afterwards in Long Island and New York, where he joined the Quakers, and ultimately became a minister and missionary. Soon after he moved to Philadelphia, and was actively engaged in administering spiritual consolation to those suffering from yellow fever, in the epidemic which visited the city in 1798. This epidemic he had foreseen; and was almost impelled to proclaim aloud in the streets the calamity that was impending.

But after a while (he adds) being present at several meetings when powerful and clear testimonies were borne on the subject, the concern of my having to proclaim the same through the streets, was removed from me, for which I felt humble gratitude.

During the course of his pious and benevolent works among the sick, he himself caught the fever, and was brought to death's door. This attack was foretold to him in a remarkable way.

A few days after I heard of the appearance of the fever, while I was yet in

Jersey, as I was sitting in a room, with my mind retired before the Lord, I was seized with a violent pain in my back, head and bones, accompanied with a great shaking; but my mind continued perfectly calm in the Lord's presence. After having remained some time in that state, considering why it was so with me, a secret language was proclaimed:—"This is the manner in which those who are seized with the yellow fever are affected; thou must return to the city and attend upon the sick; and thus also shall the disease take hold on thee," or words very similar. My spirit bowed in prostration before the Lord, and said, "Thy will be done." Then I felt again free from pain. I proceeded immediately to Philadelphia, keeping these things, however, to myself.

My friends of Woodburg, Haddonfield, &c., among whom I passed, endeavoured to dissuade me from going to the city, representing what danger I should encounter; but my mind was perfectly calm and serene about that. When I came into it the sight was solemn. That great city, but a few days before full of inhabitants, was now nearly deserted; its heretofore crowded streets were now trodden by a few solitary individuals, whose countenances bespoke seriousness or sadness. On reaching the friend's house where I made my home, I found it shut up, like most of the neighbours'; but, obtaining the key, I opened it, and resumed my former abode, though alone in it. Several of my friends were urgent that I should go and stay with them, but I could not be easy so to do. Under the impression I had that I should have the fever, I was unwilling to expose any of my friends to take it from me.

The fever in due time seizes him; but he is not destined to die. His recovery and future labours are foretold by the same method of inward premonition:—

The evening of the 25th of the eighth month, having been much engaged that day in providing for about 10 Lascars (East India men), discharged from a ship and left destitute, without friends in a deserted city, and also with some of my dear friends who were ill with the fever, as I was in my chamber exercised before the Lord on account of the sick, some of whom were near their end and actually dying at that very time, about eleven at night, just as I had lain down, my spirit being gathered in the Lord's presence, I felt myself seized with the same kind of pains I had upon me when in New Jersey, and the language was heard: "This is what I told thee thou must prepare for." My soul was, as it were, swallowed up in the love of God, and perfectly contented in the will of the Lord, though I did not see the end of this dispensation. After remaining about an hour in that state, feeling my strength fast declining, and being alone in the house, I went downstairs to unlock the front door. Had I deferred this a little longer it is probable that I should not have had sufficient strength to do it, for it was with difficulty that I went upstairs again. My friend E. G. not seeing me next day at the usual time, came to the house. He soon brought me a physician and a nurse. The former paid me but a few visits, for he took the fever and died five days after. The disorder so increased upon me that my extremities having become cold my coffin was ordered, and I was even returned among the daily deaths to the Board of Health, as a "French Quaker." But my dear Master had some further work for me to do before I could be prepared to enter into His Divine rest.

During the whole of that sickness I continued entirely sensible, and whilst death seemed to be approaching, and I had turned myself on one side the more easily, as I thought, to breathe my last, my spirit feeling already as encircled by the angelic host in the Heavenly Presence, a secret but powerful language was proclaimed on this wise: "Thou shalt not die, but live: thy work is not yet done." Then the corners of the earth, over seas and lands, were opened to me, where I should have to labour in the service of the Gospel of Christ. O what amazement I was filled with! What a solemn and awful prospect was set before me! Sorrow took hold of me at the words; for it seemed as if I had had already a foothold in the heavenly places. I wept sore; but as it was the Divine will I bowed in reverence before him, interceding that, after I had, by His assistance, been enabled to do the work He had for me to do, and the end of

my days in this probationary state had fully come, I might be permitted to be placed in the same state in which I then was, pass through the valley and shadow of death strengthened by His Divine presence, and enter finally into those glorious mansions at the threshold of which my spirit had then come. I saw and felt that which cannot be written. Suffice it to say that from that very time the disorder subsided. My strength by degrees returned, and in a very few days I was able to be removed to my kind friends, E. and M. G., where I felt quite easy to go. Their brother was then ill in the house, and died a few days after; I was able to minister to him to the last. . . . .

One circumstance I may not omit to notice as a confirmation of what the Lord had shewed me respecting the exercises I must prepare for during the residue of my pilgrimage. In a religious opportunity soon after my recovery, at the first second day morning meeting, I was able to attend. Arthur Howell in the course of his testimony mentioned me by name, and said that the Lord had raised me up, having a service for me to the isles and nations afar off, to the east and west, the north and south. I had been careful to keep to myself the view I had had of these things on what seemed to me a death-bed. I knew, therefore, that this was a confirmation of the word of the Lord to me, which, like Mary of old, I hid in my heart.

During the Spring of the following year, 1799, he removed again to New York, and joined his brother Joseph in business. But he was not long able to devote himself to business; he felt himself called to missionary work, and was enabled to select a fellow-worker, by the following remarkable communication, made simultaneously to him and his destined companion:—

My mind became much enlarged in Gospel love for the inhabitants of this land; but it distressed me that I could not feel any distinct prospect of the parts where the Lord would have me to go in his service. I greatly wondered why an exercise of that nature should come so heavily upon me. I was brought to such a state that to obtain peace, and the lifting up of the Lord's countenance upon me, I could have given up to go to the ends of the earth.

Some time after this I heard that my dear friend, John Hall, was coming from England on a religious visit to the United States, and the impression was made strongly upon my mind that I must stand prepared to join and accompany him in that service. I cried earnestly unto the Lord that if it was indeed His will that I should engage in such an extensive work he would condescend to give me some strong evidence of it, and that as a proof of it He would give it to this dear friend to see it himself, with clearness. He arrived at New York early in the tenth month. I visited him soon afterwards, when he took me aside and told me in a solemn manner that I was the identical person that he had seen, whilst at sea, prepared of the Lord to be his companion in the service of the Gospel here. He further feelingly said, "I leave the matter entirely to the Lord and to thee." I felt very cautious not to tell him how it had been with me, though I marvelled at the Lord's condescension in giving me such an evidence of His will.

Six years afterwards we find him making a "religious visit" through Pennsylvania. Here, during the silence of one of their meetings,—

On our first sitting down my mind was brought into much conflict, under an apprehension that the yellow fever had made its appearance in the city of New York. This language passed through it:—"One of thy near relations is taken with it."

The next day, his Journal continues:—

My mind continues to feel for the distressed in New York, though I have not yet any outward information of the yellow fever having begun its ravages among



them; but under the strong impression that some of my near relatives are taken down with it, I am ready to conclude it may be right for me to return home, and methinks I hear the sound of retreat. I now re-crossed the mountains, and on the 12th (two days afterwards) came through Reading to Exeter. Here I heard that the yellow fever was in fact prevailing in New York.

*Pottsgrove, 13th [Sept. 1805].*—This was a remarkable time to me, for after sitting awhile in the meeting, it seemed as if I was following some of my near relatives to their grave, and I saw with clearness that it was right for me to return homewards with all speed. . . . Then I was introduced into very near feelings for some in that meeting. My faith was much tried, for according to a superficial judgment, on looking over the congregation, what I felt upon me to deliver did not appear to be applicable to their condition. But I saw that my duty consisted in simplicity, not with fleshly wisdom, to declare what the Lord commanded me. I unfolded to them the nature of Gospel ministry, the qualifications of a minister of Christ. . . . the nature of true worship, in spirit and in truth, together with the necessary preparation for it. . . . After meeting, I heard that there was a clergyman present who had been very free in his censures upon friends, and their way of worship, ministry, &c. I had spoken so very particularly on those very subjects, that he charged friends with telling me about him; but they very properly answered, that I was a total stranger amongst them, and that besides they could not have known of his intention to attend the meeting, for it appears he had been drawn there from curiosity to see a French Quaker. I proceeded that afternoon and the following days with all speed towards New York. On the 15th of Ninth Month I reached Rahway by noon, and there heard that my wife's mother was very ill with the epidemic. Thus confirmed in the correctness of the impressions made upon me, I pursued my journey, and after crossing the North River that afternoon, I met with a person who gave me the heavy tidings that my mother-in-law was deceased, and that the family were at Westchester (twelve miles farther), where they had retired when the fever made its appearance in the city, and that my dear wife was sick. About nine at night I reached the house. I found the family in great affliction, but supported under the stroke; and now our solicitude was excited on account of my dear wife, for she had a heavy load of disease upon her. It is remarkable that on the evening of this my speedy return to her, her mind was so sensible of my being near, that she told her sister, who was near her bedside, that she saw me as if I was in the chamber. Her sister thought her flighty, through the fever; but she replied, "It is a reality; I see him near;" though at that time she had every reason to conclude I was about two hundred miles distant.

The account above given of the way in which he was led to address himself to the special states of individuals, of whom he knew nothing, is the first instance of the kind recorded in his life. The same kind of impressions were frequently made upon his mind in subsequent missionary journeys. Here is one, the explanation of which did not transpire for years after the event. The meeting referred to was held at Geneva, in the year 1820. The following account of it was given in 1853:—

A considerable number of serious persons had met at Pastor Dewalleyer's. After some instructive conversation, a time of silence ensued. The whole company seemed impressed with the solemnity of it. It was some time before anything was said. Stephen Grellet then addressed the company in a very edifying manner. Whilst he was speaking, a gentleman, who was but slightly known to the family, and had never before attended the little meetings occasionally held at their house, entered the room and took his seat by the door, without interrupting the stillness, and, it was thought, unobserved by the speaker. For a while there was no change in the tenor of his discourse; but towards the conclusion he was led to address himself, with increased solemnity, to an individual whom he described as being in the greatest danger of committing

suicide. After a solemn warning against that fearful sin and its awful consequences; the forgiving mercy of God, the bountiful provisions and the entreaties and promises of the Gospel of Christ, and the all-sufficiency of the help of the Holy Spirit, even for the most destitute and sinful, were dwelt upon in such a manner, that all present were deeply affected, wondering at the same time why they should be thus addressed. But from that time it was remarked that the gentleman who had unexpectedly come into the room whilst S. G. was speaking became more serious, and frequently attended the evening services which continued to be held by the little company of pious persons with whom he had mingled. It was not, however, till many years after that the gentleman in question informed Pastor Demalleger that, on the evening of the meeting, he had left his own house, under the pressure of great trials, with the full determination to throw himself into the lake. On his way to it, an involuntary impulse caused him to take a less direct course, which brought him to the house of the pastor. He entered it—he scarcely knew why—and, through the Divine blessing, it proved the means of his deliverance.

Here is another case of the same kind, which occurred at the Moravian establishment at Bristol, April, 1820.

In the course of my religious communication there, I particularly addressed a young woman, warning her against yielding to the strong temptation which was assailing her; for if she did, anguish and misery would be the result, but if she sought the Lord for help to resist it, he would be her saving strength, and would greatly bless her succeeding days. I knew nothing concerning the young woman, but I could not help thinking my address to her a singular one. Now I am informed that a young nobleman had found means of obtaining access to her, and under fair pretences of strong affection and promise to marry her, he had nearly persuaded her to elope with him. This had come to the knowledge of my informant a very short time before I was there. As soon as I went away the young woman came to her, bitterly reproaching her for telling me the circumstances; but she satisfied her fully that she had not been with me, except in the presence of them all, and that nobody could have told me about it, since no other person was in the secret; she must therefore consider it as a particular interposition of the Lord to induce her to flee from temptation, and to escape the ruin that threatened her. The young woman resolved, by the Lord's help, to do so; she was enabled to resist, and soon after heard that he who had made such fair promises to her was a profligate person.

In the year 1832, Stephen Grellet visited Switzerland, and held a religious meeting, among other places, in the village of Ban de la Roche, where Oberlin lived and laboured. Of this meeting he says:—

The meeting was held in their place of worship; the word of instruction, comfort and encouragement was given me to preach among them, but I had also a solemn warning to proclaim to some, accompanied with earnest entreaties to turn away from their rash and evil purposes, and, after the example of the prodigal son, to return to their heavenly Father. I was astonished at myself, to have this kind of labour among such a people; but I was afterwards told that a son of the late worthy Oberlin was in the practice of frequenting unprofitable company. He had concluded to go that very night to Strasburg to enlist as a soldier. Hearing of the meeting, curiosity brought him there; the word preached sank deep into his heart; the Spirit of Truth, the faithful witness, performed his office in him; his purposes were changed, and he spent the night in retirement and prostration of soul before God; so that it might be said of him, as of Saul, after the Lord had appeared to him in the way, 'Behold, he prayeth.'

The following account of a remarkable dream is related by Stephen Grellet in his journal. It was in the year 1819; he was travelling in Russia, and in the course of his journeying

reached Moscow. At the house of Prince Sergius Galitzin, where they met among others the Countess Toutschkoff, a Georgian lady,

The Countess Toutschkoff gave us an interesting narrative of the manner in which she was first brought to the conviction that there is a secret influence of the Spirit of God in the heart of man. The impressions made upon her were such that she can never doubt that it was the Lord's work. It occurred about three months before the French army entered Russia. The general, her husband, was with her, on their estates near Toulā. She dreamed that she was at an inn in a town, unknown to her, that her father came into her chamber, having her only son by the hand, and said to her in a most pitiful tone, "All thy comforts are off; he has fallen (meaning her husband), he has fallen at Borodino." She woke in great distress, but, knowing that her husband was beside her, she considered it as a dream, and tried to compose herself again to sleep. The dream was repeated, and attended with such increased distress of mind, that it was a long time before she could rise above it, and fall asleep again. A third time she dreamed the same. Her anguish of mind was then such that she woke her husband, and queried "Where is Borodino?" and then mentioned her dream. He could not tell her where that place was; they and her father carefully looked over the maps of the country, but could not discover any such place. It was then but an obscure spot, but has since become renowned for the bloody battle fought near it. The impression, however, made upon the countess was deep, and her distress great. She considered this as a warning given her of the Lord, that great afflictions were to come upon her, under which, she believed that His Divine grace and mercy could alone sustain her. From that period her views of the world became changed: things that belonged to the salvation of her soul, hitherto disregarded, were now the chief object of her pursuit. She ceased to attend places of diversion, which formerly had been her delight; she looked forward to see what the Lord would do with her; for she believed that she had not had mere dreams, but warnings, through the Lord's Spirit, of what was impending over her. At that time the seat of war was far off, but it soon drew near. Before the French armies entered Moscow, General Toutschkoff was placed at the head of the army of reserve; and one morning, her father, having her little son by the hand, entered the chamber of the inn at which she was staying, in great distress, as she had beheld him in her dream. He cried out, "He has fallen, he has fallen at Borodino." Then she saw herself in the very same chamber, and through the windows beheld the very same objects that she had seen in her dreams. Her husband was one of the many who perished in the bloody battle, fought near the river Borodino, from which an obscure village takes its name.

R. M. T.

---

## THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA PREDICTED.

THE following prediction of the present war in America was published originally in the *Age of Progress*, and appeared afterwards in the *North-Western Orient and Spirit Advocate*, published at Waukegan, Illinois, under date of April, 1856, from which we now extract it:—

"On Sunday evening last, at the close of the meeting at the Hall, we accompanied Mr. Pardee and Mr. Conklin to the room occupied by the latter gentleman. Whilst sitting and conversing by the stove, the right hand of Mr. P. was extended to us. We clasped it, and looking up into his face perceived that he was entranced, and that we were shaking hands with a spirit. The friendly visitant spoke to us most acceptably, and as an old



acquaintance. At the close we desired the spirit to communicate the name which it bore when in the physical form. Just as we made the request the medium's hand grasped ours more powerfully: his form was straightened up, his countenance seemed to change, his voice underwent a change of tone, and his organs spoke as follows: 'Another would speak to you. I was known by the name of Andrew Jackson when a resident of your sphere; and I come to-night, my venerable friend, to bear witness before the Eternal, that this, thy beloved country, is to feel the fire and sword. Let it go forth, through thy journal, to my people—mine because I love them. Tell them, though I would fain weep in proclaiming it, that they are to pass through more than revolutionary agonies. I know this, if I know anything. The voice of the times speaks it in my ear clearly and distinctly. I would that this people knew where they stand, and that their rulers could feel the issue of a few years to come. Then would they forsake their fleshpots, and eat of the pure meat of righteousness and justice. They are, as it were, pitching pennies, whilst the nation's heart throbs convulsively, under the heavy load that threatens to stop and still its motion.

“If you could, my friend, see mighty minds, as I see them, engaged in the work of maturing events, then would you know, to a certainty, that the foundations of your States are to be shaken to their lowest depths. What! while the ship of state is irresistibly driving towards the breakers, your so-called statesmen are deeply immersed in the business of individual aggrandizement!

“The false watcher in the tower may cry, “All is well,” but I say all is wrong, that is, in the government. To me the White House looks as a black mass; it is fair without, but within it is full of corruption and dead men's bones. Here and there, like a stray white sheep, is found in the national councils, a pure man. The end of all this cannot be escaped.

“Your country's worthies, who have gone before, with one united solemn voice, proclaim to your people the horrors of civil war. Nothing short of that can serve as a stepping-stone to a better and more righteous condition. Causes will rush out into events; and those who fought in the past to give you independence and a country, by divine wisdom unto them given, are engaged in the work which shall pass you through the fire, so that purified the nation may come out redeemed, dependent upon Heaven, not upon politicians, and sustained by the influence from the higher life.

“You will live to see this; but fear not. God, by His spirits, will guide and protect those who stand fast by truth and justice. I have done.”

## THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE ON "MODERN MANIFESTATIONS."

THE *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* for July contains the second of three chapters of "Drawing Room Necromancy." The chapter in the present number is on "Modern Manifestations." The article thus opens:—

The term "modern manifestations" has been adopted to express the various means by which the denizens of spirit-land, who have "shuffled off this mortal coil," seek, in the present day, to hold communication with those who are still in the flesh. Whether there be any truth or not in this alleged intercommunication between the quick and dead—these wondrous sights and sounds with which the spirits of men and women of the buried past seek strange communion with the souls of men and women of the passing present—it is a subject which may not, *must not*, be dismissed with that catch-a-weasel-asleep sort of shrug with which anything out of the common, or beyond the pale of ordinary and immediate comprehension, is now received. The whole matter is too grave and of too serious a nature to be peremptorily dismissed without an inquiry of the most searching kind—not made in an antagonistic spirit of prejudice that is determined to resist conviction, but with an earnest desire to see whether these things be so or not. It is easy to spatter anything, however truthful—and anybody, however good and wise, with the mire and clinging clay of ridicule. Many a promising scheme, many a brilliant thought or design, that would have been fraught with lasting benefit to mankind if it had been carefully worked out, has been nipped and blighted by the chilling frost of sarcasm; but there is no argument in a jeer, and a smart and caustic jest will not go far in pulling the truth of this matter out of the very deep well in which it is hiding itself. Modern manifestations are of a twofold nature: they are visible and invisible, appealing chiefly to the senses of sight and hearing. Chief among the demonstrations that are palpable to mortal vision are the appearances of brilliant coruscations of coloured light, and the transparent, luminous hand, and the visible movement of different articles of furniture, and even the human body, without any apparent agency. The sounds are endless in variety, varying from slight raps, resembling the pecking of a fowl against a piece of wood, to thundering blows that might proceed from the hammer of mighty Thor, or the grim smiths of limping Vulcan, which shake the house in which such manifestations take place to its very foundation.

Now, the majority of these manifestations are not modern—every one of them has been noticed before; *and we cannot deny the evidence adduced in support of the actual occurrence of these wonders*, although we may differ widely in our notions of the agency by which these things were brought about."

The writer then appeals to instances cited by Aubrey, Glanvil, and Wesley, as well as to others in Germany and America, to which we have directed attention in previous numbers, and to those of the present day; and concludes that "when all that has been heard and said and done has been winnowed by careful and impartial inquiry, grains of golden truth will be undoubtedly gathered up, and a key discovered that will unlock another secret of nature, and elicit the laws by which our connexion with the unseen world around us is governed. Yet this is certain, if some of the messages given through media of credit have been trivial and of little worth, the great majority have been healthy in tendency—enjoining Christian love and charity, and purity of life—giving comfort to the mourner, healing the diseased, and convincing them that doubt."

Such admissions as these in a magazine circulating extensively

in the homes of the middle and upper classes of English society, is itself an evidence of what the writer affirms, that "Despite all objections, the movement has gained ground and grown in strength during the last ten years. . . . Searching inquiry, made by men of thought and reason, instead of crushing it, has produced adherents and supporters."

---

### MRS. BROWNING'S SPIRITUAL BELIEF.

IN the "Memorial" prefixed to Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Last Poems*, by Theodore Tilton, he quoted some sentences of a private letter written by her to a bereaved mother in Brooklyn, from which we make the following extract:—

"Also it seems to me that a nearer insight into the spiritual world has been granted to this generation, so that (by whatever process we have got our conviction) we no longer deal with vague abstractions, half closed, half shadowy, in thinking of departed souls. There is now something warm and still familiar in those beloveds of ours, to whom we yearn out past the grave—not cold and ghostly as they seemed once—but human, sympathetic, with well-known faces. They are not lost utterly to us even on earth; a little farther off, and that is all; farther off, too, in a very low sense. . . . Quite apart from all foolish 'spiritual' (so-called) literature, we find these impressions very generally diffused among the theological thinkers of the most calmly reasoning order. The unconscious influence of Swedenborg is certainly to be taken into account. Perhaps something else."—*Herald of Progress*.

---

## Correspondence.

### SPIRITUAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL ANALOGIES.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to call the attention of your readers to an analogy between the moral and physiological worlds, or rather between spiritual and physiological processes, which opens out a beautiful hope of a glorious future for the now suffering sons of men. This analogy will become evident after a perusal of the following extracts. The first is from an anonymous pamphlet of mine, which I felt happy in finding favourably reviewed in your magazine, by a kindly and, I feel, a kindred spirit. The pamphlet is entitled *The Heavenly Marriage*, and the extract will be found on the 13th and following pages:—

Now what must be our courses as individuals in order to come to God? As I believe from without—inwards. If we review the experiences of our consciousness, full well must we be aware that our eyes, as those of the fool, have



been in the ends of the earth, and that we have looked for the sources of our happiness without instead of within. We must now pursue a reverse course. If we would come to God we must, like the prodigal, first "come to ourselves." In order to do this we must give up, as competitors for our supreme love, all external objects and beings. Not to say anything of unworthy objects of love, pleasure, riches, power, we must give up our dearest relatives, the friends of our youth, our parents, our children, yea, the wife of our bosom, yea, our very life itself, as competitors for our supreme love. What says one who went through it all? "If any man come unto me and hate not his father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

This seems very hard, but it is the expression of an inevitable necessity, rooted in the very nature of things. These are all external to the soul, and, so far as they are loved for themselves, prevent the inward march of the soul from without inwards, through itself towards its God, the great centre of attraction for all things, the great *want* of the Universe. This seeming harshness, then, is the veriest love. And oh, wonder of wonders! When we most truly give up, then we most truly receive; when we most utterly renounce, then we most richly enjoy. What again says the Master?

Verily I say unto you, there is no man that has left house, or brethren, or sister, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold, *now in this time*, houses and brethren, and sisters, and mother, and children, and lands with persecutions, and in the world to come eternal life.

Yes, in a truer sense than holy Job received his losses back again when he had been robbed of all externals and driven inwardly. His new sons and daughters, excellent and fair though they might be, could never altogether supply the place of those he had lost, or renew the pleasures of his first love. Spiritual life is more perfect than physical; the very things you have parted from in your inward progress to God are given back to you *themselves* in a freshness, a beauty, a purity, a perfection you never could have imagined in your first possession of them. Hallowed by God and held by you as gifts from the Supreme love, they become precious indeed, and altogether lovely. The transient has become the permanent, and the imperfect the perfect. Before, you held them as another's, and insecurely as those whom another could take away; but now your insecurity of possession has changed into an everlasting inheritance. The unrighteous mammon has become a holy endowment; that which was another's has become your own, and the false riches, the true. Your tenure has been placed on an everlasting basis, the sure mercies of God; you have become one with the owner of the universe; you have entered into the joy of your Lord.

The other extract is from the *Spiritual Magazine*, Vol. III., page 132, as follows:—

Considerable light may, I think, be thrown on the subject by considering the

analysis of ordinary and mesmeric sleep. The subject of the mesmeric operator finds that his eyes become heavy, he cannot but close them; his ears grow dull of hearing, his circulation grows languid, his powers become faint and dim, he becomes insensible to all around save the operator; he sees, hears, talks, feels, wills through him alone. If he transcends this state, he then finally passes into the deep sleep, or what Mr. Davis calls the "superior condition." Before he may have been sympathetically clairvoyant, his clairvoyance being directed or influenced by the suggestions of the operator; but now he has obtained *independent* clairvoyance, he sees, and, if also clairaudient, hears for himself, independent of material obstacles or of the ordinary conditions of time and space. The natural faculties are closed, but the spiritual faculties are at least partially opened, and according to his spiritual state and the quality of his interior vision and faculty will the spiritual world, in its corresponding degrees, be opened to him, and he will be enabled to see and commune with spiritual beings, though but rarely can the consciousness of all this be brought by him into his normal waking state.

We have here a close and striking analogy to ordinary sleep and dreams, but all know that as we pass into sleep the senses are locked up, the outer world recedes, and our hold upon consciousness becomes increasingly feeble till it slips from our grasp, but so long as sleep is imperfect, or any of the natural powers continue operative, our dreams are (to a great extent at least) dependent on our physical and mental states, and on outward accident. It is only when free from all perturbation and disturbing influences, when the whole *natural* man is hushed into profound repose that the *realities* of the upper world can be photographed on the surfaces of the spiritual nature; that it is sufficiently sensitive to receive "unmixed with baser matter" the efflux of its love and wisdom; and that the indwelling spirit, partially freed, can hold intercourse with kindred spirits divested of their corporeal investiture. The external of the spirit is laid asleep and the internal comes into converse with celestial things, and we gain preliminary glimpses of that country of which we are hereafter to be citizens.

Is there not considerable analogy between the moral progress from without, inwards, described in the first extract and the physical progress, if I may be allowed the expression, or rather *physiological* progress which is described in the second, as it occurs in the mesmeric process, and in sleep? In both or in all the hold on externals is given up, in the first with full purpose, intent, and wide-awake consciousness; in the second in submission to the will of another, physiologically expressed; in the last, in submission to the summons of exhaustion, and perhaps the mesmerism of Nature.

In all there is the rise to a higher life. In the first with the retention of all the powers of our present life, in full *rapport* and harmony with external nature; in the others by a temporary passage from the present to another life and a suspension of our external relations. Does not the hope dawn upon us, while we consider this beautiful analogy, that when our spiritual self-surrender shall be perfect, our moral harmony complete, the beauties of the now unseen world shall shine in upon this lower world, inspiring without extinguishing them revealing the spirit without deforming the body?—nay, rather through its instrumentality.

I am, dear Sir, very respectfully yours,

THOMAS HAY, A.M.D.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—I feel it my duty as a Spiritualist to send you an account of a *séance* at which I was present with Madame Besson, who had previously given two or three *séances* at the house of my mother-in-law. I was present at two of these *séances*, but only for a short time, on the second occasion. As the raps were loud and marked, I thought the spirit power must be very strong, and I asked Madame Besson if she would move her chair out a little from the table, she did so immediately, the raps then ceased in the table, and were heard very loud in the legs of Mrs. Besson's chair. I remarked this to her, and she replied that she could not command the spirits, she then moved her chair closer to the table, and told me that I could put my feet against hers. As soon as Madame Besson's chair approached the table the raps were heard as before in the centre of it. I had at this time my foot against one of her feet, and my leg pressed against her crinoline, but unfortunately for her this was not sufficiently ample, for before each rap I felt a slight movement in her crinoline. The movements in the crinoline were as frequent and marked as the raps on the table. I thus became almost certain that I had to do with a false medium. But as I know it is necessary to obtain absolute proof, I did nothing, but determined to wait till I could catch her unmistakeably in the act of cheating. My mother-in-law fixed another *séance* for the 18th July, and Madame Besson arrived that evening about eight o'clock. I was sitting in the same room (a large drawing room) which was quite dark, but at the opposite end to that at which the *séance* was held (I should say, that all Madame Besson's *séances* at which I have assisted have been given in the dark). I slipped noiselessly from my chair to the floor, and extended my entire length, creeping along, I made a circuit round a piano to reach the back of the medium's chair without being perceived by her or any one in the room. I placed my head and both my hands immediately under her chair where I remained for more than half an hour, it was so dark that I could not see; but I heard her feet moving from one side to the other, and with them she touched the gentleman and lady who were seated on either side of her. Then she began rapping with her feet on own and her neighbour's chairs. I was continually trying to place my hand in such a position that she should rap against it. For a long time I could not succeed in this, at last she began to knock on the floor, I then slipped my hand quite flat on the ground and under her foot, as she was lifting it to give another rap on the ground, and actually knocked into the middle of my hand. I could have seized her foot several times before, when she was touching her neighbours, but I was conscious that she should knock on my hand. I am sorry to be obliged to ask you to publish this, but I think it is the duty of Spiritualists to expose all the trickery which comes under their notice.

I remain, sir, yours obediently,

68, Westbourne Terrace.

PIERRE DE GENDRE.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—Concerning the narrative given in your number for June, under the head of "A Russian Story," I find the following statement by the Count de Gasparin, in his voluminous work entitled "*Science versus Spiritualism*:"—

"The Baroness d'Oberkirch mentions in her Memoirs an astonishing vision of Paul I. Now, we have here one of those suspicious anecdotes that have been transmitted through several agents; the Prince, then travelling in France, under the name of the Count du Nord, had related it himself. What plea should we have had for doubt, and on what ground could we have opposed such testimony, if, by the merest accident, Paul I. had not again met Madame Oberkirch, and confessed to her that, led away by the example of people around him, and wishing also to have his mysterious tale, he had invented with the utmost gravity, the whole account of the apparition of his grandfather, Peter the Great."

As the Count de Gasparin does not mention his authority for this statement, and as his object in making it is to discredit testimony in relation to the supernatural, it is not I think to be implicitly received; possibly the denial is based on weaker testimony than the affirmation; but, in either case, in the interests of truth it is desirable that the point should be cleared up. Can you or any of your contributors throw light upon it?—Yours, &c.

INQUIRER.



*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—A few weeks since, a lady, whom I have known intimately for some years, and whom I will call Mrs. Y., expressed a desire at my house, to try some table-turning experiments. There were present my wife, my sister-in-law, Mrs. Y., two other ladies, and myself. Mrs. Y. had lost her husband some twelve months ago. We formed a circle round a small loo table, which, after about an hour's patient waiting on our part, began to move about in various directions, and to tip first to one and then to another of the party. We then asked who was present, and repeated the alphabet slowly to obtain an answer. The table tipped at four letters, which were the initials of Mrs. Y.'s husband. A few words were then given to us in the same way, at which Mrs. Y. was considerably agitated, and she informed us that they were the last words her husband uttered when on his dying bed. Several affectionate messages were communicated to the circle, to all the members of which the deceased was well known. At subsequent sittings (for the result of the first induced us to continue our experiments), I asked Mrs. Y. to take a pencil in her hand, and hold it quietly and as passively as possible on a sheet of paper. She did so, and in less than five minutes her hand moved involuntarily over the paper, and beyond it on the table, describing a series of circles and other figures. She then commenced writing a sentence, still moving her hand involuntarily, and being in perfect ignorance of the letters she was tracing. On examining it, it was a loving message as from her husband, to which a signature was appended, resembling in a remarkable degree his own writing when he was a tenant of earth. Other messages were traced in the same way; one of them purported to be to myself from my father, and certainly the signature was extremely characteristic; and another was to one of the ladies in the circle as from her mother. I ought to add that Mrs. Y. did not know the Christian names either of my father or of the lady's mother; but they were accurately given. On another occasion Mrs. Y. brought a sealed letter, which she had just received from a friend of her husband's, making an inquiry about a conversation he had had with him shortly prior to his death, and desiring an answer from the spirit-world; we none of us knew anything of the contents of the letter. An answer was communicated by writing, which was afterwards forwarded to the writer of the letter, who declares that it distinctly answers the query, and relates to a conversation of which no third person was cognizant. Other messages were communicated from friends of nearly all the members of the circle, who were greatly affected by their affectionate tone, and their characteristic peculiarities. One evening on coming home, I found Mrs. Y. writing at the table, and I asked whether the spirit who was dictating could state where I had come from; an answer was written, and the exact locality described. I asked the question because I had not, as usual, returned direct home from my place of business, but from an entirely different quarter, and had not mentioned it to any one in the house before the answer was given. Since the writing through Mrs. Y. has commenced, we have almost discontinued the table experiments, but whenever we revert to them the movements are very energetic; with one finger laid upon the table it easily moves from one end of the room to the other, and the sofa has been removed from its place and back again by the mere imposition of Mrs. Y.'s hands. I am not at present at liberty to mention names; but I can vouch for the genuineness of the phenomena I have described, which I expect are but "the beginning of the end." Yours obediently,

R. D.

[The writer of this sends his name and address; he is well known to us as a person whose statements are deserving of entire credit; but we take the opportunity of reminding our correspondents generally, that where narratives of fact are communicated, it adds greatly to their value if the proper name and address of the writer, and the names of those referred to are sent for publication. We know that this may sometimes be unadvisable, and that our correspondents are not always at liberty to do so; but we hope that where there is no actual necessity for withholding them, our correspondents will, in the interests of truth, make a point of thus publicly authenticating the facts they send us.—ED.]

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

---

Vol. III.]

OCTOBER, 1862.

[No. 10.

---

## SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY. HANS ENGELBRECHT.

---

THE terms mystic and mystical have come to be generally regarded almost wholly in an unfavourable sense. In the minds of practical Englishmen especially, they excite feelings of mistrust and repugnance. The reason of this we need not go far to seek. The name has so often been applied to writers whose meaning, if they have had any, has been so cloudy and obscure, that "mystical" has come to be regarded by many as a synonyme for "unintelligible." But here, as in most things, we must discriminate. Obscurity, no doubt, often arises simply from confusion of thought, from want of clear perception, or from lack of proper arrangement or fitting expression of the ideas to be conveyed; but it may also arise from the very nature of the subject-matter. Assuming that there is a spiritual world, the Materialist himself will admit that it must be extremely difficult for any language to convey to us clear and definite ideas of supersensual things. So utterly different in kind must that world be from all our present surroundings and conditions, that the moulds of language into which these ideas should flow, and which should represent them, do not exist. There is no fitting body with which they can be clothed and appear to us. And if we further assume that there are persons who, under special conditions, may, as to their spirits, be intromitted into the inner world during their existence on earth, however clear may be their perceptions of that world, yet, when they come to speak of them, they must be in a similar condition to the missionaries who, when they would discourse to certain savage tribes of gratitude and obligation, find that these people are destitute of all words that could express these ideas. All that the seer can do is to dimly shadow forth his visions in symbols and correspondences, as the blind man newly restored to sight sought to convey his impression of the colour of scarlet by comparing it to the sound

of a trumpet. And the more limited is the seer's knowledge of things and his faculty of language, the less likely is he to employ those natural correspondences and forms of expression which would be best adapted to convey in pictured parables the things which have been disclosed to his spiritual vision. Those books of Scripture which are the most spiritual, are also the most mystical—the farthest removed from the apprehensions of the natural mind, for spiritual things can only be spiritually discerned; but that there are latent faculties in our nature which can o'erleap

This bank and shoal of Time,

and which, being in themselves spiritual and divine, can come into more immediate and direct relation with spiritual and divine realities, is a fact indubitably established by these experiences.

One of this class of mystics—spiritual seers or mediums, was Hans Engelbrecht. He was born at Brunswick, on Easter Sunday, 1599. His mother died soon after he was born, but his stepmother “kept him as closely to the fear of God as his father did to school; where, however, he scarcely made so much proficiency as to be able to read a gospel, and to write his own name.” As soon as he was old enough, his parents being working people, he was “kept close and tight to manual labour,” serving three years with a clothmaker to learn his trade.

From his youth he was exceedingly sad and sorrowful; this anguish and despair of soul he attributes to evil dæmonic infestation. “What this anguish of soul was is not to be described,” he says, “neither can any man have a right knowledge of it, unless he were to be tempted and attacked by the same fits of anguish. . . The Lord also hath cast many devils out of me that were my tormentors from my youth up . . . who verily tortured and disquieted me to such a degree, that from the greatness of my anguish and anxiety, I was incapacitated from learning, or doing much: who also instigated me so mightily that through despair, nothing would satisfy me but to put an end to my own life . . . and which would have certainly been effected, according to my purpose, had not God in a singular way prevented it. Now, from this dire calamity hath God delivered me by driving the devils out of me; so that it is at this time out of their power to torment me any more.” The means by which this was effected furnishes a striking commentary on the text, “This kind (of evil spirit) goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.”

At the time of penning the foregoing passage Engelbrecht was in his twenty-third year; and he proceeds to describe how he was delivered from these obsessions; and the subsequent development of his spiritual faculties; and his visions and intro-



missions into the world of spirits. He went daily to church in the hopes of obtaining comfort, but this did not do him any good; some of his neighbours and fellow-workmen jeered at and taunted him, but this too was to no purpose. At last, his spiritual distress increasing, he several times daily prayed earnestly to God to take pity on him, and to take him out of the world into His heavenly freedom. After a while he acquired such a distaste for food that he could neither eat nor drink; as he appeared to be dying, he desired the Sacrament, and this he was enabled to receive, though he had been unable to swallow "a single drop of anything liquid, much less the least morsel of bread." His anguish of soul and bodily pains became so great that he could not forbear loud cries, which drew several of the neighbours to him, who, together with his father, knelt and prayed for his deliverance. Prayers were also offered for him in the churches of the city. Having remained in this condition for about eight days; he tells us that:—

"It was on Thursday noon, about twelve o'clock, when I distinctly perceived that death was making his approaches upon me from the lower parts upwards; and thus I died from beneath upwards; insomuch that my whole body becoming stiff, I had no more feeling left in my hands and feet, neither in any other part of my whole body—nor was I at last able to speak or see; for my mouth now becoming very stiff, I was no longer able to open it, nor did I feel it any longer. My eyes also broke in my head in such a manner that I distinctly felt it. But, for all that, I understood what was said when they were praying by me; aye, and I heard distinctly, that they said one to the other, 'pray feel his legs, how stiff and cold they are become; it will now be soon over with him.' This I heard distinctly; but I had no perception of their touch. . . . At midnight the bodily hearing failed and left me too. Then was I (as it seemed to me) taken up with my whole body; and it was transported and carried away with far more swiftness than any arrow can fly, when discharged from a cross-bow. Which, indeed, made me afterwards enquire particularly whether my body had not been taken away. But they informed me afterwards that my body had not been taken away; but how long my soul was gone away from it, was a matter they could not so properly discern. Yet was I, however, so far dead in their eyes, that my mother had already procured the winding-sheet, or shroud, and was minded to put it on. This, however, was not permitted."

His return to life was gradual, occupying the same length of time as its cessation, but exactly reversing its process, or from the head to the feet. During his death-like trance he had been, as he afterwards affirmed, "set down before hell and transported

into heaven. . . . This was done supernaturally in the spirit." "Being now conveyed back again out of the splendorous glory" (of heaven) "it seemed to me," he says, "as if I had been replaced with my whole body upon the same spot; and then I first began to hear again corporeally something of what they were praying in the same room with me. Thus was my hearing the first of all the senses I recovered again. After this I began to have a perception of my eyes, so that by little and little my whole body became gradually strong and sprightly. And no sooner did I get a feeling of my legs and feet again, but I arose and stood up upon them with a strength and firmness I never had enjoyed before through the whole course of my life. The heavenly joy invigorated me to such a degree that the people were greatly terrified at it; seeing that, in so rapid and almost instantaneous a manner I had recovered my strength again to such great advantage, and that now nothing could serve me but out I must go, and thus make a beginning with shewing unto the priests what had been revealed unto me. But they would not let me go out, being utterly at a loss what to think and make of me. Whereupon I sent for the priest, telling him immediately what had befallen me before hell, and also in heaven. But the priest was astonished beyond measure at my having recovered my strength again with such speed, and without any sort of eating and drinking, or even doctoring."

In describing his vision, he contrasts the "dreadful, great, thick darkness," the "horribly bitter stench," and the "dreadful, harsh, howling voices" of hell, with the "great light and splendour" the "immeasurably sweet, agreeable, lovely fragrance," and the divine harmonies of heaven, "above measure ravishing." He attaches however no undue stress to this vision; for he says, "verily, whoever will not believe that which I have there seen, may let it alone; for this as little damns as it can save any man;" but he claims authority for the message he was charged to deliver "under pain of forfeiting his own happiness." The substance of this charge, like the burden of every prophetic message, was to warn men against their sins, and especially against that hypocrisy which cloaked them with a mimic sanctity; and to call them to repentance and faith, not "a ratiocinative or head faith," which he says, "is of no use at all," but a faith in the heart. If their religious services and their alms-giving is not done in this faith, and from a principle of Christian love, he warns the people that it is, after all, nothing but an abomination in the sight of God; and he was to tell the people what he had seen and heard before hell, by way of warning to the wicked; and what he had seen and heard in heaven for the comfort of the afflicted. He tells us that:—"This is properly

the substance or sense of the charge, as I now translate the heavenly meaning, and the heavenly language, and publish it in my own language. For you are not to take the thing in such a manner as if in an outward, local, or extensive way this was uttered thus to me word for word; just in the same manner, for instance, wherein I now speak and publish it locally and extensively, word for word. No, no, in such a way as this it hath not been revealed and told to me, it having been told me by means of a sublime angelical understanding, and in the angelical language. What a voice that is, which the angels in heaven utter, and wherein they speak with God, and one with another, and the language of it, would be a perfect impossibility for me to explain to you in writing, during this time. For the Holy Ghost, by means of an angel, taught me in a moment the total sense and meaning of all the Bible; at which time it also was, that the angel gave me in charge what I should say in the world. In very deed, I there learnt in a moment more than any doctor is able to study and learn in an earthly university, should he even study and learn there for several hundreds of years successively: nay, to all eternity would he not be able to study and learn this in any earthly university."

Hundreds of persons, including many of the clergy now daily flocked to hear him. He spoke and preached to them incessantly from early morning till late at night, for six days after his recovery, without tasting food; his strength remaining unimpaired and his body unwasted. His friends implored him to eat, but he could not, till, to satisfy them, he prayed that his natural appetite might be restored, and soon after he began to eat as usual. What is even more remarkable, for nine months together he neither slept nor felt the want of sleep. His parents sent for a physician who gave him "a sleeping draught which was extremely strong; but it proved of no use at all to me for that end." "Moreover," he says, "God knows that for one-and-forty nights together I have heard the holy angels singing and playing on the heavenly music to my bodily ears, insomuch that I could not forbear joining in and singing together with them;" and in evidence that this was "no fond conceit or vain imagination of my own," he states that it was so ordered "that a certain woman must also hear the same sound, or musical harmony of the holy angels; who is very capable of attesting it. . . . She was a pious widow, her name was *Schermann*, and she lives the very next house but one to my father. . . . But she was not able to hear it any more afterwards, it was for that once only. . . . Neither does this woman know how to commend and praise it enough."

Again he writes:—

"But of my having been in heaven, this is my testimonial,



which I am to this very day able to produce, namely, I am qualified to discourse concerning holy writ out of the Bible, and know how to speak the true sense and meaning of holy writ, notwithstanding that I have not heretofore read the Bible. . . . Here lies the wonder, that a man should know what stands in a book which he has not read, and be not only acquainted with the texts, but should also have a right understanding of them, according to the Holy Ghost's intention; whereas, for all that, he never heard of any such exposition from any man whatever." He further adds, "and amazing indeed it is what manifold *other* wonders I have met with, and what has befallen me hitherto, during the three years I have now been in this situation; and how frequently, when I have been *bodily and broad awake*, the angels of God have made their appearance to me, which my other various visions and writings discover."

At first, the people were "much affected and moved by his narratives and representations," many of the clergy of the city adverted to his message in their pulpits, and urged the importance of its being duly attended to; but after a while they summoned him to their conference, and strictly enjoined him to "hold no more discourses with the people out of the word of God, as it had a tendency to bring the ministerial function into disrepute and discredit. His business only was to tell *them* what might possibly be revealed to him, when *they* would be sure to deliver it to their hearers again; he himself should stick close to his own trade."

As he answered them in apostolic language that he must obey God rather than men, they became very wrath with him, denounced him from their pulpits, drove him from the confessional, and refused to administer to him the sacrament. A few of the clergy, however, defended him, and the controversy ran so high that for a time he went in danger of his life; and finding that the whole city had become embroiled, and that his exhortations in consequence no longer had their former effect, he withdrew from the city; but the persecutions of the clergy followed him wherever he went, and he was hunted from place to place as if he had been a criminal. He continued to be greatly encouraged and instructed by visions and conversations with angels; and frequently he lived several days—once as long as six weeks together without food. On one occasion "that it might no more be possible to be said, that he had a way of eating and drinking clandestinely, he, upon the 27th day of the month (September, 1639) surrendered himself up to be closely confined under lock and key in a room that was in the House of Correction of Hamburg; here he was carefully watched for nine days, during all which time, notwithstanding his entire

abstinence from food, he experienced still greater strength and vivacity than he had done before.

At Gluckstadt, he was examined in presence of the King of Denmark, and although no crime or misdemeanor could be charged upon him, yet the king, yielding to the solicitations of the clergy, ordered him to be removed from the city under a guard of soldiers. Engelbrecht predicted on this occasion that the governor of the city, by whose order he was banished, would, himself, ere long, be forced to quit it by night, which prediction was singularly fulfilled; for soon after, quarrelling with a lady of high rank, she had such influence with the king, that he was arrested, dragged forth by night, divested of all his posts and dignities, and had literally to beg for bread.

Once, he tells us, he neglected his commission, being grieved at the indifference with which it was received, whereupon he was punished "in so singular a manner, that for nine days successively I lay dumb, and was not able to speak." Another time, when in bed, he was told to get up and write something which was then given him. He did not immediately do so, but was indolent, when he received a blow on the eye which caused it to flash fire, and he was told that in this way would be punished all who were disobedient. The next day the pastor at whose house he was then staying, asked him the cause of his discoloured eye,—the effect of the blow. This showed its reality. The correspondential nature of the punishments is obvious.

In 1641, he returned to his native town, where, in the words of his biographer, "this simple, God-taught and genuinely pious man softly and happily departed this life the year following," at the age of forty-three. The clergy persecuted him to the last, and refused to let the church bell be tolled for him or the collect sung. The church-book records this fact, and says "the reason was because he died in his error, and was never reconciled to the body of ministers."

Though always expressing in a most decided manner an unfaltering conviction in the reality of his visions and of his mission, he imposes no obligation on others to receive him as a divine messenger: if they cannot receive his visions they can let it alone; he alone is responsible as to that. He says "If what I write and state is not strictly true, in fact, then must I answer for it, and not another." Still less does he lay claim to infallibility. He affirms that, "Now, though the Holy Ghost doth actuate and guide me, it doth not necessarily imply, for all that, that I might not be liable, for my own person, to entertain some erroneous thoughts, and to mistake in opinions; for in such respects I am, for all that, liable to mistakes, as all other saints have been heretofore." And so far from arrogating anything to himself, he

speaks of himself as "only a dead instrument, an organ-pipe which, if the keys are not struck by some skilful finger, is unable to give forth any right sound;" and again, he compares himself to a glove; "if no hand be put into it, the glove can neither stir nor move of itself. . . . So the very same is the case with me too." Though he knew by experience the reality of spiritual visions and communion with angels he estimates them only according to their intrinsic worth. He says on this head:—

"Yet will I also have no contention with any man about visions; provided only the doctrine be good which the spirits teach me then can I not be deluded if I abide by that good doctrine. Neither can any man be deluded by me, if people abide by the good doctrine I teach them by the impulse of the Holy Spirit; for good doctrine is alone from God, whether by instruments and by men, or without instruments and by angels." And again, "Were an angel to insinuate to me anything that is wicked and contrary to God's word, then I should listen no longer to him, though he had before taught me ever so much good."

At the beginning of his mission, that is, soon after his first vision, he tells us that God "sent an holy angel" to him, who, among other things, taught him distinctly, certain marks and characters, whereby he might easily perceive and discern when the devil was sowing his tares among the wheat: there were two marks or signs in particular, which it may be well for all mediums to take a note of. "The first was, if the devil should ever tempt me to ambition; the second sign was, if he should tempt me to covetousness. Therefore, the angel told me that I must be upon my guard against anything like ambition and pride in the gifts of God; instead of which I was to abide in the most profound humility and resignation; in which case the Holy Ghost would have power to work in me. For no sooner does a man become proud, arrogant, and assuming on account of the gifts of God; no sooner does one man slight and despise another . . . exalting himself above his neighbour on account of his gifts; wishing for and courting honour because of his gifts;—but the influence and sway of the Holy Ghost ceases, and is withdrawn from him: against such vices I was to be upon my guard. And I was also enjoined to be equally circumspect and careful not to be covetous on the same account. I was to accumulate no money upon *this* footing; for, having quite freely received from God, I was also to communicate again to others in the same purely free manner. Neither was I ever to discourse with the very least, or most distant view and desire of getting money by it."

Allusion has been made to his numerous visions. I will enumerate some of them. At the beginning of 1625 he had at Weisner "a vision concerning the Three States, Ecclesiastical,



Civil, and Economical;" which was presented to him "when perfectly awake;" and in the same year, in an "extatic rapture, during which," says his translator, his body had every appearance of a dead corpse, he had "a vision of the Mountain (of salvation)" which "the holy angel" whom he had seen in the vision, "expounded to him on his return from the extatic rapture." He had a "vision of the New Heaven and the New Earth;" a "vision of an angel in a field by night;" a "vision at Brunswick in the church in open daylight;" a "vision of the Holy Angels round about the good, and the Devils round about the wicked." Besides these and other visions, constant mention is made by him of the appearance to and conversation with him of angels; and this "not in a dream, as to Joseph, but they appeared to me in the same (substantial) reality as they had done to Jacob, to Zacharias and to Mary." To give one instance: he says, "Thus then did God the Lord send an holy angel to me the second time, in great glory, here at Hamburgh, in Mr. Dietric Nenheur's chambers." Before the conclusion of his vision of a New Heaven and a New Earth, of which in his book there is a long description; he saw and spoke with three young persons who had lately died at Weinsen. The first was a little child who "smiled in my face in a very loving manner." Whereupon he said to him, "Little Christian, what, art thou here too?" The child replied, giving him a message to his mother, full of gentlest love and consolation. The next was a young virgin, who rejoiced in the prospect of marriage with her heavenly bridegroom. The third was a youth who also sent a word of consolation for his mother. When this conversation was finished, a golden flagon and a golden cup were given to Hans, with the charge to return to earth, and "pour out to every one a little sup of the heavenly wine."

There is a breadth and catholicity in the teachings of this simple man which transcend all limit of sect and party; and which was especially remarkable in his time, and from one who had had so little of human instruction. He says with a noble simplicity—

"Each sect wants to have me on its own side; and I am expected to guarantee for good all that they give out for truth and teach; whereas I do not so much as know what they teach and give out for truth, nor what that group of articles consists of which they deem necessary unto salvation. But when I speak of the *Christian Faith alone* they will not be satisfied with that; but they want me to guarantee some *human* faith or other for a right and good one: either that of the Papists, or of the Lutherans, or of the Calvinists or Reformed, as they call themselves, or of the Mennonists [*qu.* Baptists]; or whatsoever other human faith it may be, of which there are a great number besides. Whereas, when I was in heaven, not the least syllable was said or revealed to me about any such human names and human faith. Neither has any Angel at any time told me in this world to direct any person to any such human name, or human faith what-

soever; but rather do the Angels bid me direct all men to Christ and to his name. 'For the name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe.' Hither was I to direct all people alone, to the genuine Christian faith, to Christ, and to His holy Doctrine and Life; and not to any method whereby each person may understand the Scripture according to his own head, whereby no man attaineth salvation or happiness."

He told the priest with whom he conversed immediately after his first vision, "You are only to submit to the rule and governance of Christ within you . . . . . to surrender and resign yourself up wholly and entirely to Him . . . . . that you be the instrument of the Holy Spirit, suffering the Holy Spirit to bear the sway in you, and not the astral spirit of reason." He tells us that a regenerate person doth "live in the love of Christ, in meekness and humility and in all Christian virtues; all his endeavours are bent towards the living in them more and more, so that thus he may grow up and increase in them; he is the follower of Christ in the regeneration; he denieth his own self, taking up his cross, and bearing it with patience after Christ." All such he says "are the *right-orthodox*, under whatever divided part of the Christian religion they may happen to have been brought up; which is a matter of no such capital concern as it is given out to be." And he reminds us that "God hath his own, as well among such as are out of the Christian pale, as among the Christians within it: just as the Devil has his own, as well amongst Christians within the pale of the Christian Church, as amongst those who are without it."

His teachings and visions constantly remind us of what we meet with in the writings and statements of other mystics and seers; of Tauler, and Böhme, and Fox, and Swedenborg. Indeed, a fair critical analysis and comparison of this class of writers, I believe would show that under all superficial differences arising from their several idiosyncracies, there are essential agreements, sometimes an almost or absolute identity in their statements and disclosures. Engelbrecht's visions, for the most part, are highly symbolical, and it is probable that the reader familiar with the "Science of Correspondences" would detect in them a depth and fulness of meaning of which other readers would mostly be unobservant. Perhaps the best illustration of this is his *Vision of the Three States, Ecclesiastical, Political, and Economical*; which he had at the beginning of the year 1625, in the house of the pastor at Weinsen, six miles from Zell, in the Duchy of Lunenburg. At the time of seeing it, he says, "I was broad and perfectly awake, and saw it clearly with my outward eyes, and not in the spirit without my bodily eyes, in which latter way I own, I did see the vision concerning the new heaven and the new earth." He goes on to state that because he was in great anguish of heart he was speaking

with God in a believing prayer within his heart, and that while thus engaged:—

I received the joy and the power of the Holy Ghost corporeally in my heart. Upon which a divine flame having sprung up out of my heart, it went into my eyes, by the will and agency of the Holy Ghost, so that my corporeal eyes being opened, I saw a bright and shining cloud over me in the chamber, which gave such a light and resplendency to the chamber, as was far superior to any lustre which a great number of earthly lights would have shed by being brought into it: nay, the chamber was so resplendent as if all the walls of it had been on every side overlaid with the brightest burnished gold. And thus also I saw an altar of gold, upon which were three men sitting in white, upon chairs, and fast asleep, with their heads in their hands, poised and reposed upon their elbows. Now, one of these men in white had two swords lying at his feet. Another had a golden rod and a golden book lying at his feet. And the third had a sword and a balance lying at his feet. And thus I also saw twelve men more in white, standing upright in the chamber, who divided, and formed themselves into three bands, four and four. Four of them had musical instruments in their hands: one of whom had a lute, another a harp, the third a guitar, and the fourth a violin. But four of them had music books in their hands; and this party or band, being eight in number, formed themselves into a circle in such a manner that each of the four who had instruments in their hands, had one of the other four with the books in their hands at his side; so these eight formed a circle in this order. And in proportion to the extent of this circle, I saw a great, bright, and glittering star, which overspread these eight persons. Hereupon the eight began to sing and to play the "Te Deum Laudamus."

"Lord God, we praises bring!  
Lord God, we to Thee sing!"

Which doxology they sung and played out in accompaniment, and in concert, from beginning to end. The other four meanwhile divided themselves again into two bands, two and two, and thus they walked (about the chamber) backwards and forwards engaged in conversation, one with another. Two of them were speaking concerning the lamentable and woful state of things in time, and the others were speaking concerning the joy of everlasting life. Yet, for all this, the three men kept sitting in the very same sleeping posture upon the altar; and they slept on without being at all awakened by this charming voice of jubilee, expressed by the singing and playing. Now, after these eight men had thus sung and played out this charming doxology, they vanished out of my sight, the star was removed, and the four other men retreated likewise. But the three first men remained sitting upon the altar, and slept on without intermission. But the twelve men and the star being withdrawn and gone, an holy angel then came flying out of the bright and shining cloud. He was clothed with a long white robe, which he had girded about him pretty high, in manner of a person in his travels, so that the robe might not trail about and encumber his feet, and that he might be able to advance with a more expeditious and easy pace. This angel had a golden key in his right hand, and a chain of gold hanging upon his arm, and in his left hand he had a golden stick or wand. Thus, then, having swiftly passed along to the altar, and laid the key and the chain upon the altar, he took the stick into both his hands, and with it struck one of the three first men—him who had the two swords lying at his feet—such a violent blow on the head, that he fell down from the altar to the ground, which made so loud a noise that the other two were awaked by it, and cast their eyes round about on every side. However, the angel did not smite them to the ground, but they kept sitting, as they had done, on their chairs. Whereupon, also, the angel, laying his stick likewise upon the altar, raised the man up again whom he had felled to the ground, and resealed him on his chair upon the altar, putting the two swords into his hands, and saying to him, "Judge aright." Likewise he proceeded to put the golden rod into the one, and the golden book into the other hand of the second, and said to him too, "Judge aright." There-



upon, also putting the sword into the one hand, and the balance into the other of the third, he then said to him also, "Judge aright." To which he farther superadded as follows:—"Antichrist has reigned in you long enough—Christ will also now at length rule and reign in you." Thus then did the three men sit, and hold these their ensigns or instruments quite fast in their hands, looking intently upon the angel. Upon which the angel said to the three men, "You have no occasion to look so hard upon me, but rather turn ye your eyes to Him who sent me; and do ye make use of your ensigns to the purposes for which they were given you. Be not slothful with them, neither do ye fall asleep again, lest ye should let your instruments drop out of your hands again. For, should He come, who hath sent me, and find you sleeping, so as again to let your instruments drop out of your hands, he will smite and hurl you into the abyss of hell. Therefore let this be a warning to you, and do ye make use of your instruments to the purposes for which they were given you." Now, the angel having made an end of this declaration, took his flight back again into the cloud, carrying along with him the stick or wand, in token of his having executed a good work with it. But the key and the chain he left where they were, in token, that with them likewise should a good work be executed at some future time. Yet did the three men still keep their seats as they were before upon the altar, holding their instruments fast in their hands, and casting a bright and vivid look everywhere around them, like men that were now, in very deed, alive. They also looked hard at me, which I very much wondered at, thinking with myself what could be the meaning of it. And I considered thus with myself, "The twelve men in white are gone again; the star is gone; the angel is gone; and yet these three still remain upon their seats, as they were sitting here at first!"

Now, whilst I was thus engaged in wonder, another angel came flying out of the bright shining cloud, who was clothed in a long white robe. This was so beautiful, that it looked as if it was embroidered with pearls and crowns of gold, interspersed like a group of little crowns of gold, which, upon the white robe, were all around beset with pearls. And where there were no crowns of gold, there the embroidery was made with pearls, disposed and dispersed over all the robe throughout. This was a garment beyond all measure, glorious, beauteous, and resplendent to behold; yet, had not this angel girt himself up like the former angel, but this robe of his had such a long flowing train as to intercept the sight of his feet from me. Moreover, with a slow and solemn pace he advanced towards the altar, upon the pavement, as soon as ever he was alighted upon it: and verily this pavement was likewise as beautiful and bright as if it had been overlaid with the most resplendent burnished gold. And when the angel was come up to the altar, he said nothing to the three men, but taking the key and the chain, came to my bedside, and laid them upon the bed before me, asking me, "whether then I knew the meaning of these wonders which I had there seen and even yet saw?" Then I said to him, "No; I do not know it." The angel made answer—"Because thou dost not know this—God hath sent me to thee, to reveal the meaning of all thou yet seest, and hast seen." Thus did the angel proceed to explain the vision to me, expounding in a spiritual manner, according to God's Word, everything which I had there seen, and which I yet saw corporeally.

The substance of this spiritual exposition has been so well condensed by a writer in *The Dawn*, for June, 1861, that, for the sake of brevity, I extract the summary there presented, as follows:—

In all the three conditions of life signified by the three men, great numbers are asleep. Indeed, the state of the world generally is symbolized. The first man, the spiritual or ecclesiastical state—has two swords—faith and love. The second man, signifying specially the family relationship, had the book and the rod. Instruction and wise training are both neglected. The third man had the sword of love and the balance of justice, both lying unused. The angel striking the first, or ecclesiastical, signifies that with that condition is the beginning of

mischief, and that must first be corrected. The others will then be awakened to their duty. Engelbrecht speaks of this vision as prefiguring a visitation which was to come upon the church and the world. The "angel with the wand of lustration will severely plague and punish mankind with war and bloodshed, fire and sword, hunger and anxiety, and all kinds of diseases." These things will awaken many and cause them to turn to Him. The ecclesiastical state will then be restored, and the other conditions of life re-awakened to their just uses and duties. The key which the angel brought is the Holy Spirit, which will unlock men's hearts and minds; and the chain, he says, "signifies God's word: for the word of God connects together in the manner of a chain. And as, in a chain, one link is fastened and hangs in another, so is God's word fastened, and hangs one part of it by another; and has, in the spirit, no discordancy or contrariety to itself at all. For though, according to the letter, it doth sometimes seem to reason to clash and to be contradictory to itself; yet is it in the spirit, and in faith, not contradictory to itself; so far from it, that it hangs together in mutual dependency like a chain.

There are many lessons which even the wisest may learn from this simple-minded pious Brunswick weaver of two centuries ago. T. S.

---

### A REMARKABLE VISION.\*

I SHALL here relate some matters mentioned to me at Marly by the Duke of Orleans, who had just arrived from Paris on his way to Italy. The singularity of the statements, verified by the event, which could not have been foreseen, induce me to place them on record. The duke was curious and inquisitive as to all sorts of arts and sciences, and to considerable powers of mind united the weakness so common at the Court of Henry II., which Catherine de Medicis had, with other evils, brought from Italy. He had employed all the means in his power, but without success, as he has often told me, to obtain a sight of the devil; and also to behold extraordinary sights, and obtain a knowledge of the future. [This Duke of Orleans was the nephew of Louis XIV., was married to one of his illegitimate daughters by Madame Montespan, and held the appointment of Regent of the Kingdom during the minority of Louis XV.]

La Sery (one of the duke's mistresses) had residing with her a little girl of eight or nine years of age. She had been born in the house, and had never quitted it; and had all the ignorance and simplicity characteristic of that age, and of such an education. Amongst the various artifices employed for the discovery of the secrets of futurity, of which the duke had seen great numbers, was one exhibited to him in the house of his mistress. This assumed to represent in a glass filled with water all that it was wished to know. He requested that some young and simple

---

\* *Mysterious Representations of Distant Places, Absent Persons, and Future Occurrences, alleged to be Exhibited in a Glass filled with Water.* As reported by the Duke de St. Simon in his *Memoires*, vol. iii., 8vo., pp. 296-298. (Translated.) Paris: Hachette & Company, 1856.

person should look at a glass in the room so filled ; and the little girl just mentioned was selected as proper for the purpose. The persons present amused themselves by expressing a wish to learn what was at the time passing, even in distant places. The little girl kept her eyes on the glass, and from time to time reported exactly what she beheld. The duke, in a low tone, pronounced some words over the glass, which immediately exhibited the vision sought for.

The duke, having previously made several experiments, resolved to make one trial, which might serve to settle his convictions. He whispered to a servant to go instantly to the house of Madame Nancre, close by, to ascertain who were there at the time—what they were doing—how the furniture was arranged—and the exact state of all that was passing. He was desired not to lose a moment, to speak to no one, and to report the whole to him in a whisper. This commission was executed without a moment's delay. No one present was at all aware of what had been done ; and the little girl remained all the time in the room. As soon as the duke had received the report of the servant, he requested the little girl to look at the glass, and to tell him what she saw. Immediately she repeated word by word the statement made by the duke's messenger—described the persons, countenances, and dresses of the persons present—their position in the apartment—the parties who were playing at two different tables, those who were looking on, those who were conversing, and those who were standing—the arrangement of the furniture—and, in short, every other particular. The duke instantly sent Nancre to examine, and he reported that he had found everything—as the little girl had stated—as the valet had previously reported to the duke.

He hardly ever spoke to me of these matters, because I used the freedom to endeavour to make him treat them with contempt. I strongly animadverted upon the statement he had made, and tried to persuade him not to give credit to such fancies, especially at a time when his attention ought to be occupied by more important concerns. He replied, "This is not all ; I have named these circumstances to you only to lead you to others." He then proceeded to remark, that, encouraged by the accuracy with which the little girl had described Madame Nancre's apartments, he had felt a desire to see something of more importance. He had wished to learn what would occur on occasion of the king's death, without seeking to know the time of his decease, which, indeed, could not be indicated by the glass. With this view he put the question to the little girl, who had never heard any one speak of Versailles, or seen any person belonging to the Court, excepting himself. She looked at the glass, and instantly mentioned in detail all that she beheld. She described accurately



the king's chamber at Versailles, and the furniture it contained at the time of the king's death. She gave an exact description of the king's bed, and also of all the persons who stood near the bed, or were elsewhere in the room. She noticed, especially, a little child held by Madame Ventadour, and on seeing her uttered an exclamation, because she recognized it from having seen it at Madame de Sery's residence. From her description they readily recognized Madame de Maintenon, the remarkable person of Fagon (the king's physician), the Duchess d'Orleans, the Princess of Conti, and the Duke of Orleans. On seeing whom she uttered an exclamation. In a word she described all whom she beheld of the princes and the domestics, the lords and the valets: when she had concluded her enumeration, the Duke of Orleans, surprised that she had noticed neither the Dauphin, nor the Duke of Burgundy, nor the Duchess of Burgundy, nor the Duke of Berri, asked her if she had not beheld such and such persons whom he described to her. To every one of his questions she replied in the negative; and again repeated the enumeration she had before given. This answer the duke could not understand. He expressed to me his surprise; and endeavoured in vain to account for it. The event explained the whole mystery. This scene occurred in 1706. The four persons whose absence was noticed were then alive, and in good health, but all the four died before the king. The case was the same as to the Prince of Conde, the Duke d'Enghein, and the Prince of Conti, whom she did not see, but she saw the children of the two latter persons. She saw also the Duke of Maine and his children and the Count of Toulouse (the duke and count, two of the king's bastards by Madame Montespan). But until the decease of the king, the circumstances which perplexed them remained in obscurity.

After his curiosity had been so far gratified the Duke of Orleans was desirous of learning what fate awaited himself. He was no longer to be seen in the glass. But a man who was present offered to shew him himself, as if painted on the wall of the apartment if he were not afraid of beholding himself there. After a delay of about a quarter of an hour, occupied in various gesticulations, the figure of the Duke of Orleans in his natural size, and habited in his usual dress, appeared, as if painted on the wall of the apartment, and wearing on his head a crown. It was not the crown of France, nor of Spain, nor of England, nor was it the imperial crown. The Duke regarded it with profound attention, but could not comprehend the fashion of it. He had never seen one like it. It had only four circles, and it bore nothing on the summit. It completely enveloped the head.

From the darkness, in which were involved both the former

exhibitions and that just described, I took occasion to animadvert on the variety of curiosities of this sort, and pronounced them to be the proper artifices of the devil, which God connived at for the punishment of the prying spirit, of which he forbade the indulgence—pointing out the obscurity and the nothingness in which they terminated, instead of the illumination and the satisfaction which it was expected to obtain from them. At the time of this exhibition the duke was far from being the Regent of the Kingdom, and from even dreaming of such an appointment, for it was this perhaps which the crown was supposed to prefigure.

All that I have related passed at Paris, at the residence of his mistress, on the evening preceding the very day on which he reported them to me. I have deemed them so extraordinary, that I have been induced to give them a place here—not, indeed, as a testimony of my assent, but to record them for the information of others.

---

### STRANGE AND YET TRUE.

---

WE have read with pleasure the article with this name in *All the Year Round*, for August last. We should have been glad to have transferred it entire for the benefit of our readers, had we been at liberty to do so, for its reasoning is good, and its facts are interesting. There is, however, no name to vouch for the facts, and therefore for their veracity we must trust to the care and character of Mr. Dickens, though we see no reason to doubt the truth of the allegations on intrinsic grounds. They consist of ghost or spirit stories, dreams, impressions and visions, such as we have often given in these pages, and they are introduced in a few sensible words, which we entirely commend:—

“Whatever be the cause, the fact will hardly be disputed that a taste for the supernatural has greatly augmented of late among the educated classes of society. It has indeed, as might be expected, abandoned its ancient form of bold credulity. We neither believe in the ghost nor shoot at him. We require to know something of *his* nature who walks uninvited into our dwelling, and what may be his immediate business there, but not with rudeness nor intolerance. In a word the indulgent spirit of the time is the welcome child of progress. As every age stamps itself upon the roll of time with the seal of some grand discovery, as every successive year reveals its half-suspected wonders, the mind becomes less and less inclined to impose limits upon that vast unexplored ocean, which, like the natural horizon, seems to know no bound but God; and man, as he grows wiser, grows humbler.

“To this improved feeling and to this better discipline of

reason we are indebted for many an interesting narrative, which would else have never passed the bounds of the family circle, or in doing so would have at least been carefully denuded of such corroboration as name, place and time afford. In the incidents hereafter to be related these have been supplied without scruple, and without desire for any greater reticence than the editor in his discretion may impose. The circumstances of each case have been verified with unusual care, because another object than simple curiosity suggested the inquiry. . . . .

"To assist analysis, we must compare. To aid comparison, the least possible reserve should unite with the closest possible adherence to facts, so far as facts can be ascertained after passing through strongly susceptible imaginations. Even were these extra-natural occurrences not explicable, which we hold them in every case to be, there is surely nothing terrible or revolting in the pursuit. It is, for example, a simple, touching, and beautiful faith, that the last earthly regards of the liberated spirit should be fixed upon its best beloved. If such be the work of a mocking spirit it wears a wonderfully heavenly dress.

"However, the purpose of this paper being rather to suggest than to demonstrate, enough has been said if we reiterate the opinion that inquiry is better than ridicule, that the object of relating 'ghost stories' is not to propagate idle stories, but to elicit philosophic truth, and if there be among our readers one whose nerves are not trustworthy, it may comfort him to know that in our experience, none who have been the subject of what, until we better comprehend their nature, must be called extra-natural visitations, have ever at the trying moment, experienced the slightest agitation or fear. The inference is that the witnesses themselves are, though unconscious of the fact, *intimately concerned in the production of those phenomena* which they have been hitherto disposed to attribute to influences entirely independant of their own bodily and mental organization."

This is certainly a vast improvement on the general mode of treating this question, and as such we welcome it, though we do not agree with the theory with which the writer closes his remarks, which we have placed in italics. That the witnesses are concerned in the *production*, we think some of the writers' stories themselves disprove, as for instance, what part did the witnesses take in producing the midnight ringings at the door-bell, heard by all the household, which preceded the appearance of Mr. D. to Lady S? Lady S. might unconsciously supply the magnetic relation, or receptivity, by which the spirit could be rendered visible to her, but the question of real spirit existence *ab extra*, is of too great importance to allow of its being said that she was concerned in the *production* of the spiritual Mr. D.



## BERG-GEISTER.—CLAMPS-IN-THE-WOOD.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

IT is a curious question to what extent variety of spirits reaches in the invisible world. The variety of animated life in this world is infinite, measuring from the elephant to the animalcule which requires vast microscopic power to perceive it. May we not then suppose that some such analogy prevails in the spiritual world; and that such spirits as are but a little lower than the grade of men and angels may have almost identity with them, and may be distinguished only by lesser stature, by different hue, or by peculiarity of habits? We know that classical antiquity peoples air, earth, wood and water with such varied beings. The Naiad, the Dryad, the Hamadryad, the Nereid, enlivened mountain, forest, and ocean, to their imaginations, and have added a whole world of creation in their poetry to the natural one. The middle ages abounded with imps, incubi, brownies, necks, pixies and fairies, and even yet there are those who maintain that these are more than poetic entities. We know that the miners of Germany and the North have always asserted and do still assert the existence of Kobolds and other Berg-Geister, or spirits of the mountains and the mines, and that they assist or thwart their exertions in quest of ore, according as they are irritated or placated. They describe them as short and black, and declare that when they are attached to certain mines they go before them in the solid subterranean rock, knocking with their hammers, and thus indicating the presence of metal and the devious course of the vein. If it is lost by a break in the strata, or a fault as they call it, the sound of the Berg-Geist's hammer directs where again to seek for it; and when there is a busy and energetic thumping of many hammers, it is the certain announcement of abundant ore.

I might quote whole chapters of relations of this kind from German writers, but these things are too well known to need that. I was lately reading somewhere of three or four of these spirits of the mines making occasional visits to a house in the vicinity of mines in Germany or Norway. They were described as about four feet in height, perfectly black, and seeming to enjoy the approach to the fire and the society of the inmates. I have repeatedly sought for this account, not having made a note of it at the time, but in vain. My reason for this was to quote it, with time and place, as a curious coincidence of what I am now going to relate. It was but the other day, too, that I met with a mechanic in Wales who has been led to the discovery of a vein of copper ore by the knocking of the spirits of the mine.

In the spring of 1859, we spent a few pleasant months at

Thorpe, in my native county of Derby, near the entrance to the charming glen, Dovedale. Whilst here a poor woman from the hills at a few miles distance came to a neighbouring clergyman to beg that he would go to her cottage and exorcise some spirits which haunted it, and which she said she was afraid might frighten the children. She described them as coming enveloped in a peculiar light, which sometimes illuminated the whole house. The clergyman, a young and clever Oxford man, told the woman that there were no such things as ghosts, that all such notions were now exploded as silly and superstitious, and that the best proof was that such things never appeared to the enlightened and well-educated. He assured her that at the same time he perfectly believed her story, and did not doubt the annoyance to which she was subjected, but that she might depend upon it that it proceeded from some of her neighbours in the flesh, who probably wanted to get her cottage if they could frighten her out of it; and that the light, he had as little doubt, was thrown into her house by a magic-lantern. He advised her to keep a sharp look-out, and try to discover her disturbers. The poor woman shook her head and returned, nothing assured by this learned lecture.

Hearing of this from the clergyman himself, I asked him, much to his astonishment, whether he was quite so sure that these were not spirits? He looked hard at me to see whether I were not quizzing him; but being told that I was quite serious, he grew more astonished. He was prepared for superstition in an old peasant-woman, but not amongst the "book-larned," as they are styled up there. I added, for his further astonishment, that the visits of spirits in London, as well as all over America, were now things of daily occurrence; that I myself had seen their amazing doings, had received many communications from them, and had repeatedly shaken hands with them. It was a proof of my friend's firmness of mind that he did not at once advise my family to have me well looked after. Perhaps he did not do that because he found them all asserting the same experiences.

Naturally desirous to ascertain the amount of truth in the old woman's story, I asked the person whose cottage I occupied whether he had ever heard of a place called Clamps-in-the-Wood being haunted. "Oh," said he, "that is a very old story. Clamps, a labourer, lived there fifty years, and he always talked of the lights which every few evenings lit up his house. He was grown very fond of them, and called them his 'glorious lights.' When he was out anywhere, and it was growing late, he used to say, 'Well, I must go home, I want to see my glorious lights.'" "Does he live there now?" I asked. "No, sir," said my informant, a dry, clear-headed unimaginative

carpenter; "no, sir, old Clamps left the cottage four years ago, and went to the next village, where he died. He was then above eighty years of age, and wanted caring for." "And did any one else ever see these lights?" I asked. "Oh, bless you, sir, yes, plenty of people. They were no ways healer (shy). They would come when neighbours were in." "But were they only lights? Did Clamps and his friends never see any figures, ghosts, or anything of that sort?" "Not as I ever heard of. They were lights as came and went."

Finding that this was an old affair, and that it was well known all over the neighbourhood, there was an end of the magic-lantern. Very improbable as it was that any magic-lantern was to be found up there, even if such a thing had been heard of, it was still more improbable that some wag or generation of wags had been playing it off on Clamps and his successors for half a century. But what these lights were I determined to know. According to the old woman's story, there were now visible not only lights but spirits.

On a fine afternoon in June, I therefore set out for Clamps-in-the-Wood. My way led me past the charming Ilam Hall, the seat of Jesse Watts Russell, Esq., and along the banks of the Manifold, that pleasant and careering trout stream, and so up into the hills beyond. It was drawing towards evening when the foot-path, into which I had been directed by a cottage girl sitting sewing in the moorland valley below, led me directly in front of a good country mansion, with a garden enclosed by a stone wall before it, and a pair of tall, ornamental gates admitting a view of this pleasant and flowery area. There were some children at play in this garden, and of them I enquired the way to Clamps-in-the-Wood. "Oh," said they, "you must keep along the outside of the garden wall to the right, past the farm-yard, and then you will see the road leading over the hills." Thanking my young informants, I was turning away, when I saw a gentleman rushing swiftly from the house, and beckoning me to stop. I waited, and found that he knew me by having seen me at Ilam, and would insist that I should go in and take tea with them. "We have just returned," he said, "from a pic-nic in Dovedale, and are having a tea-dinner."

I went in, where I was introduced to the lady of the house, and to two other ladies, visitors. Tea over, I excused my leaving them by stating my intention of proceeding to Clamps. There was a curious expression passed over the faces of the ladies, but no remark was made. My host walked out with me, saying, "The man who now lives at Clamps is my labourer; he is just going home, and will shew you the way." He called—"David," and a young, intelligent fellow appeared from the



cow-house, and his master bade him shew me the way to Clamps. He himself continued to walk with us some distance, and then saying with a smile, "David will tell you all about the ghost," turned back.

Accordingly as we pursued our way over the bare green moorland hills, I asked David, "What about the ghosts?" He told me that he could not himself speak as to ghosts, only on the authority of his mother-in-law who lived with him. All that he had seen were lights. These, he said, came almost every evening, but only on dark nights. In the summer they saw nothing of them, but about November, when the cold weather and the long nights set in, they came very often, moved about the house, sometimes made it quite light, and then sunk through the floor. His mother-in-law said she saw black figures in the middle of these lights; but for his part, he only saw the lights, and so did his wife. I asked him if they had ever been seen before he came to live there, and he gave the same account that I had received at Thorpe, that old Clamps had always had them; and that numbers of people besides them had seen them often enough.

With this conversation we were close upon the place, and a very striking place it was. A deep valley presented itself below us, its sides clothed with woods, and along its bottom ran the winding course of a stream, which now was dry, and shewed only bare, rugged stones. This was the course of that singular little stream, the Hamps, which runs for a considerable distance under ground; in winter and after heavy rains having only volume enough to appear as a stream above ground, and after a while disappearing altogether, and then bursting up in a tumultuous fountain at the foot of the cliffs below Ilam Hall, near another subterranean river, the Manifold. Around this deep, wild, solitary valley rose naked hills, and on their side, not far from this cottage, appeared the mouths and debris of lead mines. It was altogether a place apparently much suited for the haunt of solitary spirits. A paved causeway led down to the house, which stood on the edge of this lonely glen amid a few trees. As I approached, it looked ruinous. The end nearest to me had, in fact, tumbled in, and the remains of an old cheese-press shewed that it had once been a farm-house. The part remaining habitable was only barely sufficient for a labourer's cottage. On entering, I found the old woman who had invoked the aid of the clergyman, seated in her armed chair under the great wide fireplace common to such houses. There were also a stout, healthy daughter, the wife of David, and two or three children.

On telling them that my errand was to enquire into the haunting of which they complained to the clergyman, both mother and daughter gave the same account as David had done. The old woman

said that soon after they came to live in the house, where they had now been four years, the lights began to make their appearance; that they would appear most evenings, for months together, and sometimes several times in the course of the evening; that they would appear to come out of the wall, would advance into the middle of the floor, would make a kind of flickering, and sometimes light up the whole place, and then descend into the floor generally at one spot. There was no cellar beneath the floor, but they descended into the solid rock on which the house was built. They described the light as neither like the light of fire, a lamp, or a candle; but they could not express themselves more clearly about it. It did not at all alarm them, and the old woman said that the reason that she went to the clergyman was because the children were now getting so old as to notice the light before they went to bed in the evening, and they were afraid that it might come to frighten them.

What made them think so was that the old woman saw clearly dark figures in the centre of the lights. They were generally three, like short men, as black and as polished, she said, as a boot. Whilst they staid, she said their hands were always in motion, and that occasioned the flickering on the wall. She thought them quite harmless, for they never did any mischief, but seemed to take a pleasure in coming towards the warm fire, and looking at what was going on. She said that at first neither her daughter nor son-in-law saw anything, and laughed at her when she said she saw old Clamps's lights; but she had prayed earnestly that they might be enabled to see them, that they might not think she was saying what was not true, and they soon after began to see them, and now saw them regularly, but only the lights; they could not perceive the dark figures within the lights.

I expressed a great desire to see them myself, but they said it was the wrong time of the year: the nights now had scarcely any darkness, and the lights could only be seen during the dark season; that if I should be there towards "the latter end"—that meant, of the year—I might see them almost any evening. I asked if she had ever tried to speak to the dark figures. She said no; she thought it best while they were harmless to let them alone, and let them come and go just as pleased them. I asked if they ever heard them speak, and they said never inside of the house, but that they often heard them speaking outside as they came up to the door. I asked them if they had never been frightened by them, and they replied only once. On a dark night in winter they heard a horse coming down the causeway, dragging a log at its feet. They could hear the distinct striking of its iron shoes on the flag-stones, and the jingling of

the chain, and lumbering of the log as it was drawn forward. When it came up to the door a fierce dog growled at it, and they were so frightened that one of them jumped up and bolted the door. The sounds then ceased altogether; and on going out to search neither horse nor dog were visible.

I remarked that perhaps a horse had got into their yard; but they said it could not do that, and that they had no dog. On another occasion, the old woman said that the door being open into the next room, which was the sleeping room, she saw a young woman kneeling on the bed with her back towards her, in the attitude of prayer; that she watched her in silence for some time, when all at once she became covered with spots like a leopard, and then disappeared. They had also observed when the flickering of the light on the wall was strong, that drops of blood would seem to trickle down, but no stain was ever left. Such was the substance of the statement of the old woman, her daughter and son-in-law.

On my return to the house where I had taken tea, all were eager to know what I had learned. In fact, the hostess, on my setting out for Clamps, had followed me to the door, and particularly pressed me to give them a call on my return. I understood the motive, though no word of the lights or ghosts had been uttered by them or me. They now showed themselves all familiar with the reports of the lights and the figures, yet had never taken the trouble to go and judge for themselves; but said one of their servants, being there one evening, had seen the lights very plainly.

Speaking of these curious circumstances on my return home, one of our friends, Captain D——, a scientific man, observed that he had an engagement in Yorkshire about Christmas, and that he would go round that way, and, if necessary, stay all night at Clamps-in-the-Wood. He kept his word. Taking up his quarters at the excellent fishing-inn, the Izaak Walton at the mouth of Dovedale; in the course of smoking a cigar with the landlord in the evening, he asked if they had any good ghost-stories in that neighbourhood. "Oh!" said Mr. Prince, "if you want a haunted house you must go to Clamps-in-the-Wood." Not appearing to know anything of the matter, the gallant captain asked him the particulars, and received pretty much such an account as I have given. The captain asked if he thought that there was really anything to be seen there, and the landlord replied that he could not speak from personal knowledge, for he would rather go twice as far in another direction; but that it was so commonly reported, and by so many who had been there, that there seemed very little doubt about the matter. On this Captain D—— declared that, of all things, he would like to



witness something supernatural, and that he would go and pass the night there.

The astonishment of the host and hostess was unbounded. "What, leave a comfortable inn and comfortable bed on a cold winter's night to go nearly three miles into a wild region of hills and moors, and to sit up in a haunted house!" They thought at first that he must be joking, but seeing him throw on a capacious military cloak, they then endeavoured by earnest entreaties to dissuade him from his purpose. They represented the darkness and the intricacy of the way; the almost impossibility of finding the place; the dreary solitude of the spot when arrived at. In vain, bidding them good night, our friend rushed forth, and took the way which the landlord had described to him, before aware of his purpose.

The undertaking was, indeed, a courageous one. A long march had to be made along a tolerably well-tracked road; then a bye-path must be struck to the right ascending into the hills. The manor-house or mansion at which I had called must be found, and beyond that it was not likely that the direction over the moorland hills could be hit upon without a guide. But those things did not daunt a man who had made his campaign in the wilds of hostile tribes. By inquiring at a cottage near the end of the high road, he was enabled to hit the hill-track, reached the manor-house, and there received fresh instructions. Yet he missed the direction in the moorland hills—a way there could be said to be none—and wandered about for some hours in a thick fog. At length, he managed to re-find the manor-house, and then got a boy to guide him. It was ten o'clock at night when he reached Clamps-in-the-Wood.

The astonishment amounting to consternation of the simple inmates at his knock at the door at that time of night in such a place was excessive. When they opened the door, and in walked a gentleman in a large military cloak, they stood in speechless wonder. Captain D——, however, with his affable and agreeable manner, soon put them at their ease, and told them the purport of his visit. Their amazement was, if anything, augmented; but they offered him all the means they had for insuring the success of his visit. He proposed to sit with them till their bed-time, and then, if the mysterious visitors had not appeared, to sit up alone by the fireside. To this they readily assented, and as the hour was already late for them the daughter and son-in-law retired, and the old woman and the captain sate and conversed on the subject of the lights.

During two hours no lights appeared, and the old woman told the captain that the lights were often shy with strangers, but that if he could come in for a few successive evenings, he would see

enough of them. As they sate with the light only of a low fire burnt to cinders, and therefore without flame, there came knockings in various parts of the room, now on the walls, then on the table, and then on the floor. Captain D——, who was perfectly familiar with the spiritual phenomenon, vulgarly called spirit-rapping, gave, however, no intimation of this, but asked what these knockings were. The old woman said she didn't know, but they were always heard when the lights were coming. No lights, however, appeared, but presently the Captain saw his cloak, which he had laid on the table, begin to move, and anon it was pulled down and thrown on the floor. The old woman said they were often doing that sort of thing, but they never did any mischief.

When twelve o'clock came, Captain D—— insisted on the old woman going to bed, and she went, leaving him a candle to light if he wished, and coal to mend his fire. As the night was cold, he now wrapped himself in his military cloak, and sate in profound silence. There was only just light enough from the fire to make the objects in the room visible, and he could hear that the people in the next room were sound asleep by a full concert of nasal music. He sate till one o'clock; he sate till two, and there was neither sight nor sound, but just as he began to despair, his ear was caught by a sound almost soundless, and turning towards the place, he saw a globular light about the size of an ordinary opaque lamp-globe issue from the wall, about five or six feet from the floor, and advance about half a yard into the room. He was all attention, and so evidently was the intelligence within the light, for there it paused as if become aware of the presence of a stranger. Captain D—— remained almost breathless, hoping that it would advance into the middle of the room, but it did not. It remained for about a couple of minutes, and then receded again into the wall at the spot whence it had issued. As soon as it was clearly gone, Captain D—— lit his candle and examined that part of the wall to see if he could discern any hole or fissure through which the light could have come. There was nothing of the kind: it was perfectly plain and sound. He then examined whether a light could have glanced through the window: that was closely curtained. Next he observed whether a light could have flashed through a chink of the door from the bed room: there was no light there, and the nasal concert was proceeding as steadily as ever. Convinced, both by these examinations, and by the globular and peculiar light, that it was one of the old luminous visitants of the place, he again wrapped himself in his cloak and resumed his watch; but nothing further occurred.

At five o'clock the old woman made her appearance, and en-

quired what success. Captain D—— told her of the appearance of the light, on which she said that was the real light, but no doubt it was “scarred” at sight of a stranger; but if he could come again for a few evenings the lights would get over their shyness, and he would see them over and over; but this was not in the Captain’s power. He made the old woman a recompense for the trouble he had given, and having a cup of warm coffee prepared by her, he returned to the inn to breakfast.

The captain’s success was perhaps as much as could be expected for a single visit. He was quite satisfied that the haunting was founded on fact, and he determined to make another visit in the winter season. Whether he ever will now becomes doubtful, for I learn from the clergyman above mentioned that the people have deserted the house, and Clamps-in-the-Wood is now left to the lights and to ruin. Whether these Berg-Geister may continue their visits to the deserted hearth is equally doubtful; for it must be as cold and cheerless as their own mines, which extend horizontally far into the sides of the neighbouring hills.

But we must not quit Clamps-in-the-Wood without remarking on two or three particulars in this singular narrative which are important. As to the apparition of the lights, that has been a matter of assertion for more than half a century. They were so frequent that the old man, Clamps, had grown attached to them, and many other persons had seen them. They were a settled fact all over the neighbourhood, except among the classes who have been systematically educated to ignore such phenomena, and to deny their existence on the authority of their own ignorance, instead of their own rational enquiries. The old woman had never probably heard of such a country as Germany, much less of its Berg-Geister in her life, yet her accounts most curiously agree with the statements of thousands of German miners. She had never heard of such a thing as Modern Spiritualism, or spirit-rapping, yet she had had spirit-rapping going on for years in her cottage, and knew by experience that it announced the presence of the spirits of the mine.

In her own person, she exhibited the regular operation of well-established spiritual laws. She was undoubtedly a medium, or, as Reichenbach would term it, a sensitive. She saw the lights before her daughter and son-in-law, and, according to universal human practice, was ridiculed for asserting what she saw. She prayed that her son-in-law and daughter might have their eyes opened to see, and her prayer was heard. But the old woman, who was a hale, hearty, clear-headed old soul of perhaps sixty-five, became further developed, and saw not only the lights but the spirits in them, which her son-in-law and daughter never



did see, not being equally open to spiritual impressions. Nor did they ever pretend to see more than the lights, though they boldly and invariably asserted their frequent sight of them. In all their statements to the clergyman, to myself, to the captain, their account was uniform and the same. As to magic-lanterns, I believe there was no such thing within many miles, except it might be in possession of Mr. Watts Russell, of Ilam, or of the clergyman in question. And as to any one wanting the house over the head of the occupants, the very idea was ridiculous, as it was occupied by one of the labourers of the gentleman farming the property, and lies so drearily, so lonely, and so out-of-the-way, that, independent of its reputation as a haunted spot, it was so little desirable as an abode, that its late tenants have deserted it. Whether it will become the subject of further investigation, or whether the former conditions necessary to such investigation remain, are all doubtful; it is therefore to be regretted that a proper enquiry was not instituted by the educated people of the neighbourhood years ago, when enquiry was so easy, and might have been pursued to any length. What we know of this case, however, is curious, as affording confirmation to like cases on the Continent, which have been asserted as positive facts for many generations.

In the "Facts"—Thatsacken—given at the end of the "Seeress of Prevorst," in the original German edition, in "Fourth Fact," is mentioned a spirit often appearing at the house of a watchman at Weinsberg, quite black, and the watchman's wife said to Dr. Kerner, "There often shines out of the wall by night a lustre, round as a plate, and then disappears behind the wall again." This is strikingly like the light, and the manner in which it appeared to Captain D——. In the "Fifth Fact," another spirit appeared to Madame Hauffe, with its head surrounded by a glory of light. In a case occurring at Ammersweiler, five hours' journey from Weinsberg, a spirit used to appear, the face of which emitted a light that illuminated everything in the room; but the rest of the figure appeared only as a grey vapoury column. In another part the same series of "Facts," in the prison at Weinsberg, a spirit for some time went about a particular room, with a star on his breast as large as a man's hand. The figure itself was like a shadow. In various places of the same work spirits came attended by a crackling noise, and with flashes of light, very much like those whose appearance is related by Mr. Coleman in his "American Experiences," in the case of the wealthy banker, L——, and his deceased wife, Estelle, and Dr. Franklin.

Captain D—— was informed by the inmates at Clamps, that the light was often seen in dark nights by people going past from the mines, shining out of the top of the chimney.

## INTERNAL RESPIRATION.—JUDGMENTS.

THERE are some who declare that Noah's deluge will have its counterpart in a spiritual fire-deluge, at the return of Internal Respiration, on which occasion all those who are in fixed states of evil will perish. It must be confessed that many passages of the Bible seem to point to such a catastrophe. Most undoubtedly the apostles of Jesus Christ taught mankind to expect it. St. Peter especially in the third chapter of his second Epistle, referring to the Noahtic deluge, says, "But the heavens and the earth which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." St. Paul in one place declares that Christ will descend in flaming fire to take vengeance on those who do not obey the Gospel. Jesus Christ says that "as it was in the days of Noah so shall it be at the coming of the Son of Man." We have seen how it was in the days of Noah: the majority of the inhabitants of the earth were choked or suffocated, in consequence of being unable to pass through the crisis of the change.

Those passages of the Word which relate to a judgment in the spiritual world, also point to that judgment being ultimated on this mundane sphere. Many of these passages, especially in the writings of the ancient prophets, are fearfully sublime and terrible—much more so when they are spiritually understood.

Swedenborg informs us that the celestial produces the natural, for all things that relate to essential life are of the celestial. When the celestial, or life principle, is inverted, or flows into inverted forms, it terminates, by an inevitable law, in contrarieties, and eventuates in death or damnation. The inversion of celestial love is hell-fire. Now, as the Bible in its deepest or most interior principles has relation to celestial things, it is no unjust inference that its predictions of judgment relate, in their more interior sense, to the effects of celestial influences, in their descent on those who are confirmed in states of evil and fallacy. The influx becomes to such, as a devouring fire when received by the internal respiratories; as the stoppage of the internal breathing functions proved like suffocating water to the antediluvians. There is a remarkable passage in Swedenborg's *Spiritual Diary*, par. 179, in which he says, "There are evil spirits who very closely surround the natural man and excite his life; who, as soon as they have power to act, instantly torment him with a certain spiritual fire." He furthermore declares that "this is the *terror* and also the *fire* by which the world is to perish if it do not repent."

The Bible declares of the finally impenitent, "the fire of their breath shall consume them." In the light of this subject,

that numerous class of passages in the Bible which relate to the destruction of the wicked, become fearfully suggestive of that approaching judgment which will be attendant on the opening of man's internal respiratories. As the fiery pillar which moved in the presence of the armies of Israel, as their light and glory, proved the source of destruction to the Egyptians, so the return of the long-lost gift of Internal Respiration will prove to those not prepared through a regenerative life to enjoy it, to be as the devouring fire of divine wrath.

#### SUMMARY.

It may be convenient to present before the reader at a glance the several points which we have endeavoured to establish in these papers:—

1. That internal respiration was a mode of breathing enjoyed by the original inhabitants of our planet.
2. That it was occasioned by the state of their love and faith to the Lord, which was similar to the faith and love of angels, and caused them to respire with angels, to whom they were joined by their veriest life.
3. That by internal respiration they were able, from intuitive perception, to determine what was good and true. That they had thereby communication with heaven, living consciously with angels while they lived on the earth, and were the subjects of most delightful dreams and visions.
4. That mankind gradually fell away from this interior state of the affections, and consequently were by little and little deprived of this transcendent condition, until, at last, a crisis came upon the race, and they were wholly changed as to their thoughts, sensations, and medium of interior communion and intercourse with heaven.
5. That man is to be restored to his birthright privileges is proved by the predictions of the Bible concerning the establishment of a new celestial church, in which love to the Lord is to become once more the ruling principle of the mind; by the assurance given to us by seers and prophets of the restoration of conjugal love; by Swedenborg's experience and profound insight into the world of spiritual verities; by the experience of other seers; by the latent spiritual outgoings of many hearts at the present day; by the hopes and aspirations of many generations towards the future golden age, which is now looming up so gloriously to the spiritual vision of modern seers; and by analogy and induction, showing that all forms of sensational life have their peculiar respirations, that natural thought gives natural respiration, and that the deeper and more interior thinking from



love to the Lord and our neighbour must give man the inner mode of breathing.

6. That spiritual influx is descending more copiously now than ever, and that the stream of influx which is opening toward heaven the interiors of those who are in the effort to live a pure and righteous and self-denying life, and which must lead to the opening of the Internal Respirations of all such; is at the same time fraught with danger and dissolution to those who are in states sensual, worldly, and devilish.

We can anticipate many objections to the views which we have presented; but we prefer that others should state them as they occur to their minds. We have merely opened a most important subject to the serious reflection of the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine*. We have by no means exhausted the subject—we have only introduced it—but we feel sure that to this higher form of Spiritualism will many serious-minded persons turn when they have been sufficiently convinced of the unsatisfactory and unsatisfying nature of external manifestations, and the inadequacy of external mediums to meet their heart wants and the deeper aspiration of their spirits.

There is a more interior Spiritualism than many now frequenting *séances* dream of, or many of those who are mediums have yet conceived. It is coming, not with outward observation, but nevertheless with power and great glory, inwardly revealed to the pure in heart. It is coming like refining fire to purify the sons of Levi until they offer to the Lord an offering in righteousness—then shall the offering of Judæa and Jerusalem be pleasant to the Lord as in former years, *and as in the days of old*.

RESPIRO.

---

---

## FLOWERS FROM THE CORNFIELDS OF SPIRITUALISM.

---

IN a former number of this magazine it was shewn how fully some of our most powerful and popular novelists recognize the verisimilitude, and, in some cases, the reality of communications from the unseen world. Modern English poets are perhaps still richer in records and allusions of a similar nature. We have entwined below a few flowers gathered in these most beautiful cornfields of Spiritualism; few, indeed, compared to those which still remain. More careful gleaners than ourselves would be more successful. And even in those same fields in which these flowers were found we have left many others of equal beauty which may reward their search.

First of all we will cite the ethereally-minded Shelley, who

found a self-created universe of spiritual essences a very congenial sphere. The ideal world of Plato was to him a region of greater reality than that physical and social environment of semblance and falsehood by which he groaned to find himself surrounded. "There are two worlds," he says, "of life and death,"

"One that which thou beholdest : but the other  
Is underneath the grave, where do inhabit  
The shadows of all forms that think and live,  
Till death unite them, and they part no more :  
Dreams and the light imaginings of men,  
And all that faith creates or love desires."

*Prometheus Unbound*, Act I.

Of some such world we suppose it was that Ianthe became an inhabitant, whose resurrection is so exquisitely described in the commencement of *Queen Mab* :—

"Sudden arose

Ianthe's soul ; it stood  
All beautiful in naked purity ;  
The perfect semblance of its bodily frame,  
Instinct with inexpressible beauty and grace.  
Each stain of earthliness  
Had passed away, it reassumed  
Its native dignity, and stood  
Immortal amid ruin.

\* \* \* \* \*

The chains of earth's immurement  
Fell from Ianthe's spirit.  
They shrank and brake like bandages of straw  
Beneath a wakened giant's strength.  
She knew her glorious change,  
And felt in apprehension uncontrolled  
New raptures opening round.  
Each day-dream of her mortal life,  
Each frenzied vision of the slumber  
That closed each well-spent day,  
Seemed now to meet reality."

We have selected one or two passages from other poets referring to that old Platonic doctrine of archetypal forms, which receives not a little confirmation from the narratives of spirit-seers. Philip James Bailey, in his strange and powerful but most unartistic drama, called *Festus*, has the following :—

"The world is as a great sarcophagus,  
Engraven inwardly and outwardly

With living emblems of its inner life,  
 The soul-containing tenant of all time.  
 The same has infinite meaning ; wise is he  
 Who scans and construes all in harmony.

\* \* \* \* \*

Earth is the symbol of humanity,  
 Water of spirit, stars the truths of heaven.  
 All animals are living hieroglyphs :  
 The dashing dog, the stealthy-stepping cat,  
 Hawk, bull,—all that breathe mean something more  
 To the true eye than their shapes show."

Next we proceed to quote from a poem which, to our thinking, is more truly spiritualistic than any other we are acquainted with. Not that it talks more about the spirit-world, but rather fearlessly rends the veil which conceals the spirit and truth of things from the superficial eye : a poem, in which both the strong realism and lofty idealism of Carlyle are worthily reflected ; we mean "Aurora Leigh," by Elizabeth Barrett Browning :—

"There's not a flower of Spring  
 That dies ere June, but vaunts itself allied  
 By issue and symbol, by significance  
 And correspondence, to that spirit-world  
 Outside the limits of our space and time,  
 Whereto we are bound.

\* \* \* Without the spiritual

The natural's impossible—no form,  
 No motion : without sensuous, spiritual  
 Is inappreciable—no beauty, or power.  
 Every natural flower which grows on earth  
 Implies a flower upon the spiritual side ;  
 Substantial, archetypal, all a-glow  
 With blossoming causes,—not so far away  
 But all, whose spirit-sense is somewhat cleared,  
 May catch at something of the bloom and breath—  
 Too vaguely apprehended, though indeed  
 Still apprehended, consciously or not,  
 And still transferred to picture, music, verse,  
 For thrilling, ardent and beholding souls,  
 By signs and touches which are known to souls.  
 How known, they know not—why, they cannot find,  
 So straight call out on genius, say, "A man  
 Produced this," when much rather they should say,  
 "'Tis insight, and he saw this.'"

What Mrs. Browning feels with regard to communion with



the departed, is shown by the way in which she makes Aurora speak of her father's grave :—

“ I would not visit, if I could  
My father's or my mother's any more,  
To see if stone-cutter or lichen beat  
So early in the race, or throw my flowers,  
Which could not out-smell heaven or sweeten earth.  
They live too far above, that I should look  
So far below to find them : let me think  
That rather they are visiting my grave,  
Called life here (undeveloped, yet to life) ;  
And that they drop upon me, now and then,  
For token or for solace some small weed,  
Least odorous of the growths of Paradise,  
To spare such pungent scents as kill with joy.”

Bailey has written well upon communion with higher spirits being the result of purity of faith and life :—

“ Man's spirit, extolled, dilated, clarified  
By holy meditation and divine  
Love, fits him to converse with purer powers  
Which do unseen surround us, aye, and gladden  
In human good and exaltation : thus  
The face of heaven is not more clear to me  
Than to another outwardly ; but one,  
By strong intention of his soul perceives,  
Attracts, unites himself to essences  
And elemental spirits of wider range  
And more beneficent nature, by whose aid,  
Occasion, circumstance, futurity  
Impress on him their image and impart  
Their secret to his soul.”

*Festus* has visions of a glorious future which is thus described :—

“ Earth's tale is told in heaven, heaven's told in earth,  
Since either 'gan one only faith hath been  
The faith in God of all. A thousand types  
A thousand tribes have chosen. But the hour  
Already hawklike preens its wing for flight,  
When all shall be re-massed in one great creed.  
All being shall be re-begotten, all  
Worship re-dedicate, all signs afresh  
Thrice hallowed ; the degenerate lapse of time  
Having twice fused the symbol with the truth,  
All dark things brightened, all contrariants blent,

And truth and love peradiating life,  
Be the new poles of nature."

Much the same thoughts are echoed by Mrs. Browning:—

"The world's old,  
But the old world waits the time to be renewed,  
Toward which new hearts in individual growth  
Must quicken and increase to multitude  
In new dynasties of the race of men;  
Developed whence shall grow spontaneously  
New churches, new economies, new laws  
Admitting freedom, new societies  
Excluding falsehood: He shall make all new."

S. E. B.

## THE EDITOR OF "GOOD WORDS" AND SPIRITUALISM.

DR. MACLEOD, the editor of *Good Words*, has given us what he calls "A True Ghost Story" in the September number of his periodical. His mode of dealing with the facts in which Spiritualists believe is very remarkable. The entire interest of his paper depends upon a belief in ghosts, or supernatural visitations. To this he appeals—apart from this there is no interest either in the story he tells, or in the general remarks with which he introduces it. He first raises our curiosity by a distinct avowal of his own belief in the kind of supernatural facts of which ghost stories are a type. By his title he promises to tell a fact of this kind which he believes to be true—not a sham, not a parody or burlesque. Then by way of fulfilling his promise he tells a ridiculous story about a friend of his who was frightened by a cat in the middle of the night,—and leaves off by laughing at his own silly story. His own judgment of the whole matter is expressed in the words of his friend the narrator and subject of the ghost story. "'Depend upon it,' said he, 'if we could thoroughly examine into all the stories of ghosts and apparitions, spirit rapping *et hoc genus omne*, they would turn out to be every bit as true as my own visit from the world of spirits; that is—*great humbug and nonsense.*'" [The italics are not ours.]

Now, we do not know how all this will appear to the tens of thousands of readers of *Good Words*, but it appears to us simply a case of dishonesty and insincerity. The writer draws a veil, not on the credulity and superstition, but on the faith and good sense of "the most thoughtful and gifted" of his readers, in their best and most reverent moods,—he gives a statement, to which

he signs his name, that he has the funds necessary to meet the bill which he draws,—and then he deliberately dishonours it, and tramples under foot the sentiments and beliefs to which he has addressed himself and for which he has professed respect and sympathy. If such a transaction be criminal in the commercial world, what is it in the moral and spiritual world? If an exactly corresponding deed would be called dishonest when money is concerned, what are we to call it when facts about the visible and invisible world are concerned? That Dr. Macleod does not perpetrate merely an ordinary innocent hoax, a joke which we are quite ready to join him and his friends in laughing at if it is good enough, will we think be perfectly clear from the following extract,—not a garbled extract, as its length will show. It is the whole of the serious part of his article.

A well-known Scotch artist, whose delineations of character delight his many friends, and who is almost as remarkable in his anecdotes as in his pictures, commences one of his stories by narrating how an old Scotch gamekeeper once remarked to him in a slow, solemn voice, "Do you know, sir, that I myself have actilly knawn men, ay, and respectable men too, who—did—not—believe—in ghaists?" And he describes how the old keeper, on being questioned as to his own belief in ghosts, replied, with face averted, half in pity, half in sorrow for the questioner, but with, if possible, deeper solemnity, "I howp I do." I am not sure if the gamekeeper stands alone in his belief; and I question whether if the great majority of the "upper ten thousand" were asked regarding their faith as to apparitions, they would not agree with the lower ten thousand who are assumed to be the only honest believers in occasional visits from the inhabitants of the mysterious ghost-land. Very possibly in broad daylight, when driving in the park, or shopping, or visiting the Exhibition, or even when the candles are lighted, and when seated round the dinner table, or in the midst of the buzz and flutter of an evening party, the realities of the palpable and prosaic world may act as such opiates to the ideal faculty, and so close the eyes and stop the ears of the inner eye which can alone discern the spirit-world, that all faith in its existence may be denied or ridiculed. But take any one of those persons singly, especially the most thoughtful and gifted; let him or her remain in the large drawing-room when it is emptied of its guests, with the lights extinguished, except one or two sufficiently bright to project "shadows on the wall," but not to illumine the darker recesses of the room,—when the fire burns low, and the cinders fall, and begin to crumble audibly among the ashes,—when the midnight winds are creeping round the house, sighing at the windows, or breaking out into angry gusts which boom over the chimney head, and shake the huge trees on the lawn, forcing one to think of ships fighting with storms on misty coasts, or drenched wretches creeping over splashing moors,—and then let the thoughts gradually slide into sad stories of human suffering, mingled with anecdotes about presentiments, dreams, odd coincidences, unaccountable appearances, and the like; and ever and anon let some strange sounds of wind and rain and chafing foliage be heard, with creaks in old timber, no one knows where,—I ask with confidence whether, in such circumstances, at two in the morning, the sceptic will not profess more faith in ghosts than he or she would at two in the afternoon?

The fact cannot be denied by any one moderately acquainted with human opinions, that there is an almost universal belief in ghosts. Or if that is a too broad and vulgar way of expressing the belief, let us rather say, a universal feeling verging on belief, if not reaching it, that there are certainly "more things in heaven and earth" than our daylight philosophy accepts of or can account for; that there are revelations from a world unseen by the carnal eye, unheard by the carnal ear, which come to the seeing and hearing faculties of the



spirit in certain states of mind and body which are alone susceptible of this intercourse; that these revelations assume divers forms, it may be of strange sights and sounds, vivid dreams, sudden and overpowering impressions, apparitions, ghosts, spirit-knockings—call them what you please,—which compel the belief that the ghost-world, with which we are unquestionably surrounded, impinges occasionally on the familiar, or on what we call the actual, just as strange and rare birds from another far-off clime are sometimes driven by storms on our coasts.

This is a subject to which I have paid some attention without, as far as I can discover, any prejudice to warp my judgment, or any want of such a careful and cautious induction as a detective might bestow in tracing out the facts of a crime, and weighing the evidence in the nicest balance. I have collected several unquestionable *facts*, in which I have no hesitation whatever in publicly acknowledging my belief."

We need not continue the quotation any further, for now a grin begins to be perceptible, and the language becomes equivocal. Still there is not for some time any clear indication that the writer has said anything that he does not believe in treating ghost-belief with such respect as is shewn in the sentences we have quoted. Not till the *denouement* of his story comes do we become quite convinced that he has been professing a creed which he does not believe, and shewing reverence for states of mind which he despises.

We do not object to any amount of fair opposition. We are quite willing to be laughed at, and to laugh ourselves at any good fun that is poked at us. But we protest, in the name of the most ordinary morality, not to refer to higher considerations, against untruthfulness and insincerity, whether employed against us or on our side. It is scarcely honourable even to make capital of belief and feelings which are thought to be false or superstitious—to excite a curiosity which rests on ideas which the writer believes to be mischievous. But to make a false profession of faith and utter respect which is not felt, merely to heighten the interest of an absurd story, is a playing fast and loose with truth and falsehood which we should not have expected from any contributor to *Good Words*, and least of all from its reverend editor. A writer who hoists such false colours must not expect to be believed even when he speaks the truth, and has no right to complain if his whole narrative is treated, both by friends and opponents, as a pure invention.

R. M. T.

---

## ABOUT GHOSTS.

---

AN article in *Weldon's Register* for June, under the sensation-heading, "HORROR," and much of which is little else than the duplicate of an article from *Once a Week*, contains the following sensible passage, and as it is almost the only one to which we

can apply that adjective, we skim off this small dish of cream for the delectation of our readers:—

“A ghost is not necessarily horrible because it is a ghost. There are some stories of ghosts which cause not horror to the mind, but a wonderful experience of holy awe, which might be horror, but for the feeling of calm and solemn trust which pervades them—perchance they are more than stories—how ‘women received their dead, brought to life again;’ how, in the still night watches, the spirit of a dead husband came to whisper courage and faith to a broken and a worn-out heart, which, awaking in the placid grey morning, found itself strengthened for its life-toil by the remembrance of the gentle and loving words of its night-visitant. Such stories are not many, because those who have known and felt such blessed consolation, and such an assurance of the deathlessness of love, feel it were almost like sacrilege to make them ‘common and unclean.’”

---

---

## IMMORTALITY.

By the REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

---

THE feeling of impossibility which, I believe, haunts many persons in adverting to the immortality of the soul, the vague apprehension of some insuperable obstacle to the realization of anything so great, appears to arise from mere indolence of conception: and vanishes in proportion as the affections are deeply moved, and the intuitions of reason are trusted rather than the importunities of sense. There is certainly nothing in our idea of the mind, as there is in that of organization, contradictory of the belief of its perpetuity;—nothing which involves the notion of dissolution, or of limited duration. All the properties of the thinking principle, remembrance, imagination, love, conscience, volition, are irrespective of time; are characterized by nothing seasonal; are incapable of disease, fracture, or decay. They have nothing in their nature to prescribe their existence for an hour, a century, a thousand years, or in any way to bring them to termination. Were it the will of the Creator to change his arrangements for mankind, and to determine that they should henceforth live in this world ten or a hundred times as long as they do at present, no one would feel that *new souls* would be required for the execution of the design. And in the mere conception of unlimited existence there is nothing more amazing than in that of unlimited non-existence; there is no more mystery in the mind living for ever in the future, than in its having been kept out of life through

an eternity in the past. The former is a negative, the latter a positive infinitude. And the real, the authentic wonder, is the actual *fact* of the transition having been made from the one to the other; and it is far more incredible that from not having been, *we are*, than that from actual being, we shall *continue to be*.

And if there be no speculative impossibility in the immortality of the soul, it cannot be rendered inconceivable by any physical considerations connected with death. We are apt, indeed, to be misled by the appearances of the last hour; appearances so appalling, so humbling, so associated with the memories of happy affection and the approach of bleakest solitude, that it would be surprising if we did not interpret them amiss, and see them falsely through our tears. As we turn away from that last agony, we are tempted to say in our despair,—there, there, is the visible return of all to darkness; the proof that all is gone; the fall of the lamp into the death-stream. Yet it is clear that neither the phenomena of death, nor any other sensible impression, can afford the least substantive evidence that the mind has ceased to be. Non-existence is a negation, which neither sight can see, nor ear can hear: and the fading eye, the motionless lips, the chill hand, establish nothing, and simply give us *no report*: refusing us the familiar expression of the soul within, they leave the great question open, to be determined by any positive probabilities which may be sought in other directions. In life, we never saw or heard the principle of thought and will and love, but only its corporeal effects in lineament and speech. If the bare absence of these signs were sufficient to prove the extinction of the spirit which they obey, the spectacle of sleep would justify us in pronouncing the mind dead; and if neither slumber nor silence have been found to afford reason for the denial of simultaneous thought, death affords no better ground for the dreary inference. It is to no purpose to say, that we have not experience of the separability of consciousness from bodily life; for originally there was no experience of the separability of consciousness from bodily waking; and with the same reason which would lead us to mourn the extinction of a friend's spirit in death, might Adam have bewailed the annihilation of Eve in the first sleep of Eden. Nay, if we are not to conceive of the existence of a friend, where there is no physical manifestation, it will follow that till there was a visible creation, there was no Infinite Spirit: and that if ever the Creator shall cast aside the mantle of His works—if the order, the beauty, the magnificence of the universe, through which He appears to us and hides His essence behind the symbol of His infinitude, are ever to have their period and vanish, if ancient prediction shall be fulfilled, and “the heavens pass away with a noise, and the elements melt with



fervent heat," that hour will be, by the same rule which declares human annihilation, not only the end of all things, but the death of God.

Indeed, there is that in the very nature of the immaterial mind, which appears to me to exempt it from the operation of all material evidence of its destruction. It is impossible to form a steady conception of *thought*, except as originating *behind* even the innermost bodily structures, and intrinsically different from them. However much you refine and attenuate the living organism, yet after all, thought is something quite unlike the whitest and the thinnest tissue; and the most delicate of fibres, woven if you please in fairy loom, can never be spun into emotions. Nor is it at all easier to imagine ideas and feelings to be the *results* of organization, and to constitute one of the physical *relations* of atoms; and if any one affirms that the juxtaposition of a number of particles makes a hope, and that an aggregation of curious textures forms veneration, he affirms a proposition to which I can attach no idea. Agitate and affect these structures as you will, pass them through every imaginable change, let them vibrate and glow, and take a thousand hues; still you can get nothing but motion, and temperature, and colour; fit marks and curious signals of thought behind themselves, but no more to be confounded with it, than are written characters to be mistaken for the genius and knowledge which may record themselves in language. The corporeal frame then is but the mechanism for making thoughts and affections *apparent*, the signal-house with which God has covered us, the electric telegraph by which quickest intimation flies abroad of the spiritual force within us. The instrument may be broken, the dial-plate effaced: and though the hidden artist can make no more signs, he may be rich as ever in the things to be signified. Fever may fire the pulses of the body; but wisdom and sanctity cannot sicken, be inflamed, and die. Neither consumption can waste, nor fracture mutilate, nor gunpowder scatter away, thought, and fidelity and love, but only that organization which the spirit sequestered therein renders so fair and noble. To suppose such a thing would be to invert the order of rank which God has visibly established among the forces of our world, and to give a downright ascendancy to the brute energies of the matter above the vitality of the mind, which, up to that point, discovers, subdues and rules them; to proclaim the triumph of the sword, the casualty, the pestilence, over virtue, truth and faith; to set the cross above the Crucified; to surrender the holy things of this world to corruption, and shroud its heaven with darkness, and turn its moon into blood. Think only of this earth as it floats beneath the eye of God,—a speck in the blue infinite,—a precious life-balloon freighted with the

family of spirits He has willed to come up and travel in this portion of His universe. Remember that at this very moment, and at each tick of the clock, some fifty souls have departed hence, gone with their tempestuous passions, their strife, their truth, their hopes, into space and silence: not either with the appearance of forces spent and finished; for there are children fallen away, with expectant look on life, nothing doubting the secure embrace that seemed to fold them round; there is youth, raised up to self-subsistence, not without difficulty and sorrow, with the clear deep light of thought and wonder shining from within, quenched in sudden night; there is many an heroic life, built on no delusion of sense and selfishness, but firm on the adamant of faith, and defying the seductions of falsehood and the threats of fear,—sunk from us absolutely away, and giving no answer to our recalling entreaties and our tears. And will you tell me that all this treasure, which is nothing less than infinite, is *cancelled* and puffed away, like a worthless bubble, into emptiness? Does God stand ahead of this mighty car of being, as it traverses the skies, only to throw out the boundless wealth of lives it bears, and plunge them headlong into the abyss midway on their voyage through eternity? Put the question in conjunction with any overwhelming calamity, which perceptibly plunges into sudden silence a multitude of souls, like the dreadful destruction just announced from the Western world, of a ship\* freighted with priceless lives, with the wealth of homes, the hopes of the oppressed, the lights of nations. Let any one think over the contents of that fated ship, when it quitted the port at even, amid the cheerful parting of friends, and consider well *where they were* when the morning broke. There were travellers from foreign lands, ready with pleased heart to tell at home the thousand marvels they had gathered on their way. There was a family of mourners, taking to their household graves their unburied dead. And there was *one* at least of rare truth and wisdom, of designs than which philanthropy knows nothing greater; of faith that all must venerate, and love that all must trust; of persuasive lips, from which a thoughtful genius and the simplest heart poured forth the true music of humanity. And does any one believe that this freight of transcendent worth,—all this sorrow, and thought, and hope, and moral greatness, and pure affection—were *burnt*, and went out with flame and cotton smoke? Sooner would I believe that the fire consumed the less everlasting stars! Such a galaxy of spiritual light and order and beauty is spread above the elements

---

\* The steam boat *Lexington*, which left New York for Boston, 13th January, 1840, and was burned that night in Long Island Sound, with the loss of all on board except four. Dr. Follen was among the number that perished. The present discourse was suggested by that event.

and their power, and neither heat can scorch it, nor cold water drown. The bleak wind that swept in the morning over the black and heaving wreck would moan in the ear of sympathy with the wail of a thousand survivors ; but to the ear of wisdom and of faith, would sound as the returning whisper and requiem of hope.—*Endeavours after the Christian Life.*

---



---

## BY THE SHORE.

---

### I.

OVER the sea—from the land of the free—  
 From the far spirit-shore, they whisper to me :—  
 Playmates and friends of a happier day ;  
 Dear companions on earth who have long passed away ;  
 Softly they speak of their happier clime,  
 Sweetly they whisper in musical chime,—  
 “ We come from the land where no shadow can fall,  
 Where grief cannot enter, nor evil enthal ;  
 Where peace sits enthroned in the hearts of the blest ;  
 Where earth’s troubles have ceased, and the weary find rest :  
 Whatever the troubles the Father may send,  
 Take courage, and faithful, endure to the end.”

\* \* \* \* \*

I watch by the waves as they break on the shore,  
 I listen, and long for those voices once more :  
 I listen in vain—in vain, yet, ah, no !  
 Still they whisper of hope from the days long ago :  
 Yet I watch by the waves as they beat on the shore,  
 And sadly I wish that life’s voyage was o’er.

---

### II.

The sea-gulls scream along the cliff,  
 The wild waves beat upon the shore,  
 In slow, sad requiem, as if  
 O’er joys now lost for evermore :  
 But see!—the bow of promise gleams  
 Through tear-clouds in the laughing sky,  
 Which yonder, bright and placid seems  
 As e’er to babe looks mother’s eye :  
 And so, though waves of trouble roll,  
 And harsh notes sound of coming ill,  
 God’s sunshine steals into the soul,  
 And Christ doth whisper “ Peace, be still.”

T. S.



PHENOMENA AT BOULOGNE.

---

WE hear of some striking phenomena occurring during the past month at Boulogne in a circle of friends, nearly all of whom are strict members of the Swedenborg Church; and it appears that the Rev. Dr. Bayley, the minister of that church in London, who has been so active in preaching and praying against the phenomena of Spiritualism, being on a visit to Boulogne, formed one of the party, and shewed extreme interest during the *séance*, displaying his knowledge of the method of directing what was done. Such a conversion as that of Dr. Bayley is of great importance to Spiritualism, and it may fairly be hoped that many of his congregation may follow his example. With the zeal of a new convert he at once assisted the investigations of a sceptical friend, by introducing him to some other mediums of his acquaintance. One of the questions asked by Dr. Bayley of the spirit communicating by means of the raps on the table, was whether the spirits take food in the spiritual world, as to which there is much to be learnt, by pursuing the enquiry which we hope the doctor will do, and communicate to us the result. The medium on the occasion was a lady, to whom her possession of mediumistic power was previously unknown, and it was then only accidentally discovered. On her first touching the table it moved with great vivacity, and presently the raps also were heard and gave intelligent answers to questions. In order to satisfy the scruples of a sceptic present, it was found to move on her touching it only with the tips of her fingers, and the presence of this remarkable power in her was acknowledged by all.

---

---

THE NERVE-FORCE.

---

FROM experiments upon the electric states of the nerves of animals, Mr. H. F. Baxter (*Phil. Mag.*, July, 1862) concludes that "nerve-force is a higher form of force than electric force," and that in fact the former is a force *sui generis*, not convertible into the latter on any principle analogous to the laws of the "conservation of forces," whereby heat, light, electricity, and magnetism, are convertible one into another. Mr. Baxter's experiments lead to the further conclusion, "that the electric state of the nerve may be considered as one of the properties of the nerve, but not as its *essential* property."—*Weldon's Register*.

## FROM CHATEAUBRIAND.

I LEFT my mother and went to see my eldest sisters in the environs of Fougères. I staid a month at the house of Mdle. de Chateaubourg, who had two country houses named Lascardais et le Plessis, situated in a barren country of rocks and woods near St. Aubin-du-Cormier, a place celebrated for its tower, and for a battle.

My sister had for her steward Monsieur Livoret, who was formerly a Jesuit, to whom happened the following strange adventure. When he was made steward at Lascardais, the Count de Chateaubourg, the father, was just dead. Monsieur Livoret, who had never known him, was appointed keeper of the castle. The first night he slept alone there, he saw an old man come into his apartment in his night dress and night cap, very pale, and carrying a small light. The apparition went to the fireplace, put the candlestick on the mantelpiece, lighted the fire, and sat down in an easy chair. Monsieur Livoret trembled violently. After two hours of silence, the old man rose, took his light, and went out of the room, shutting the door after him. The next day, the steward told his story to the farmers, who said, from the description of the apparition, it was their old master. But this was not all; whenever Monsieur L. looked behind him when he was in the forest, he saw the phantom; if he had to get over a fence in a field, the apparition was there sitting astride on it. One day the miserable possessed man ventured to say, "Monsieur de C——, leave me;" to which the ghost answered "No."

Monsieur Livoret was a man of cool and positive temperament, with very little imagination. He often told this story, and always in the same manner, and with the same belief in its truth.  
—*Memoires d'outre-Tombe.*

---



---

## Notices of Books.

*Predictions Realized in Modern Times.* Now first collected by HORACE WELBY, Author of *Mysteries of Life, Death, and Futurity, &c.* London: Kent & Co.

CONSIDERABLE industry and patient research have evidently been bestowed on this volume, which contains much curious and entertaining reading, and is a fund of quotation, anecdote, and illustration. The anecdotes and narratives are of various grades of value and authenticity, and call for constant exercise of judgment and discrimination in the reader. Had they been somewhat more carefully sifted they might have been less in number, but the residue would have been of greater value: at all

events, this book still leaves room for one in which the subject of predictions proper might be more strictly adhered to, and instances of verified predictions be more completely authenticated. Mr. Welby's aim seems to have been less definite and exacting than this, his book covers a wider area, and presents in a very readable form a diversity of facts and materials for the amusement and use of readers and students. He employs the term "prediction," as he tells us, "in its widest sense, of Prophecy (or sacred prediction), Prognostication, Foreboding, and Divination. He must be a very fastidious reader indeed who does not find in this book something to interest him under each of these heads.

However variously it may have been explained, the reality of prophecy, prediction, or prescience, has been almost universally recognized. Those who could not accept it as a result of divine or spiritual enlightenment or monition as distinguished from the operation of the merely natural faculties, have invented other hypotheses, or, at least, phrases, to express their belief or conceal their ignorance of its cause. One of the writers in the *Essays and Reviews* speaks of prophecy as "a sort of natural clairvoyance of particulars;" Dr. Rogers, of America, puts his explanation into the scientific-looking formula of "presension of the brain;" though how either of these phrases can help us to better understand the subject I am at a loss to conceive. Others have been content to explain predictions and their subsequent verification by attributing them to "sagacity," "chance," "coincidence," or some other equally unknown and powerful goddess whom they have supposed to rule sublunary affairs.

Dr. de Boismon, in his able work *On Hallucinations*, says: "Let it not be forgotten that men possessed of the highest intellects have admitted the existence of prevision, at the same time they acknowledge their ignorance as to the cause. Bacon has observed that we meet with remarkable examples of persons being forewarned of events in their dreams, in states of ecstasy, and at the time of their death.\* 'I cannot give the reason of it,' says Macchiavelli, 'but all history, both ancient and modern, attests the fact, that no great misfortune happens either to a town or a province which has not been foretold by some one possessed of the power of prophecy, or else it has been announced by prodigies or other celestial signs. It is very desirable that the cause of this should be discussed by men acquainted with things both natural and supernatural, an advantage we do not ourselves possess. Whatever may be the explanation, the thing itself cannot be questioned.'"

Waiving, however, the discussion of the cause, let us cull

---

\* Bacon: *De Dignitate*.



from Mr. Welby's book one or two illustrative facts. Under the head of *Omens* he gives, at page 79, the following narrative, entitled "Warning at Cambridge:"—

In 1706-7, the Rev. Mr. Hughes, of Jesus College, Cambridge, communicated to the Rev. Mr. Bonwicke, the following "unusual story:" "One Mr. Shaw, formerly of St. John's College, and late minister of Souldern, within twelve miles of Oxford, as he was sitting one night by himself, smoking a pipe, and reading, observed somebody open the door; he turned back, and saw one Mr. Nailor, a fellow collegian, an intimate friend, and *and who had been dead five years, come into the room.* The gentleman came in exactly the same dress and manner that he used at college. Mr. Shaw was something surprised at first; but in a little time, recollecting himself, he desired him to sit down: upon which Mr. N. drew a chair, and sat by him; and they had a conference of about an hour and a half. He told him that 'he was sent to give him warning of his death, which would be in a very short time;' and, if I mistake not, he added that his death would be sudden. He mentioned likewise several others of St. John's, particularly the famous Auchard, who is since dead. Mr. S. asked him if he could not give him another visit: he answered no, alleging that 'his time allotted was but three days, and that he had others to see, who were at a great distance.' Mr. Shaw had a great desire to inquire about his present condition, but was afraid to mention it, not knowing how it would be taken. At last, he expressed himself in this manner, 'Mr. N., how is it with you in the other world?' he answered, with a brisk and cheerful countenance, 'Very well.' Mr. Shaw proceeded: 'Are there any of our old friends with you?' he replied, 'Not one.' After their discourse was over, he took his leave, and went out. Mr. Shaw offered to go with him out of the room; but he beckoned with his hand that he should stay where he was. Mr. Nailor seemed to turn into the next room, and so went off. This Mr. Shaw the next day made his will, the conference having so far affected him; and not long after, being taken with an apoplectic fit while he was reading the divine service, he fell out of his desk, and died immediately after. He was ever looked upon to be a pious man, and a good scholar; only some object that he was inclinable to melancholy. He told this story himself to Mr. Groves, fellow of St. John's, and a particular friend of his.

"Mr. G., upon his return to Cambridge, met with one of his college, who told him that Mr. Auchard was dead, who was particularly mentioned by Mr. Shaw. He kept the business secret, till, hearing of Mr. Shaw's own death, he told the whole story. He is a person far enough from inventing such a story; and he tells it in all companies without any manner of variation. We are mightily divided about it at Cambridge, some heartily embracing it, and others rejecting it as a ridiculous story, and the effect of spleen and melancholy. For my own part, I must acknowledge myself one of those who believe it, having not met with anything yet sufficient to invalidate it. As to the little sceptical objections that are generally used upon this occasion, they seem to be very weak in themselves, and will prove of dangerous consequences, if applied to matters of a more important nature." Mr. Turner, writing to Mr. Bonwicke, from Cambridge, within the next fortnight, says:—"There is a circumstance relating to the story of the apparition, which adds great confirmation to it; which I suppose Mr. Hughes did not tell you. There is one Mr. Cartwright, Member of Parliament for Northamptonshire, a man of good credit and integrity, an intimate friend of Mr. Shaw's, who told the same story with Dr. Groves (which he had from Mr. Shaw), at the Archbishop of Canterbury's table: but he says further, that Mr. Shaw told him of some great revolutions in state, which he will not discover, being either obliged to silence by Mr. Shaw, or concealing them upon some prudent and politic reasons."

On the next page to this we have "Omens of the Murder of Mr. Blandy":—

Several awful pressages are stated to have alarmed the family of the unfortunate Mr. Blandy, of Henley, in Oxfordshire, previous to his untimely death. A few days before the decease of his wife, a chorus of voices was heard

by his daughter and the servants, at midnight, as if proceeding from the garden in the rear of the apartment where Mrs. Blandy lay. This was succeeded by three distinct knocks on the window of Miss Blandy's chamber, adjoining to that of her mother. Meanwhile, the old lady, though insensible of these sounds, was terrified by a dream, in which she saw her husband drinking from a cup administered by her daughter; presently he swelled to a great size, and expired, about two years before the memorable murder of Mr. Blandy, of the approach of which he himself is also said to have had some ominous presages. When Mrs. Blandy awoke in the morning, she told the dream to her waiting-maid, and died the same day. The story of this dreadful parricide is briefly as follows. Mr. Blandy was an eminent attorney, and by practice had accumulated a handsome fortune: he had an only child, Mary, whom, as a kind of pious fraud he gave out to be worth thirty thousand pounds. A short time before the death of Mrs. Blandy, Captain William Cranstoun, brother of Lord Cranstoun, being upon a recruiting-party in Oxfordshire, and hearing of Miss Blandy's fortune, found means to introduce himself to the family. He soon gained an ascendancy over the mother; and the daughter smiled upon the soldier. But there was an almost insuperable obstacle to their mutual happiness: the captain had been privately married in Scotland; this, however, he hoped to get set aside by a decree of the Supreme Court of Session. In this he failed: and the father would not, therefore, consent to his daughter continuing to receive the captain's attentions. The mother, we have seen, died suddenly. The father remained inexorable, and could not be induced to grant his consent. This set the captain's sanguine soul to work. The affection of Miss Blandy for this profligate man, almost double her age, was violent. He imposed upon her credulity: sent her from Scotland a pretended love-powder, which he enjoined her to administer to her father, in order to gain his affection, and procure his assent. This injunction she declined, on account of a frightful dream, in which she fancied her father falling from a precipice into the ocean. The captain wrote a second time: told her his design in words rather enigmatical, but easily understood by her. This so elated her with the project of removing her father, that she was heard to exclaim, before the servants, "Who would not send an old fellow to hell for thirty thousand pounds?"

The die was cast: the powder was mixed in a cup of tea: the father drank, and soon after swelled enormously. "What have you given me, Mary?" cried the unhappy dying man, "you have murdered me; of this I was warned, but, alas, I thought it was a false alarm! O fly—take care of the captain!" Thus he died, a most melancholy spectacle. Miss Blandy was taken while attempting to escape: she was conveyed to Oxford Castle, and lay there till the assizes, when she was tried for the parricide, was found guilty and executed. Captain Cranstoun went abroad, and died in a miserable state of mind soon afterwards.

Possibly the foregoing narrative, together with the account of Jarvis Matcham, who was compelled by the apparition of his murdered victim to surrender himself to justice, as quoted by our author, at page 271, from Sir Walter Scott; and his narrative of the circumstances that led to the discovery of the Polstead murder, page 259 (extracted from *Notes and Queries*), may give some satisfaction to those ladies and gentlemen who think that Spiritualism is of no use, unless it can be organized into a department under Sir Richard Mayne, as an auxiliary to the police force. If we may credit the following anecdote, it has promoted the ends of justice and served the state in a case of far higher public importance; and Dr. Dee ought to be made a saint in the Protestant calendar—at all events, be duly commemorated at Exeter Hall. The story is this:—

John Varley, the painter, well known to have been attached to astrology,

used to relate a tradition, that the Gunpowder Plot was discovered by Dr. John Dee, with his Magic Mirror; and he urged the difficulty, if not impossibility, of interpreting Lord Monteagle's letter without some other clue or information. Now, in a Common Prayer Book, printed by Baskett, in 1737, is an engraving of the following scene:—In the centre is a circular mirror on a stand, in which is the reflection of the Houses of Parliament by night, and a person entering carrying a dark lantern. On the left side are two men in the costume of James's time, looking into the mirror: one, evidently the king; the other, from his secular habit, not the Doctor (Dee), but probably Sir Kenelm Digby. On the right side, at the top, is the eye of Providence darting a ray on the mirror; and below are some legs and hoofs, as if evil spirits were flying out of the picture. The plate is inserted before the service for the 5th of November, and would seem to represent the method by which, under Providence (as is evidenced by the eye), the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot was, at that time, generally credited to have been effected. The tradition must have been generally and seriously believed, or it never could have found its way into a Prayer Book printed by the King's Printer. (A.A., *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S. No. 201.)

## Correspondence.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

September 10, 1862.

SIR,—Mr. Coleman and I had an interview with Miss W—— of Norton, near M——, who informs us of wonderful spiritual communications which she had received at various times, from her very childhood up to the present time. She does not see the spirits, but receives aural communications from them. Sometimes they enforce her attention by seizing her wrist; at other times, by tapping against the walls. At times, she sees passing before her scenes which are afterwards verified by actual occurrences. In early childhood, the spirits used to ornament her dresses with patterns of flowers, of a most beautiful kind, stamped on them. Sometimes they were crimped merely. These dresses were shown by her mother to her neighbours, but as they only ridiculed her statements, she ceased to exhibit them. Even now, she states that beautiful patterns of flowers are sometimes impressed on her bed.

F.R.C.S.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

Malton, 22nd August, 1862.

DEAR SIR,—From the great interest you feel in Spiritualism, I am induced to send you an account of a *séance* held at my house on the 10th of July last, when were present Mr. and Mrs. Smith, a Miss S——, Mrs. Morton and myself. After sitting about fifteen minutes, the movements of the table became very powerful, when questions were put and answers given as follows:—

"Is any spirit present?" "Yes."

"Have you any communication to make?" "I will spiritualize you mysteriously. Put your trust in the Lord."

"By what means?" "Gospel illustration."

"Will you give a name?" "S——." (the name of the young lady for whom the communication was intended).

"But will you give your other name?" "Yes; Catherine S——."

"What relation?" "Mother."

"Has my dear mother anything to communicate to me?" "Yes; go to Scarboro' to-morrow, William is not well."

"In what way is he ill?" "Mentally." •

"Will you, my dear mother, be with me there?" "Yes."

"Why must I go to-morrow? I had intended going on Saturday." "I wish you to go to-morrow—I will go with you, to Scarboro'."

Miss S—— was a comparative stranger to all of us; she had never sat in circle before, and none of us knew the Christian name of her mother. She followed the directions given by her mother, and was not at all astonished to find her



brother (whom she had left but a few weeks previously in sound health) in a state of great mental excitement. I say she was not at all astonished, so impressed was she with the truthfulness of the communication.

I have on several occasions, when in London, visited Mrs. Marshall's, and have been touched by spirit hands, and had the guitar and accordion played whilst held in my right hand out of *all reach* of the medium; I have also been thrown three times from my chair by an invisible force, and as a proof of spirit presence. I have seen, on other occasions, in private circles, the table float for several seconds. I have given the narrative of this *séance* in particular from its peculiarity and truthfulness as also from the good that *I know* it effected.

You are personally acquainted with all the parties who were present at this *séance*, but should you require my letter for publication or otherwise, have the goodness to use only the *initials* of the young lady's name; so far as my own is concerned, I am unwilling to state facts anonymously, or to shrink from upholding truth.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

Benjamin Coleman, Esq.,  
London.

EDWARD MORTON.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

DEAR SIR,—At the request of a friend interested in the various phases of spiritual phenomena, I transcribe the following case of personal experience in spirit-writing through the guiding of my hand.

In the autumn of the year 1856, I had an esteemed friend—the late Mr. T. D. Barlie—then residing at Ealing. He was a confirmed invalid, and a great sufferer, but at the period above stated, he laboured under the pressure of an acute disease, and was apparently in the very grasp of death. Therefore it was no surprise to me, when I received, at my house in town, the following telegraphic dispatch—"Come, Barlie is dying." My daughter and I made immediate preparations to obey the summons. She was a "writing medium" of considerable power, though on this occasion she did not call her gift into operation. An impression, however, came to my mind, that I should myself take up the pen she had just laid aside, for the purpose of trying whether any communication could be transmitted through my hands. On placing my pen steadily upon the paper, I soon perceived the involuntary action. Slowly letter followed letter—word after word came forth—every finger of my hand seemed under the complete control of a directing intelligence foreign to my own will. The sentence read thus: "———," naming my daughter's spirit-communicant, "is now in the room with your friend, Mr. Barlie, comforting those that mourn with songs of peace—he says he cannot write through you; he is with your friend, who is writing to his brother—no, he is not writing to his brother, but to another person; he is writing to his brother's wi——" Here the idea came strongly into my mind that the letter *f* was about to follow to complete the word *wife*. But I disbelieved the statement altogether, not deeming it *possible* for my departing friend to handle either pen or pencil, much less to write to any one. However my hand was carried upwards to form as I confidently expected, the letter *f* in order to complete the word *wife*, referring to a lady with whom we were acquainted, but contrary to my expectation, my hand was forcibly moved round to form the letters *d o w* immediately following, making the word "*widow*," a lady with whom we were unacquainted. This gave me the impression that although the ability of involuntary or spirit-writing had been fully manifested to me, yet that what I had received must be an untrue statement, notwithstanding the concluding words, "Now no more from your loving ——" giving the name of my deceased wife. I nevertheless folded up the piece of paper, and put it in my pocket. We then proceeded to Ealing. Arrived at the house of mourning, I entered the sick chamber alone, my friend was lying still and calm, apparently in the stupor which frequently preludes death: I therefore felt still more confirmed in my impression that a *false* spirit-message had been delivered through my hand. But before quitting the room, I gently asked the dying man, "Have you been writing? In accents barely audible I received this answer, "Yes, I wanted to say something to M——" (the brother's widow.) I remain yours truly,

Lower Norwood.

H. A. FAWCETT.

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

---

Vol. III.]

NOVEMBER, 1862.

[No. 11.]

---

## SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY:— ANTOINETTE BOURIGNON.

IN turning over a library of old divinity, the reader may sometimes come across a scarce book entitled, *An Apology for M. Antonia Bourignon*. It gives an abstract of her life and doctrines, with copious extracts from her writings, and answers to objections. It has the prolixity and tautology common to books, especially of divinity, in the seventeenth century; but though on this account it may be a little tedious to lovers of the “run-and-read” style of literature, its perusal will well repay the diligent student who reads with other purpose than mere amusement; he will find in its subject a striking and beautiful exemplification of the humility, self-denial, and absolute surrender to the Divine will, which the Great Teacher enjoins upon all his faithful followers; and an instance of one who in a remarkable degree experienced the Divine light and guidance. It is from this book that our present account is chiefly taken.

Antoinette Bourignon was born at Lisle, in Flanders, January, 1616. Her parents were well to do in the world, and brought up their daughter in the doctrines of the Romish Church. She was thoughtful and pious from childhood; and hearing much of what Christ had done and suffered and taught, and reading the *Lives of the Early Christians*, she inquired of her parents, “Where are the Christians? Let us go to the country where the Christians live.” From her infancy, we are told, “she turned herself unto God by prayer,” and “had daily conversation with God, he speaking inwardly to her heart; and she thought this Divine conversation was a thing common to all.” As she grew older the influence of her companions, and especially the raillery of a sister, caused her to draw her heart from God and devote herself to the gaieties and amusements of the world: and as this took place in her soul God withdrew from it by degrees, and she no longer felt her former pleasure and contentment in prayer; this made her melancholy, and the more she endeavoured to

divert it by company the more it increased ; but she had not the courage to withdraw from these pleasures and frivolities, notwithstanding the inward monitions she experienced. At length the death of some that she knew arrested her course, and made her think deeply of the eternal world, and the transitory nature of the present life. Her soul was filled with anxiety, and she experienced those deep and bitter inward struggles of which we find so frequent mention in the history of devout men and women. She practised great austerities, frequented the churches and sacraments, and visited the poor and sick, "not knowing by what means she could recover the favour of God." She spent whole nights in prayer, oft repeating, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" One night, in a most profound penitence, she said from the bottom of her heart, "O my Lord ! what must I do to please Thee? For I have nobody to teach me. Speak to my soul, and it will hear Thee." At that instant she heard, as if another had spoke within her, "Forsake all earthly things. Separate thyself from the love of the creatures. Deny thyself." She was quite astonished, not understanding this language, and mused long on these three points, thinking how she could fulfil them. At first she thought of entering the cloister, and sought admittance to one, offering to work for her bread, and be content with little ; but the director only smiled and told her she could not be admitted unless she brought money with her ; whereupon she resolved she would live a retired life till it pleased God to show her what she ought to do, and whither to go.

She was told that as she had failed in finding a society of true Christians, she must aid in re-establishing the Gospel spirit, and that many would follow her teaching. She could not comprehend how this could be, as she was ignorant and had no authority, and prayed that God would deliver her from this enterprise and choose another ; but it was said to her, "Behold these trees in the churchyard—they seem dry wood without leaves or fruit, or any appearance ; nevertheless, when the season comes, they shall bring forth leaves, flowers and fruit in abundance, without anybody touching them. So shall it be of my work." She went to Fenelon, the Archbishop of Cambray, and laid before him how that God taught her to lead a Gospel life, and to live as the first Christians, and that many would follow her therein ; and begged his permission to take a place in the country in his diocese to begin it. In reply to his enquiry for a more explicit statement of her purpose, she told him, "We will labour the ground, and have our necessities from the fields, without asking money of those who would come thither. Poor and rich shall be alike welcome ; we aiming at no commodity on earth but pure necessities, and to please God." He said she proposed



great things, and he would think of it. Two days after, he sent Pere du Bois, superintendent of the oratory at Maubeuge, to examine her, who left her persuaded that she was indeed taught of God; some nuns also of the house in which she was lodged had the same conviction, and understanding her purpose, resolved to follow her. Hereupon the Jesuits endeavoured to persuade her that she was deluded by the devil, which they told her needed no other proof than her living without a director. On this, we are told, she had recourse to God, "but her spirit being tost with divers passions, she discerned nothing, being wholly in darkness." She went to the Archbishop, who, being persuaded she was guided by the Holy Spirit, thought she ought not to take the direction of men. Pere du Bois confirmed this view. For further satisfaction, she begged leave of the Archbishop to read the New Testament, that she might discover her errors by confronting them with the Gospel. She says, "She no sooner began to read attentively the Gospels than she perceived in them such a conformity with her inward sentiments that, if she were to set them down in writing, she should write such a book in substance as the New Testament." Though the Archbishop, with the consent of his council, judging her undertaking to be from God, had given her permission to begin a society at Blatton, where she had purchased a piece of ground for the purpose, yet, such was the violent opposition of the Jesuits, that they at length induced the Archbishop to retract his permission, and the undertaking had to be abandoned.

In 1653 she undertook the care of an institution for the maintenance and religious education of orphan girls. The fund provided only for ten or twelve, but such was her pity for destitute and untaught children that she increased the number to more than fifty, teaching them herself, and maintaining them at her own cost. She also commenced the writing and publication of works setting forth the truths communicated to her. In 1667, at the solicitation of M. Christian de Cort, Superior of the Fathers of the Oratory, at Mechlin, she went to Holland to get printed *The Light of the World*, a work which contains the substance of her religious teachings. She had some hesitation about going to a country where the Roman Catholic religion was not professed, but commending the affair to God, she was told "that these common differences of religion do not bring salvation, but the love of God only and virtue, which we ought to love in all persons who aspire to it, without regarding the outward religion they profess; that she ought to do good to all, and communicate to all the light of the divine truth, of what religion soever they be." "This," her biographer says, "wrought in her soul such a perfect impartiality, that she never afterwards inquired of

what religion one was, provided only he desired to put in practice the doctrine of Jesus Christ, and to recover the love of God." When Dr. Swammerdam consulted her about his joining the Church of Rome, she told him that there was nothing but vanity in the change of communions, and that he might labour to be a true Christian in the communion in which he was. She affirmed that were men more careful of the essentials of Christianity they would pay less regard to those things that were merely accessory and external to it. The declension of Christendom she attributed to the corruption and worldliness of its guides and pastors, who being generally void of the spirit of God, were deprived of the true and living knowledge of the things of God, and retained only the outside and the letter, varnished over with learning and human doctrines; and being void of true faith and true charity, they placed religion in a system of opinions and rites, on which they divided, disputed, quarrelled, formed parties, and instead of the charity, peace, and concord which Jesus Christ left his disciples, they begat hatred, strife, persecution, and bloodshed, "whereas the church of God should be united in peace and love, in the meek spirit of Jesus Christ." She, however, carefully distinguishes between the priestly office, for which she expresses the greatest reverence, and the character of those who fill it; of the latter she says, "They ought all to thank God that he has permitted their faults to be known, that they may amend them while they are yet in the world." Instead of this result, however, her representations seem to have had only the old effect of such plain speaking; it brought down upon her the most bitter persecution of the priesthood, both Catholic and Protestant. Among Catholics, being stigmatized as a heretic, she could not go to church without hazard of her life; one priest wished he might send fuel to burn her; and several times, zealots, thinking it would do God service, sought to kill her, and it was only by Divine warnings that she escaped their malice. The Protestant pastors caused her books to be burnt by the hangman, and under their instigation her house was broken open: the pillage of it continued two days. Her press, books, papers, and goods to the value of more than six thousand florins were destroyed. She was hunted from town to town, and from one garret to another; the pastors represented her as a sorceress, and so blackened her character that the people thought that to receive her into their houses "was to take in one worse than the devil." They would have procured her perpetual imprisonment, but for General-Major Vanderwyck. From one of his soldiers he had taken a sheet of one of her books torn up in the streets at the pillage of her house, and on reading it he was astonished, and enquired if this could be the doctrine and people of which so much evil was spoken, and who

were so ill-treated; and so effectually did he exert his influence as to procure from the prince a revocation of the sentence which the pastors by their representations had obtained from him. Under all her troubles she maintained an even mind; sustained by faith in God, her temper and disposition was serene and cheerful. Her life was a continual prayer, and her last words on earth were addressed to Him in whom she had trusted, and to whose service all her powers were devoted. In the 65th year of her age, she passed away to that better land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

In the words of her biographer, "She was most humble and self-denying, always ready to serve others rather than be served by them, and to take to herself the meanest and the least of everything. . . . Such was her love to men's souls, that she spared nothing to persuade them to the love of God, and to imitate Jesus Christ. She had an invincible firmness and constancy in what was truth: nothing could shake or alter her. . . . Her constant rule was righteousness in all things. She did not despise the good that was in her enemies, nor excuse the evil that was in her friends. She never judged according to passion, but according to equity. . . . She hated nothing but honour and sin. . . . Simplicity and sincerity of heart were her nature; there was no guile in her spirit; she not only would not deceive men, but also would not deceive herself; and because of this single eye, her whole body was full of light; for God makes wise the simple."

That we may understand, as clearly as the nature of the subject admits, the mode in which she received Divine communication, let us hear her own explanation of it. She says:—"So soon as my soul is free of every image, and delivered from the agitation of its passions, and the imagination ceases to operate, then I hear the voice of God, and his reasoning, not with my ears, but with my understanding. And after this manner He makes me see and hear all that I need to know, both for my own conduct, and that of others; which many have experienced, and found that I have told them the most secret things of their hearts, which neither men nor devils could know." And in reply to an eminent lawyer, she writes:—"That I may satisfy the question so oft proposed by you, how I understand and speak with God, I shall tell you in simplicity what I can say of it. God is a spirit; the soul is a spirit; they communicate in spirit; they are not verbal discourses, but spiritual intimations (*intelligences spirituelles*), which nevertheless are more intelligible than the best eloquence of the world. God makes himself to be understood by the soul, by inward motions, which the soul understands and comprehends according as it is freed of earthly ideas, and in so



far as the faculties of the soul cease, the motions of God are so much the more intelligible unto it. The intimations of God are infallible when the soul is free of all images, and in a forgetfulness of all created things; but they are doubtful when it acts by imaginations and sensibilities (intellections and sensations) or any other thing that is not purely God. . . . . The purified soul is transformed into Him, and has no need of words nor of sight to understand Him, more than we need an eye or a tongue to understand our own conceptions."

In another passage, speaking of the operations of the Holy Spirit in her own case, she says:—"He does not dictate to me all the words that I must pronounce, but the substance of all that I say. For the Holy Spirit speaks so succinctly, that one word makes me comprehend many things. He gives subtlety to the understanding to conceive great things by one of His small motions. It is just as if one were in a fine room, well adorned with divers furniture and rarities, but having no light in it whereby to see these things. In such a case it would require a great many words to make him who had never seen them, understand in particular all the fine things and furniture that were in the room, telling him that here are such and such things, such tables, such seats, and such like things; and yet we could not make him comprehend well the beauty of such things and such rarities. But if a light were brought into the room, though it were but that of a candle, in a moment it would give him more knowledge of all the things that are in the room than all the discourses that were uttered to make them known. So it is with the light of the Holy Spirit when it enters into the soul, it makes it know and comprehend all things very clearly. Nevertheless these things cannot be seen by souls who are yet in the darkness and obscurity of their own passions. It is thus that I say all my words do not come immediately from the Holy Spirit, but indeed all the substance of what I say, because I never had any other Master, nor any other study, but that of purging my soul from earthly affections. By this I received the light of all the things which I have spoken to you, with many more, which nevertheless I could not make you understand, but by words and discourses accommodated to your capacity, which are not all precisely indited by the Holy Spirit word for word, except that in general they are produced by the gift of wisdom, which the Holy Spirit always brings along with Him into the soul where He resides, giving it the skill to express itself, and to make Divine things be understood by those who are in darkness. But if you would maintain a precise inditing of words, the enemies of the truth might surprise you in some terms not well expressed, or some word of a contrary significa-

tion, or other faults of my language, which come from my weakness or ignorance. For the Holy Spirit can commit no faults. He always gives his light perfect and complete to the soul that is purified from itself. But He does not always give precise words and terms to make it be understood by others, because it does not remain always precisely hearkening to the inditing of the Holy Spirit, being often distracted by earthly objects, which divert it sometimes without its being aware, and in this diversion it may commit many faults, even though it had received the Holy Spirit. For this cause our life is always dangerous, and we ought still to watch that we be not surprised by our enemies. Sometimes the Holy Spirit gives notices of things which the soul never saw nor thought of; at other times he makes it understand something which it saw or understood imperfectly. But, for the most part, the light is demanded by the soul when it prays for it, or for somewhat else. Then, if it be well recollected, it receives the understanding of what it asked; either God grants it, or makes it see wherefore He denies it, or else what it ought to do or forsake to co-operate with the designs of God, and to obtain its request. You may learn in a moment more things in these matters than I could tell you in a whole day; for one word from God contains more than ten thousand discourses of men, which are still accompanied with many defects and imperfections; whereas the Holy Spirit has a perfect accomplishment in every thing, and envelopes Himself according as the soul is emptied of itself. We have nothing else to do, but to empty ourselves; because God being always in the centre of our soul, He would enlighten it abundantly, in case the hindrances were removed; for take them away, and we receive light."

She admits that it is hard to declare how this is done, that it must be hard also to believe it, and that in effect it is subject to deceptions and delusions of the devil, or of the imagination. "The same thing may be holy, diabolical, or human, according to the inward intention and motion of the soul that operates; in which so many deceive themselves who presume to discern spirits, and to guide souls by their own natural light." She sets down as "the chief mark and ground of discerning spirits," that "the Spirit of God has this quality that he never operates but for things divine and eternal; and that the natural spirit never acts nor aims but for things earthly and temporal; for all that is from nature tends to its centre, which is the earth and time, wherein nature is bounded." And again, "The good spirit, and the evil may be known by the qualities which they have. The Spirit of God has in him a peace and sweetness that comforts the soul, and draws it to an inward quiet. But the spirit of the devil

disturbs the understanding, disquiets it, and robs it of tranquillity and rest. All that comes from the Spirit of God is always accompanied with the qualities of God, which are goodness, righteousness, and truth; and that which comes from the spirit of the devil carries always the qualities of the devil, which are malice, injustice, and lying." And she gives this caution, which is equally applicable now as then, "Never amuse yourself with discourses, visions, or revelations made to you or others, if you do not perceive assuredly that they are accompanied with the good qualities of the Spirit of God, or otherwise you will be easily deceived." In evidence that she was herself under Divine guidance, she writes:—"I know well that I am a poor creature, subject to many miseries and infirmities, which makes me often humble myself before God and man; but I well know also that God dwells in my heart by his righteousness, truth, and charity, and that he makes me govern all my actions by the square of these virtues; and there cannot be a surer testimony that a soul is guided by the Holy Spirit than that it is possessed with the righteousness, truth, and charity of God." But, though regarding herself as taught of God, she disclaims all pretension to infallibility, and treats the question whether there is any human element in her teachings as ridiculous, seeing that she is human and that God does not cause all the natural faculties to cease that he alone may operate; but "always makes use of human creatures to speak to men, and to make known His will to them by the organs of those like themselves. . . . It is the Spirit that teaches me the doctrine which I write, but as for the faults which are in the words, it is I who commit them, and not the Holy Spirit. . . . Ought I, therefore, to hold my peace and not to write, because the Holy Spirit does not dictate to me all the words, and because I make use of those which I speak in my homely vulgar language?" She affirms that revelation is not limited to time or place, but that "where God finds pure and self-denied souls, He delights to communicate Himself to them, and to make them the organs of conveying His light and Spirit unto others, who are not capable of receiving it immediately themselves." She maintains that it is no more against the nature of God to enlighten pure and well-disposed souls than it is against the nature of the sun to send its light and heat wherever clouds and walls do not shut them out. Christ said to his disciples, "Receive the Holy Spirit; and when He shall come, He will teach you all things." This Holy Spirit is never idle. "Wherefore," she asks, "should men not increase in a knowledge of spiritual things as they do in natural things?" And she urges that we should pray continually for greater light in Divine things, for we can never have so much love for the unknown as for the known.



She affirms that she obtained her knowledge of spiritual truths, "without school or study, without books, and without masters. All my books consist in the conversation of my spirit with God; and my school is to learn to purge my soul from sin, and to withdraw its affections from all earthly things, that it may love only those which are eternal."

Concerning the manner in which her books were written, she says:—"They who see me write, know very well that I do it without any human speculation or study, and that it flows from my spirit as a river of water flows from its fountain, and that *I only lend my hand and my spirit to another power than mine.* Many persons are witnesses of this." Her biographer says that "when she put pen to paper she wrote as fast as her hand could guide the pen, and what was once written, was written without blotting out or change. And when she returned to any writings that she had laid by unfinished, though it might be for months or years, she did not apply herself to read them over, but having read only five or six of the last lines to see how the period ended, she immediately wrote on with her former swiftness, her sentiments flowing from her as water does from a fountain."

Her biographer regards it as "No less than a miracle, and beyond the power of nature, that she knew the thoughts in other person's hearts and their inward dispositions; not that she always did so, but when God thought fit to discover them to her, either for her own safety, or for the good of others. This is oft-times declared, and instances given of it, not only by herself, but also by MM. de Cort, Poirer, Tiellens, Francken, and many others." She was enabled in this way to discover the plots which her enemies contrived against her. Thus, on one occasion, when they were conspiring to seize and imprison her, she said to the friends who were with her, "I see in my spirit, such and such enemies (naming them) met together, who devise how to seize me: they have sent for the grand officer; they propose to him to seize me, and treat me as M. de Cort was (imprisoned), otherwise they will pursue him. He hears them, he wavers somewhat; but I perceive there is yet in his heart piety and the fear of God, that hinder him from yielding to their solicitations." Her biographer adds, "This was so true, that the grand officer declared more than once all the same things to two of her friends."

She also declares, "I have sometimes had dreams and visions coming from God, as I may afterwards make appear by experience; but I do not rely on these dreams and visions, unless the same things that I have seen and dreamed be confirmed unto me by a secret notice (*intelligence*) after the manner that I converse ordinarily with God." Her biographer tells us that when in "retirement and interior prayer, the devil failed not to disturb her therein by

spectres and other noises." She herself affirms that she had seen persons of whom "some were blind for years, and received their sight in an instant; others were dumb, and recovered their speech by supernatural means; others did hang and flee visibly in the air, before all the people; others were without pulse and motion for some nights and days, and in an instant would arise and walk cheerfully." And though she thinks that these things may be done by the power of the devil, and that therefore miracles are "not the true touchstone to discern if a person has the spirit of God;" she is careful to add, "Not that I would exclude true miracles from souls that love God; for they would certainly do them in this present time, as much as the Apostles did them in their days if it were necessary for God's glory. . . . But these things ought not to be valued in respect of faith and charity which unite souls to God. These are true miracles. . . . With these philosopher's stones they change earthly souls into the pure gold of Divine charity." And she acknowledges that "Men's minds are generally so extraverted and turned towards things of sense, that they cannot be affected with the things of the spirit of God, unless they be conveyed to them by means that may affect their senses."

Those converted by her direct personal agency she styled her "spiritual children." I find in Chalmer's *Biographical Dictionary* the following statement of her singular experience in relation to them. Speaking of M. de Cort, the writer says:—"This proselyte was her first spiritual birth, and is said to have given her the same kind of bodily pangs and throes as a natural labour, which was the case also with her other spiritual children; and she perceived more or less of these pains, according as the truths which she had declared operated more or less strongly on their minds."

The student of spirit-manifestations will distinguish between the facts of Madame Bourignon's experience and her theory about them. She held the common view (not even yet exploded) that all facts of a clearly supernatural origin proceed immediately from either God or the devil, without recognition of any medial agency. She was fully assured that the influence she felt, and the communications she received, were of a quality that could not proceed from the devil, and she thence inferred that they were from God. And in a sense she was right, fundamentally so; for all good is from God; all truth and light come to us from the Father of Light; every good spirit, whether of man or of an higher order of intelligence (if such there be), in so far as he makes known the Divine will, and is assimilated to the Divine nature, is a messenger and representative of God. That Madame Bourignon was under such guidance and teaching is a view that meets all the facts of her experience, and is one which, to many,

will seem most accordant with reason, analogy, experience, and Scripture. We may accept as true all the alleged facts of her life, without believing that she held direct communication with God. In her case this opinion does not appear to have been productive of any ill result; but in how many instances has it led to the wildest extravagancies, to the most dire fanaticism? So, we need not share the view of her biographer, (probably entertained also by herself,) that the spirits she saw and the rappings she heard when in retirement and prayer were artifices of the devil to hinder her devotions. From the fuller experiences of a like kind of the Seeress of Prevorst, and of other seers, and from facts within the knowledge of many, it seems more probable that these were unhappy spirits who sought thus to attract her attention in order to solicit an interest in her prayers. This, too, I am informed, is the view taken by the Romish Church in such cases. In most Protestant Churches the general rejection of the doctrine of a middle state has inclined them to reject all narratives of this kind. But to return.

In her statement of "The Essentials of Religion," she says: "The only essential command is a constant dependence upon God, and the resignation of our wills to Him; and all the other commands teach us only the means to attain this resignation, and how to remove the hindrances to it. The essence of true virtue consists in the love of God, and the essence of sin in the love of ourselves and of the creatures. All the actions of God partake of His three Divine qualities, righteousness, goodness, and truth; and nothing we do can be well pleasing in the sight of God if it be not just, and good, and true." Again, she says:—"I protest before God and man that I aim at nothing by all my words and writings but to persuade men to return to the love of God. . . . I have obtained all my design when I have shewn clearly that those only can be saved who take up the practice of a Gospel life." The whole doctrine of the Gospel she regards as "nothing else but so many means to withdraw man from sin that he may recover the love of God." This end she considers may be best attained by different persons in divers ways. "Some attain to it by the means of seriously reading the Holy Scriptures, others by humble assiduous prayer, others by retirement and solitude. It is of small moment to know by what means others have attained to this love of God, provided we take the means that are most fit for us to attain it also."

So much for what she regards as "essential" in religion; all else in her teaching she distinguishes as "accessories." She does not teach them as articles of faith; the belief of them is not necessary to salvation. "They who do not understand or relish them may let them alone." These mysteries that have been



revealed to her she esteems but as a cluster of grapes of the garden of eternal life, that men may in some measure comprehend the abundance and fruitfulness of it. It is not the purpose of these papers to enter upon theological doctrine, but as some will be interested in comparing her statements with those of other seers and persons under spirit-teaching, I will present an abstract of those which seem most characteristic, with as much brevity as possible.

Concerning the primal state of the world and man, she taught that there was no deformity in any of God's works: all was beautiful and luminous; the earth was as transparent as the air; all were representative of Divine qualities according to their several kinds. The soul of man was wholly Divine,—his understanding clear-sighted, penetrating all the secrets of nature, as well as all things supernatural and Divine. His body was not as we see it at present, but incomparably more beautiful and perfect, the master-piece of nature—clear, subtle, agile, and transparent. It was formed of the quintessence of all natural things; all nature obeyed it. If he went upon the water, it supported him; if he sought to penetrate to the centre of the earth, it yielded to him; if to pass through the air, it was a chariot to him. He was also complete and perfect in the sense that he had within himself the nature of both man and woman, and could produce his like without the help of another, when actuated with ardent Divine love. As he soon began to lean too much towards things of sense, that he might not fix his affections wholly on things earthly and material, God took one of the principles of fecundity out of man, and therewith formed the woman; that she “being formed more beautiful than any of the creatures, and being a more lively representation of God, he might love her in God as God's image, being endued with a Divine soul as he was, and so she might take off his affections from the other creatures.” When he turned from God, and sin corrupted his soul, his senses also became gross, dull, and feeble, and could discern nothing but the outsides of things; and his whole body became subject to disorder, and at last to dissolution and death. The elements too became gross, dark, barren, and unfruitful; the creatures shook off their allegiance, and became hurtful and mischievous to him. After describing the means of man's redemption by repentance and returning to the love of God through Christ, she expresses her belief that “in the end of this world, at the coming of Jesus Christ in glory, all things shall be renewed and restored into that primitive integrity in which they were at first created.” There will be a “restitution of all things.” Man shall be re-established in his original and perfect state. She even goes so far as to say:—“So that in the

kingdom of heaven there will be eternal propagation, but altogether holy, altogether pure and deified, without concupiscible appetite; but by pure acts of love to God, which will extend itself to the production of new creatures, to the glory of their Creator. There there is not male and female; they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels in heaven."

She affirms that God created all men for salvation, ; that it is blasphemy to assert that God created and predestined any for eternal reprobation; and also that it is a vain imagination that Christ came to save us "in a speculative way, or by some incomprehensible mysteries, seeing our redemption is accommodated to our capacity." She holds it to be "a great error" to believe that all men shall be saved by the sufferings of Christ without being obliged to suffer themselves, "because the sufferings of Jesus Christ will never be applied to any but those who shall follow his life and doctrine." And this not that God has need of our penitence, but that "we stand in need of it to recover the love of God." She distinguishes between conversion and regeneration: conversion being the turning away from evil to good, from sin to God; regeneration, the renovation of the whole man after the image of God. Consistently with this view, she held that there is a state of purification after this life for souls truly converted, but yet not wholly free from corruption, and not immediately capable of heaven; a state appointed not in wrath, but in mercy; as the Divine light and love, which is the element of heaven, would only torture the soul not transformed into the Divine nature; even as weak eyes cannot endure intense light and heat without pain, and require them to be moderated to their state of sensibility.

She teaches that Divine Faith is not mere intellectual apprehension. It "does not consist in believing only with the understanding the twelve articles of the creed, which may be done by a human faith, as we believe the recital of some history when a person worthy of credit relates it: this gives not to the soul any Divine virtues which God only can operate in us. Faith is a Divine light which God infuses into the soul, which makes it to know and desire eternal things, and despise temporal. It is not a natural quality, as our reason, but a Divine quality, which proceeds from God, as the beams do from the sun, as nothing can make us see the sun but the sun itself. . . . When it (faith) shines in our souls, it warms them with the love of God and of men who bear his image and likeness, and produces charity: and this charity regulates all our life, and gives weight and measure to all our actions." She taught that Christ's church is everywhere where there are souls possessing his doctrine and conforming their lives to his teaching, and nowhere else; and that he has

ordained that it be maintained not by money, authority, or controversy, but by holiness.

Of the Trinity, Madame Bourignon says:—"It is enough for our salvation and His glory, that we know that there is one God, in whom is a Divine Trinity, and that the Lord God and Saviour Jesus Christ is He; and that He is the fountain of all wisdom, the accomplishment of all power, the perfection of all goodness, who never had beginning, and shall never have an end; and that he has given us an understanding to comprehend all these divine attributes, through the operations which they produce in our minds. He who knows God will always know himself; and he who knows himself will assuredly know God, for the one is linked unto the other. . . . If God were man, we would say that His heart is the Father, His mouth the Son, and His understanding the Holy Spirit; because the heart of man is the seat of love, his mouth is the channel by which this love is communicated, and his understanding is the garden wherein the conceptions do grow to make his love be comprehended. These three things are but one person, though it have these three diverse operations. The Holy Trinity is but one God, who is all love, and loves man incomprehensible. We may call this love the Father. Now no being is perfect if he be not communicated. The Word has communicated unto man this love, therefore it may be called the Son. And this Word cannot be comprehended without understanding, which has likewise been given unto man to comprehend this love, which understanding may be called the Holy Spirit. . . . There are not in God three persons, as people imagine. When we are told that there are three persons in God, it is to be understood that there are three powers, that love is His essence, that His word communicates this love, and that His understanding makes man to comprehend it." And she reasons that as man possesses an understanding to conceive, a memory to remember, and a will to act, and is therefore in some manner an image or resemblance of the Holy Trinity, and yet cannot comprehend what memory, understanding, and will is, it is presumptuous to expect that he should comprehend the mystery in the Divine Trinity; and especially is it presumptuous when he would penetrate this mystery not to honour or love God the more, but for purposes of talk and disputation.

Madame Bourignon declares that men "deceive themselves as to the revelations and Word of God, taking it too literally. God's main design, when He speaks, is to shew and give the spirit which is contained and hid under these words, which men after their way of conceiving do not so easily comprehend, for it is much more ample than the letter, beyond its bounds, and extraordinary. So that whosoever will tie himself to the letter of



God's Word, and to the appearances of the Divine visions, do what he will, he cannot miss to be much mistaken, and to come short of, and be confounded as to the full and true meaning, because he has followed his way of conceiving, and has not given place to the spirit, emptying himself of his own sentiment; the letter kills, says St. Paul, but the spirit quickeneth. Thus we see we may be easily mistaken by our way of understanding the words and revelations of God. They are an abyss and depth of spirit, which our natural sense cannot comprehend." Among other examples of the spiritual sense of Scripture, she instances the passage in the Apocalypse about the stars falling from heaven. She asks—"For how could the stars fall from heaven since the mathematicians tell us, that one star alone is seven times greater than all the earth? If we take the mystical sense, calling by the name of *stars* persons luminous in doctrine, this sign would also have at present its sense accomplished, for we see every day such persons fall from righteousness and truth, who from some worldly interest, or human respects, fall from the truth of the gospel, which is the true heaven of souls, and wallow in the earth among its riches and pleasures as secular persons do, so that it may be said that the stars are fallen from heaven, and that the sun also is become without its light. For *truth*, which is the true sun of righteousness, can hardly appear openly; it is become black and hateful to almost all the world. These two signs of the *sun* and of the *stars*, appear at present in their full accomplishment in the mystical and inward sense, which is much more than if they did appear in the literal and material sense. . . . Jesus Christ, speaking of the last times, in which we are fallen, says, that a man must get out of Judea, and flee, even without returning to his house to take his clothes. Judea is the church and the sanctuary, where the abomination of desolation is now so increased that it is at its height."

Madame Bourignon had many followers both Protestant and Romanist in Great Britain as well as on the Continent, especially in Scotland, where, under the name of the Bourignian doctrine, her views occasioned much controversy, and were condemned by the General Assembly. Dr. George Garden, a minister of Aberdeen, was deposed in 1701 for teaching its "damnable errors." It is to this day one of the heresies renounced by candidates for holy orders in the Church of Scotland. She wrote twenty-two volumes, most of which were printed at a private press that she carried about with her for the purpose. The greater part of these have been translated into German and Dutch; two only, so far as we are aware, *The Light of the World*, and the *Treatise on Solid Virtue*, have been translated into English, and these are rarely to be met with.

An abridgement of *The Light of the World*, the largest of Madam Bourignon's works, edited by Mr. Salmon, one of the earliest of the admirers of Swedenborg's writings, was published by Robert Hindmarsh, who designates himself "Printer to the Society for promoting the Heavenly Doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church." Mr. Salmon, in his preface, earnestly recommends the writings of Swedenborg to the notice of the readers of Madam Bourignon's work. After specially recommending Swedenborg's *True Christian Religion*, he says, "I have long considered Madam Bourignon's works as a preparation for the same, being fully persuaded that none can partake of the exalted glories of the *latter*, without first witnessing the humiliation of the *former*, for according to the Lord's own words, only he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." The publication and circulation of Madam Bourignon's works by the followers of Swedenborg may, in some measure, explain Dr. Hurd's meaning when, in his *History of all Religions*, he says that the proselytes to her opinions "increased daily, and some of them came over to England. They published a considerable number of books, by which they disseminated their sentiments all over the kingdom. They ran into wild extravagances, and though they were at first very inoffensive, yet in the end they became most mysterious indeed. Their successors, however, have become more sober, and several great men both in the Church of England and among the Dissenters, have embraced their opinions."

I would ask of those who deny spirit-manifestations how they explain the fact that so many of the modern phenomena occurred in the experience of this estimable and pious lady, two centuries ago. It is a question that admits of much wider application—a question that constantly meets the student of history and biography. In the case of Madame Bourignon the evidence is the more striking from the circumstance that she lays no stress on these phenomena, but relates them quietly, and for the most part only incidentally; not for the purpose of drawing observation upon them. Yet we have seen that she had experience in spirit-apparitions, spirit-rapping and writing, in spiritual dreams, visions, presentiments, and warnings; in clairvoyance and thought-reading, and in that spirit communion by the communication of ideas and images to the interior faculties which has been designated "The Blending State." We have seen, too, that she testifies to a knowledge of persons blind, dumb, and incapable of motion, some of them for years, who had been cured instantly by supernatural means, or what is now called "healing-mediumship;" whilst others again were visibly suspended in and carried through the air. And the reader will bear in mind that all this is recorded in a book that does not bear on its title page the

imprint, "F. PITMAN, 20, *Paternoster Row*, 1862;" but, "Printed for *D. Brown*, at the *Black Swan*, without *Temple Bar*; *S. Manship*, at the *Ship*, in *Cornhil*; *R. Parker*, at the *Unicorn* under the *Piazzas* of the *Royal Exchange*; and *H. Newman*, at the *Grashopper*, in the *Poultry*, 1699."

The reader may not subscribe to all the opinions of Madame Bourignon, but I think few will deny that we may justly apply to her what Margaret Fuller said of Swedenborg, that he was "not only a seer of ghosts but a seer of truths." T. S.

## PROPHETIC VISIONS AND IMPRESSION.

WHEN Mr. Kitson, the railway contractor, was engaged upon the construction of one of the Prussian Railways, he was living in apartments at Berlin, with his wife and a little child about three or four years old. One evening whilst they were all in the room together, and the tea was being got ready, he was sitting opposite the fire with the little girl on his knee, and the tea kettle boiling at the side of the fire. Suddenly, whilst the child was on his knee, and he still holding it, he saw the *fac-simile* or double of his child get off his knee, go to the kettle, and drink the boiling water from the spout. He was paralyzed with fear, and at the same time confounded by knowing and feeling that he still held the child on his knee; and in the midst of this confusion the child actually got off his knee, went to the kettle, and drank the boiling water as its double had done just before, he being fascinated or confused to such a degree that he could offer no resistance, not being even roused by the shrieks of his wife, who saw the child taking its deadly draught. The poor little thing died in great suffering.

The following is a remarkable prophetic vision of the civil war in the United States:—\*

"In the year 1803, probably in the eighth or ninth month, I was one day alone in the fields, and observed that the sun shone clear, but that a mist eclipsed the brightness of its shining. As I reflected upon the singularity of the event, my mind was struck into a silence, the most solemn I ever remember to have witnessed, for it seemed as if all my faculties were laid low, and unusually brought into deep silence. I said to myself, "What can all this mean? I do not recollect ever before to have been sensible of such feelings." And I heard a voice from heaven say, "This

\* From the *Life of Joseph Hoag*. Published by A. W. BENNETT, Bishopsgate Without.



that thou seest, which dims the brightness of the sun, is a sign of the present and coming times. I took the forefathers of this country from a land of oppression; I planted them here among the people of the forest. I sustained them, and, while they were humble, I blessed them and fed them, and they became a numerous people; but they have now become proud and lifted up, and have forgotten Me, who nourished and protected them in the wilderness, and are running into every abomination and evil practice of which the old countries are guilty, and I have taken quietude from the land, and suffered a dividing spirit to come among them. Lift up thine eyes and behold." And I saw them dividing in great heat. This division began in the Church upon points of doctrine. It commenced in the Presbyterian Society, and went through the various religious denominations, and in its progress and close the effect was nearly the same; those who dissented went off with high heads and taunting language, and those who kept to their organized sentiments appeared exercised and sorrowful. And when this dividing spirit entered the Society of Friends, it raged in as high a degree as any I had before discovered, and, as before, those who separated went with lofty looks and taunting, censoring language; those who kept to their ancient principles retired by themselves. It next appeared in the Lodges of the Freemasons, and it broke out in appearance like a volcano, inasmuch as it set the country in an uproar for a length of time. Then it entered politics throughout the United States, and did not stop until it produced a civil war, and an abundance of human blood was shed in the course of the combat. The Southern States lost their power, and slavery was annihilated from their borders. Then a monarchical power arose, took the government of the States, established a national religion, and made all Societies tributary to support its expenses. I saw them take property from Friends to a large amount. I was amazed at beholding all this, and heard a voice proclaim, "This power shall not always stand, but with this power I will chastise my church until they return to the faithfulness of their forefathers. Thou seest what is coming on thy native land for their iniquity, and the blood of Africa; the remembrance of which has come up before Me. This vision is yet for many days." I had no idea of writing it down for many years, until it became such a burden, that for my own relief I have written it."

---

An Italian lady, Signora Berrurier, has been for many years resident at St. Leonards-on-Sea, and whilst living in the house of Mr. Beck, a baker there, she was one morning painfully affected by the impression of a dead body being in the room next to hers. She felt sick and ill, and desired Mrs. Beck to get

her some tea that she might get out of the house as quickly as possible. Mrs. Beck tried to persuade her that it was only the effect of a dream, but she said, "Oh no, it is there—do shut the door; it is there still—I feel it." This was about seven in the morning, and the Signora went out to her usual occupation of tuition, still being pursued by the uncomfortable feeling which had come over her in the morning. As she was returning home in the evening, about seven o'clock, she saw a crowd of persons returning from the direction of the house, and she was then told that they had just been taking home the body of Mrs. Beck's son, a young man who had been killed that evening at Hastings Castle by falling over the rocks, whilst playing at the game of hide-and-seek. There was thus in the very room where she had twelve hours previously sensed it, the dead body of Mrs. Beck's son.

---

## MANIFESTATIONS AT LUCERNE.

---

HAVE you ever been at Lucerne, that most beautiful, most enchanting of all the beautiful and enchanting scenes of the happy free Switzerland? Have you stood between the stately, frowning, rugged Pilatus, and the broad Rigi, that watch like sentinels over the blue lake below? Surely this Lucerne with its lake and mountains, its gorgeous blue and opal tinted water shining like a glistening sapphire in the sun that we poor Islanders know not of—with its Alpine snowy heights rising all round and before us, out of the very depths of the Lake, springing like nature's buttresses to form its beauteous lines, is the most charming spot on earth!

"Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again,  
I hold to you the hands you first beheld  
To shew they still are free. Methinks I hear  
A spirit in your echoes answer me,  
And bid your tenant welcome to his home  
Again! Oh, sacred forms, how proud you look!" \*

Oh, land of Tell and liberty, your blue waters and snowy peaks are no charm against the visitations of the vulgar hauntings which we hear of in other less favoured lands. No wonder that the proud Swiss resent the disgrace that is put upon them, and deplore what even their "doctors and ecclesiastics" cannot prevent even in these days of "railways and telegraphs." Courage, brave Swiss! Be not afraid! You are not to blame for them; they are the lot of all countries, and even your beautiful land is not free from them. Let not your free press scare you from

---

\* *William Tell.* By SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

your propriety, nor think worse of your good Herr Joller, the parliament man, that his house is the unwelcome scene of the curious but not uncommon hauntings which the *Lucerne Tagblatt* thus describes in successive numbers :—

“NIEDERWALDEN, STANS.—A few days ago we had again a case of sorcery [*Teufelsspuck*]. This time, however, it is not a ruin only that is affected by it, but the whole house of Mr. Joller, the liberal member of the legislature. There is in the house an inexplicable knocking; doors open and shut, in spite of all physical resistance; in short, it is enough to make any one feel uneasy. All classes of people from here, as well as from the neighbourhood of Lucerne, go to witness these strange appearances. Ecclesiastics, doctors, and other learned men are sent for to aid the investigation. The police have great trouble in keeping the people in order. The inhabitants of the house have left it, and the investigators are at fault. This occurs in the year of railways and telegraphs, 1862. The solution will be given at a subsequent period.”—*August 29th.*

“UNTERWALDEN.—Respecting the spirit-rapping and table-turning [*Teufelsspuck*] cases, the *Schweitzer Zeitung* relates the following from Stans. On the 15th instant the children of a respectable family, full of terror and fear, told their parents on their return, the parents having been from home, how the tables and chairs were thrown over without being touched, and how they heard frequently, at short intervals, violent knockings at the door. The father, an educated and enlightened man, reprimanded the children and gave them such explanations as he could to correct their superstitious notions. Repeated knockings on doors and floors, however, confirmed the children's statement. The father began to be attentive, and fearlessly watched for a few days in the hope of being able to detect the cause, but in vain. The knocking continued with greater violence; doors opened and shut, and doors of neighbouring rooms received violent knocks when apparently empty. The fright of the family increased, and public attention was quickly directed to the circumstance. Many respectable people testify to the knockings, but it is strange that the persons placed in the cellar say that the knockings appear to come from the room above, whilst those watching in the room above say that the knockings proceed from the cellar. Whilst thus watching, a hammering on tables and chairs is sometimes suddenly heard; at other times silence continues for hours. As is to be expected, the house is so crowded with people, that the police have to interfere. The greater number of these curious visitors, however, have had an opportunity of witnessing some of these inexplicable phenomena, though those who cannot get inside the house shake their heads and will not credit the facts. That such



appearances should create uneasiness is not surprising, and people who placed no belief in the supernatural have, in some cases, had their faith shaken, and are beginning to think that other than human agency is at work. What may be the consequences it is not easy to tell. Learned men from far and near have not been able to discover the causes of the disturbance, and nothing whatsoever can be traced which might lead to the belief that the knockings, etc., were produced by electricity."—*August 31st.*

"TRIENGEN.—The correspondent "*Eidgenosse*" writes under date, August 28th, how in Stans, in Unterwalden, in this year of railways and telegraphs, sorcery (*Teufelsspuck*) has become again the daily topic. Do not be surprised, dear neighbours of Unterwalden, for we, here in Lucerne, have had sorcery. In the Surenthale, where civilization has overcome a belief in ghost-stories, apparitions, etc., spirit-rapping and table-turning phenomena are again occurring, this time at the house of the clergyman of the place. Every evening, large crowds of old and young assemble before the clergyman's house to hear noises such as will make the hair stand on end. Neither physical nor ecclesiastical means as yet avail in offering a solution to the mystery. How long will superstition continue to exist?"—*1st September.*

---

The gentleman to whom we are indebted for the numbers of the *Lucerne Tagblatt*, from which the foregoing accounts are taken, has since sent us the following letter, with the further papers therein referred to:—

Lucerne, October 4th, 1862.

DEAR SIR,—I send two other papers herewith, containing further notices of the supernatural manifestations at Stanz, near Lucerne, and I enclose translations which I have made of them, which, though correct as to the facts, may require to be made a little less literally exact, and more English in style, if you think them suitable for publication.

Stanz is a village about an hour's sail by steamboat from Lucerne. The house of Mr. Joller is from one to two miles from the shore in a charming valley, fruitful and well peopled, by no means sombre or solitary, yet surrounded by magnificent mountains. Mr. Joller is a lawyer, a man of middle age, having several children, his eldest son being about twenty. He bears a very excellent character, and is well known throughout the country. The house is his own, or, at least, belongs jointly to himself and a sister or sisters. It is a small house, containing, I think, not more than five or six rooms altogether, and has no peculiar history. Mr. Joller's grandfather built it sixty or seventy years ago, the former family house having been burnt

down when the French occupied this part of Switzerland during the revolutionary wars. The old house stood on another site at a little distance. These particulars I learnt during a visit I made a month ago to the spot. It was just at the time that the family, having been driven out of the house a week previously by the disturbances, were about to return, believing them to have then ceased, as nothing had been seen or heard during the five days the police were in possession. Mr. Joller was himself there, but I saw no other member of the family. Unfortunately I was not able to speak German sufficiently well to be able to question him, though he was very polite and communicative. To an Englishman present who speaks German well, he gave every requisite information, and shewed the door which had been burst open, its staple having been driven off by the force of one of those tremendous blows which he described. I asked if he or any of his family had studied or knew anything of Spiritualism, or had their thoughts in any way led in that direction, but he replied, "Not at all." I must say that if Mr. Joller had been amongst a hundred men, taken at random, together in a room, and I had been asked who of them was likeliest to be a medium, from his appearance, I should have selected Mr. Joller, I believe, from a peculiar dreamy look about his eyes. And since making this remark to myself, I have heard it stated that the manifestations appear to follow him especially.

In this case great numbers of witnesses have heard and seen the phenomena. Since my visit to the house I have talked with one respectable and intelligent man, who was there during the period mentioned in the paper of September 28th as that of the trailing footsteps. He described it as sounding just as though some one were brushing the floor with a stiff broom by your side. He also saw a chair close to him slide of itself along the floor, and then suddenly perform a double somersault over and over. Many other things are related, and it has furnished a fruitful topic, not only for speculation, but for suspicion and scandal, every intelligent person in the household being selected in turn as the victim of this uncharitable and unreasonable determination to believe in nothing supernatural. The newspapers throughout Switzerland, from Zurich to Geneva, have been discussing the affair, but generally in the spirit manifested by the *Lucerne Tagblatt* which I send you. It is a curious compound of a bold pretension of unbelief and ridicule, covering over a stratum of credence which refuses to be entirely suffocated.

As I have not myself witnessed any of these phenomena, my name would be of no service in any way, and therefore I should prefer that you did not publish it. I should not have any objection if I had any personal testimony to bring, but that is needless

in the present instance, as you have the evidence of the public prints. If I should learn anything more of these singular phenomena before leaving Lucerne, I shall be very happy to communicate it.

I am, dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

B.

---

“NIDWALDEN.—For several days past has the hobgoblin in the house of Joller at Stanz again begun. ‘How long will this nonsense yet flourish?’ asks the *Neue Zurich Zeitung*. Concerning the beginning and the circumstances of the ghost, the *Eidgenossische Zeitung* gives, from an impartial person, a statement which the sender of it has received from a friend of Joller, a liberal, truthful man. With the assurance that what he says is so true that he was willing to confirm it by oath if required, this friend of Joller relates:—‘On Wednesday, the 20th of August, Mrs. Joller came over to me about 4 o’clock in the evening, and said, ‘Joller wishes me to beseech you to come to him—a remarkable phenomenon is displaying itself there.’ I went there about seven o’clock, and found the whole family assembled round the table. I remained standing in the middle of the sitting room, eagerly enquiring what had happened. Joller, wishing me good evening, seized a quiet moment to tell me about it, when there struck three heavy blows as with a hammer, near me upon the floor, so that I strongly felt it at my feet. Upon my asking who was knocking underneath, Joller replied that was just the circumstance of which he was about to tell. I seated myself looking towards the door, and listened attentively to his relation, when it struck strongly on the sitting room door, which at the same moment sprang half open, and immediately slammed heavily to. With a step I was at the door, and opened it quickly, but saw nothing except the maid in the kitchen near the hearth. On my asking whether she opened the door, she replied, with fright and terror, ‘No.’ Whether she had seen any one. ‘No.’ Scarce ten minutes afterwards, I again seated myself, and it knocked extremely heavily on the room door. I quickly seized the light, looked round the room, but found nothing at all suspicious, and the door had not the least mark of the blow. Hereupon I questioned Joller earnestly whether he believed that any one in the house was playing some trick, which he decidedly disbelieved. I then proposed to him to call in some scientific man. We agreed upon Dr. Deschwauden. Immediately I went into the village to call upon him. On the way I thought it would be well if some other credible men should be called in, that we might be able to watch at the same time, under and over, within and without. I went, therefore, to Herr Obermatt, President of the Tribunal (formerly President of the Central Committee of the



Rifle Association), and Herr Schallberger, Central Judge. We four went to Joller's house about nine o'clock, where we found the cabinet-maker, Amstad, and the drawing-master, Obermatt, who had twice heard the knocks underneath. After speaking to each other, we six separated ourselves into the sitting room, chambers, cellar underneath, and the passage; and now we made the remarkable observation that those in the sitting room and the chamber thought it struck on the outside; those in the passage that it struck within; those in the cellar that it struck from above; and those above that it struck from underneath. Mr. Deschwauden was not able to discover anything, and only conjectured that it might be occasioned by an electrical current; but could offer no reason for this, except that the roof of the house has an asphalte covering, in which the electricity might be collected. In the cellar there is a well, and into this we let down a light, which burnt clearly therein. This all occurred on the 20th August, up to eleven o'clock at night; and at that time nothing was yet made public. On Thursday evening (21st), I went with Amstad (the cabinet-maker) again to Joller's house, where we met the President Obermatt and Herr Schallberger coming away, and they assured us it went still more provokingly than on the previous evening, which we also found, and indeed so much so that we both experienced an ice-cold shudder thrill through us.' Thus closes this witness, and I join with him in saying that the two former are very strong and fearless men, the furthest possible from credulous, and that I have the same opinion respecting Herr Joller himself."—*September 12th.*

---

"THE GHOST-PLAY IN NIDWALDEN.—(*Correspondence.*)—Our much-talked of hobgoblin-and-ghost-apparition in the house of the Old-National-Councillor Joller has now at length, to the honour of sound common sense, found a final deliverance. For several days past the manifestations have gone on continually, and afterwards—as the housemaid testifies—a fearful voice called down the chimney, '*Jetzt chumi nimma.*'\* [I shall come no more.] The manifestations had at last reached such a condition that the edifice of this unmeaning imposture must have sunk under the burden of its own weight. However we will tell simply what has occurred. It is known that the official examination of the house gave this significant result, that so soon as the family were removed, though watched for five days and nights very steadily, no trace of any remarkable appearance was encountered. A judicial examination of this history was not taken, but time and sound common sense, if we leave it to them, will wholly clear up

---

\* This expression, "*Jetzt chumi nimma*," is in the local Swiss-German, and the editor remarks in a foot-note, "The Ghost appears also to be a native."

the imposition. On the 1st September, Mr. Joller, with his family and the maid, again went into the house, and so soon also was the ghost again at liberty. The spirit which had been during five days and nights bound or departed began again his loose play; this time, however, in a changed mode. The knockings and clubbings, the before-related door-opening-and-shutting, about which the learned break their heads, had all passed away. Instead of that, Mr. Joller and his family now relate that it made its presence known by an uncomfortable wiping and brushing sound, as if heard from the trailing footsteps of an unseen person. The sight-loving public journeyed again in numbers to the lower village and the neighbourhood of the bewitched house, that they might see or hear something. It was in vain! Nobody was allowed to verify this new wonderful phenomenon with his own ears. It continued about a week, until the ghost all at once took greater dimensions. The thing grew from day to day, from hour to hour, and rose at last into the utterly incredible and fabulous. Here are some of the most palpable fables (*mährchen*) that run and fly from mouth to mouth, told by Mr. Joller and his people. From every side apparitional flutterings of white cloths and images or appearances of all sorts—but about these we will say nothing—for their number is legion. On Thursday, the 11th September, came the catastrophe with the sweeping about of tables, chairs, bottles, &c. Whilst Joller upon the sofa had sunk down, contemplating with stolid resignation the destruction of his moveables, there appeared this second miracle. The window opened of itself, and there came in from above, with the rapidity of the wind, the famous branch of a tree of which we read in the journals. The branch did not disappear, as the *Neue Zurich Zeitung* says, but it was carefully picked up by Mr. Joller, and sent to an acquaintance that he and others might be convinced of the phenomenon. The branch was unhappily not an olive branch, for soon afterwards the devil or Kobold conveyed himself into the apples. If a child of this unhappy house took hold of its hair, it had quickly an apple in its hand. If the maid went into the cellar, she came back out of breath with the hair-bristling intelligence that the apples in the cellar were loose and flying about everywhere in a frightful way. One time a bewitched apple so far lost its way as to wander through a broken window in the upper story, and hopped about as if mad. It was at last caught, and laid upon the table. “But with the powers of Fate, we can make no eternal compact”—in a moment the apple is again away out of the window—in another moment the fellow is already again there, and the second time seized. When, later, a strange lady came and wished to see the remarkable apple very urgently, Mr. Joller sought it, but

could not find it; without doubt it had in the meantime either run away, or been eaten. More dangerously than among the fruit the Kobold conducted his establishment in the house chimney. There this wicked screech-owl appears to have set up his headquarters from the beginning. But latterly it is said to have thrown great stones from the inside of the chimney, so that a child was very near being struck. Unfortunately, this wonderful event, as well as the before-named droll apple-dance, was seen by nobody but Joller and his family. In the last instance the ghost was particularly malicious, and found a high pleasure in provoking and annoying the good people by hiding their furniture and useful articles in the house. Mr. Joller one morning missed his clothes; he sought, and at last found them wrapped together in a bundle in the cellar. The other day he missed again his highly prized petrification, in which the lively fancy of its proprietor traced the appearance of a death's head. 'Bah!' thinks our Joller, 'it is surely in the cellar also.' He sought it in the cellar, in all the rooms, upon the pavement—in vain. In the end he found the treasure under the cover of his bed.

"The most vexatious of this kind of tricks took place on Wednesday, the 15th September, in the evening, when, amidst the outcries and exclamations of the whole family, out of the same bed were taken an axe and a sickle. You see that the hobgoblin, after stalking in its madness, has at last sunk down into childish silliness. Let us hope that the voice out of the chimney was a prophetic one, and that we shall be graciously spared a second representation of this rejected performance. To the honour of the Nidwalden people we must finally remark that, with a few remarkable exceptions, among whom we found some "enlightened great ones," the silly spectacle has, from the beginning to the end, been heartily laughed at."—*September 28th.*

---

Concerning spiritual manifestations, *Le Moniteur* is particularly cautious in its letter from London, and forbears the use of vituperative and offensive terms, the only language deemed decorous there in any reference to presumed intercourse with disembodied souls. It is not from any consciousness that thoughtful minds on this continent, as in another hemisphere, hesitate ere they so summarily dispose of a mass of facts held conclusive as to some hitherto occult agency not only physical but intelligent. It is that the Emperor himself, as well as prominent intellects in the empire, would take umbrage at insult and slang in a matter which is under their serious cognizance and study.—*Letter from Paris to "The Lincolnshire Herald."*



A MODERN MIRACLE.

---

ON the 19th of March, 1857, Mr. Home, who was then residing in Paris, at 13, Rue des Champs Elysées, received a letter from a stranger to him, Madame A. Mavoisin de Cardonne, of 233, Rue St. Dominique, St. Germain, stating that she had had a dream, in which she had seen her own mother and Mr. Home's, and that the latter had told her to seek her son at once, in order that her son, who had been deaf for four years from the effects of typhoid fever, might be cured. This was so strongly impressed upon her mind that she wrote to Mr. Home to say that she would call upon him with her son the following morning at ten.

Accordingly the next morning she presented herself with her son at Mr. Home's rooms, there being present the Princess de B—— and Miss E——, who were with him previous to his leaving Paris that very day to proceed on his voyage to America. Mr. Home had been so overwhelmed by persons wishing to see him, that he had uniformly refused such visits; but on this occasion he had been so much pre-occupied by his engagements in preparing for his voyage, that he had not been able to acknowledge her letter, or to write either in the affirmative or negative. He therefore received her with considerable embarrassment, which was fully reciprocated on her part. It was indeed an embarrassing meeting for both of them, the mother yearning for her son's recovery, and Mr. Home, not knowing how he was expected to be instrumental in healing this long total deafness; the more so that operations had been performed on the boy by eminent surgeons of Paris, who had said that it was impossible he should ever be restored to hearing.

She sat down on a chair near a sofa, Mr. Home taking a seat on the sofa, and beckoning the son to be seated on his left. The son was in his fifteenth year, tall for his age, of a delicate complexion, with large dreamy blue eyes that looked as if they would supply the place of hearing, with their deep, thoughtful, enquiring gaze. The mother began her description of the boy's illness, commencing with the attack of the fever, and ending in the entire loss of hearing. During the recital, told with all the warmth and tenderness of a mother's heart, and describing the various surgical operations to which he had been subjected, Mr. Home's sympathies had been deeply moved, and he had unwittingly thrown his left arm about the boy and drawn him towards him, so that the boy's head rested upon Mr. Home's shoulder. Whilst in this position, and Madame de Cardonne was telling some of the most painful particulars, Mr. Home passed his hand caressingly over the boy's head, upon which the boy, partly lifting his

head, exclaimed in a voice trembling with emotion, "*Maman je t'entend!*" (Mamma, I hear thee!) The mother fixed on him a look of astonishment, and said, "Emile," the boy's name, and he at once replied "*Quoi?*" (What?) She then, seeing that the child had heard her question, fainted with emotion, and on her recovery the scene was a most thrilling one—the poor mother asking questions for the mere pleasure of hearing her child reply. The child was able to resume his studies, and has continued to hear perfectly up to the present time.

We hope that such a relation may be a means towards curing the mental deafness of many at this day, to those facts which are speaking trumpet-tongued of the new philosophy of spiritual forces, which shall bring even miracles to be only within a higher heavenly order than that of the so-called natural. Let us study humbly in this school, accepting all God's facts, without prepossessions or prejudgments of our own, except that His facts are good for us to know and to ponder in our hearts.

## INTERNAL RESPIRATION.—BAPTISM OF FIRE.

JOHN THE BAPTIST came in the power of Elias, wakening the echoes of the wilderness of Judea with his bold utterances, preaching the doctrine of repentance. He was the Lord's forerunner baptizing for the remission of sins. His was an introductory mission. His position by the Jordan, his baptism by water, his food, his clothing, are all symbolical of a naturalistic and transition ministry. He stands between an old and a new dispensation to call public attention to the coming Messiah. He is, as he declares, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord. I indeed baptize you with *water* unto *repentance*, but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose; He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." The difference between the watery and the fiery baptism is as the difference between the natural and the celestial. But Jesus must needs be introduced to His work through an initiatory ministry, therefore He comes to John to be baptized of him in the Jordan. John owns Him his superior, and refuses to administer to Him the initiatory rite; but, says Jesus, "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh Me to fulfil all righteousness. And Jesus being baptized went up straightway out of the water, and lo, the heavens were opened to Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove and coming upon Him." Thus was symbolized the baptism of fire

upon Jesus Christ Himself, as the type and prelude of a similar baptism, afterwards to be shed upon His disciples, as predicted by John. Why was the baptism of the Holy Ghost symbolized by the descent of a dove? Has this representation of spiritual inspiration been considered in all its relations. The dove is peculiarly the love-bird; we are instructed by its use as a correspondence, that before the understanding of Divine truth can be of benefit to the soul, it must be aided by Divine operations, just as John's baptism and ministry were external, and required to be infilled with the spiritual ministry of Jesus—with the baptism of the Holy Ghost and with fire.

The dove is peculiarly typical of the gift of Internal Respiration. Look at it! see it when it is expressing its love in gentle cooings; observe how it inhales the atmospheric air into its expanding breast, so globe-like, and shining with its golden and purple hues. It is the very image of interior breathing. Need we wonder why its form descended on the Lord, and why it was so often offered in the Jewish sacrifices. The dove is contrasted with the raven in the Bible. The raven appears to utter its harsh and discordant notes from the root of its tongue, as if its respiration had been "annihilated in the breast." The dove utters its gentle love tones as if from some hidden depth within the bosom. The raven was the first sent out of Noah's ark, and afterwards the dove. The dove is now being let out of the ark, for the third time, to return no more, having found a resting-place for its foot in the soil of regenerated affections, after the subsiding of the waters of a second flood:—

"For lo, the winter is past,  
The rain is over and gone;  
The flowers appear on the earth,  
The time of the singing of birds is come,  
And the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

The love of truth, united to the love of good, is restoring to us the dove-like breathings of Internal Respiration; for this is nothing else but the descent of the Holy Spirit in its Divine operations in the hearts of men. It is the descent of the dove—the second baptism of fire. John's prediction was fulfilled on the memorable day of Pentecost. Another Pentecost, however, still awaits the church. We have an earnest of what a true church will be when it becomes internal, in the Pentecostal influx and in its results at the commencement of the first Christian church. The Lord at His ascension, gave His disciples the assurance that a wonderful spiritual influence would descend upon them from on high, to qualify them for the discharge of their duty as apostles and preachers of the new religion. These are



His words, "Behold, I send the promise of the Father upon you; but tarry ye at Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high."

In obedience to the Divine injunction we find them, as detailed in the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, waiting during many days, instant in prayer, for the fulfilment of the promise. "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance," Thus were the Lord's words fulfilled, "Ye shall be filled with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." Nor was this baptism of spiritual power confined to the twelve apostles; it was bestowed also upon the seventy, and it extended ultimately to the multitude. Under its inspiration the Apostle Peter declared to the people, "The promise is to you and to your children, and to all who are afar off, even to as many as the Lord our God shall call." This was the first instalment of that Divine influx which is yet to be poured upon all flesh in greater fulness out of heaven from the Lord's glorified Humanity. The Lord's ascension had prepared the way for its descent, as declared by the Apostle Peter in these words, "Therefore being at the right hand of God, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth this which ye now hear and see." This Divine influence descended upon them *in answer to prayer*. Not once only, but again and again. Another company of them afterwards assembled for prayer, "and," it is said, that "when they prayed the place was shaken where they assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and spake the word with boldness." Here was truly a "spiritual manifestation," not "disorderly," nor from "enthusiastic spirits;" but caused by genuine spiritual influx from the Lord out of heaven, obtained, as all orderly influx is, by the breath of earnest persevering prayer.

What were its results—first, upon the apostles? It did not deprive them of freedom, nor make them fanatical, nor in any bad sense, enthusiastic. They were not puffed up with self importance, nor inflated with spiritual pride. Conscious that the inspirational element was "from on high," they "magnify God." They did not lose their personal identity, or individuality of character. Their idiosyncrasies remained as before. Peter was the same plain blunt man, John was still the beloved disciple; but while retaining all their natural traits of character they were,

from that time forward, greatly intensified in the spirit. They "spoke the word with boldness," the Comforter bringing all things to their remembrance. They spoke in "thoughts that breathed, and words that burned" into the hearts of the people. They were spoken of as "men full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom." It was said of Barnabas that he "was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost;" and of Stephen that the Jews could not resist the wisdom and power wherewith he spake. But upon none of the apostles was the influence of this inspirational blessing more conspicuous than upon Peter—Peter who had denied his Master with oaths and cursing—who had faltered and lied in presence of a servant-maid. But see him now, endowed with power from on high, with holy boldness and a tongue of fire, cleaving his way with a divine energy of speech to the consciences of his hearers, pricking them to the quick, and causing them to exclaim under a deep conviction of their guilt in crucifying the Lord of Glory, "Men and brethren, what must we do?" That *was* preaching! What produced these results? Not so much what Peter had said. There was a Divine operation accompanying his words, deeper than the words themselves, more powerful than mere human eloquence, more convincing than the art of logic. It was "the demonstration of the spirit," an indescribable magnetic influence from the mind of the speaker, as the medium, for which we have no more appropriate term than unction. Peter was under the influence of the sphere of the Divine humanity. He spoke "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven," hence the results. Thousands were converted at one hearing of his words.

Well did it become Peter, as the representative of the natural spiritual church, to be the mouthpiece, under Pentecostal inspiration, of Primitive Christianity. The proclamation of its simple truths began with Peter and ended with John. John will be the spokesman when the new celestial church has new Pentecosts. His testimony will be as unlike Peter's, as love differs from faith; but more commanding to lead the people in masses to a heavenly life, constraining them as at the outpouring at Pentecost, to continue steadfastly in the heavenly doctrines and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayer.

Evidently the time is not far distant when one, undertaking the office of the ministry proper (however learned in doctrine), will feel as unequal to its duties and responsibilities, without the gift of Internal Respiration, as the apostles of our Lord who had been under His personal tuition felt, with all this advantage, while tarrying in the city of Jerusalem before Pentecost, that they were unable to face the world with the Gospel of the kingdom until endued with power from on high. Internal Respiration will be seen and felt to be an absolute pre-requisite to

the proper discharge of the work of God's new ministry, "He shall purify the sons of love, and purge them as gold and silver that they may offer to the Lord an offering in righteousness. Then shall the offering of Judah and Jerusalem be pleasant unto the Lord as in the days of old, and as in former years." "*As in days of old,*" that is, as it was in the time of the most ancient church. This is a prediction that, to our immense treasures of doctrinal knowledge, will be added a vast development of religious power through the medium of internal breathing.

And who can tell what flaming tongues of eloquence, kindled, at the altars of celestial love by this heavenly inflatus, may not revive of the dying embers of Christian feeling in the hearts of thousands, causing them to fly as clouds, and as doves to their windows. The Lord is our great example in all things. It was not until His baptism by John, the descent of the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove, and His passage through temptation combats in the wilderness, that He commenced His work of preaching the Gospel. His first utterance after these experiences was the Sermon on the Mount. A mountain sermon it is indeed, pure, sweet and pellucid as a mountain rill; inspired by the love of the baptism of fire, shining with rosy splendours of celestial truth.

It may be proper to observe, while insisting upon internal respiration as a ministerial qualification, that we by no means advocate the view that influx is transmissible, in the sense of proceeding from the speaker to the hearer. The terms *to, from, descending, proceeding*, and all other words denoting motion, nearness, and distance, as applied to Divine influence, are only appearances in accommodation to man's imperfect perceptions. Good and truth, like heat and light, are not *transmissible*, simply because they are not substances. Heat and light are caused by the action of the sun upon atmospheric substances; so the Lord, as the sun of heaven and the fountain of life and light to the souls of men, does not emit from Himself, and transmit to others any substance; but He *operates* by His Spirit upon the created substances of the human mind in proximity to Himself, which have been arranged according to a heavenly order. The Lord is not *out* of man as to space, but has His dwelling inmost in every man, together with the arcana of the heavens. Every man is an angel in potency, having his dwelling in the immediate presence of the Lord. The kingdom of heaven is within us, and the Lord is personally present with every man, with the evil as well as the good; consequently to *send* the Comforter, is to illustrate and instruct in truths of faith; and to *come* to man is to lead him into good.

*Nearness to, and distance from the Lord*, are therefore only an appearance differing according to the state of the percipient



subject; consequently, the descent of the Holy Ghost is simply the operation of His love and wisdom in and upon the human mind, and the appearance of His descending is occasioned by the arrangement into heavenly order of those created substances of the mind. We can see then how it is that the presence of the Lord, imminent in every man, descends through the medium of Internal Respiration, into ultimates—into heart and brain, lungs and speech, and into the personal sphere of the regenerating man, not to enable him to transmit good, and truth, and power from the Lord, as through a tube to others, but as a cause instrumental to enable him to operate upon the minds of the hearers—"not in word only, but in power and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." The difference in the utterance and effects of the same truths before and after the bestowal of the gift of Internal Respiration is greater than was the difference between the preaching of the Apostles before and after Pentecost. The spiritual permeates the natural—not to deprive man of his individuality, but, as the opaque crystal receives the light of the sun and gives it out again without any change in its parts, to make his understanding luminous with the light of the Spirit, and to make his affections a medium for the expression of the Divine will, giving him sacred power and pathos in utterance. Angels have the fullest conviction that the love and truth which are in them are the Lord in them, causing them to will and do of His good pleasure; yet this connection co-exists with the deep consciousness of their individuality while acting as powers of God. So of inspired man. Through regeneration, he becomes a heavenly organized form receptive of life from God in orderly relations, and thus an executor of Divine purposes, having all his quickened functions pressed into God's service. He has become a habitation of God through the Spirit, to live in perpetual inspiration from Him, preserving his individuality, as a burning and shining light—a fixed celestial luminary—a church in its least form—immanent with the love, wisdom, and power, finitely, of God Himself. Thus was it with the Apostles, *in their degree.*

But what were the effects of the Pentecostal outpouring upon the people? It put them in possession, in a superhuman manner, of the great facts of their national history as they related to Messiah God. The Word stood before them, transfigured in their moral consciousness, like a second Sinai covered with smoke and fire. They perceived clearly, irresistibly, that they had crucified the Lord of Glory. This was a revelation to them in the spirit, filling them with an overpowering sense of guilt and shame and fear. They were at once convicted and converted, commenced a life of goodness and purity, and maintained it until death, amid

mockings, buffetings, scourgings, and the daily cross. *Thousands* were thus affected, giving us the pledge that, when the New Church shall have its Pentecost by internal respiration, instead of one here and there attracted by the intellectual charm of a new spiritual theology, multitudes will be awakened to a sense of their sins by the utterance of these spiritual truths, from lips inspired by love, and tongues of fire. The heavenly Jerusalem will come with the freshness and power of a new revelation, to those even with whom they have been household words, because aided by a Divine operation in the spirit.

Again, Pentecostal influx developed the germ of a new social fabric—the embryo promise of what is to be. “And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men as every man had need.” They “were together.” What a uniting principle is love! “Had all things common.” What a breaking-up of the innate selfishness of the natural man! What an evidence of the Divine origin and source of the influx! What a finger-sign pointing to the heavenly principle of co-operation, which must supplant every scheme of private ambition, and those vast commercial monopolies, resting upon and constructed by self-love and the love of the world, whereby the interests of the many are sacrificed to the aggrandizement of the few. Good united to truth in the minds of men, will lead to the reconstruction of society on the principles of heaven, into one vast social brotherhood, when it will be again said, “Behold these Christians, how they love!” and every society will be an image of the whole, and every individual a giver of good. Pentecost sent its healthful stream of life through many generations, but at last there came “the falling away.” The world of spirits had filled with vast congregations of the evil and false; errors were superinduced on the simple doctrines of the first Christians, and evil loves polluted the human heart, consequently the influx became inverted and a source of corruption.

But changes have been effected in the world of causes which will enable the stream to descend with increase of volume, purity, and power. The next Pentecost will produce, not only the tongues of fire, but the opening of the internal organs of respiration with the breath of love—to fan them and keep them in perpetual activity. A true church, first in externals, waiting in the city of doctrine, comes into internals at the second baptism of fire. The first was natural celestial, the second is the celestial itself. Internal respiration is not a miracle; the shutting up of man was the miracle. Every approximation to this condition through orderly channels, is the restoration of man to his normal state. But how is this gift to be obtained in fruition? There is

a Divine, and there is also a human side to this question. With God is "the residue of the Spirit." His work is operation, man's co-operation. God's promise is sure. The medium of its fulfilment is prepared. He is coming to every one of us; "But who may abide the day of His coming, and who shall stand when He appeareth, for He is like a refiner's fire and fuller's soap."

This question must be answered by each in the depths of his own soul. We shall have occasion, no doubt, to go out and weep bitterly, as did Peter before Pentecost; for, like him, we shall be sifted like wheat. John will first baptize us with water into repentance. Rigid heart examination in the light of Divine claims must be instituted. We shall be called upon to cut off the right hand, and pluck out the right eye of the selfhood, and enter the little upper room of prayer; there, in earnest persevering supplication, to wait for the promise of the Father. When we thus bring all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in the Lord's house, and prove him therewith, He will open the windows of Heaven, and pour out a blessing, until there shall not be room enough to receive it. Blessed is that servant whom the Lord at His coming shall find so watching. Remember the ten days' tarrying in the city of the Old Jerusalem.

"Jesus breathed upon His disciples and said, receive ye the Holy Ghost." This was but the symbol of that mighty rushing wind which afterwards filled the house of prayer. He will breathe on His disciples again—yea, He will breathe *in* them as at the first, when He "formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul." "To breathe into his nostrils the breath of life, is to give him the life of faith and love; and by *man became a living soul* is signified, that his external man was also made alive."

Again it is said, the reason why life is described by *breathing* and by *breath* is because the men of the most ancient church perceived states of faith and love by states of respiration. . . . It was on this account that they compared *spirit* or *life* to *wind*. The Lord also applies the same comparison when speaking of the regeneration of man. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit." So we read in the Psalms, "By the word of Jehovah were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth." And again, "Thou takest away their *breath*, they die and return to their dust; Thou sendest forth Thy spirit, they are created, Thou renewest the face of the earth." And in the Book of Job, "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." Again, "The Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty



hath given me life." This accords with what Swedenborg says, "By soul, in its ultimate sense, is understood the respiration of man." Here, then, it is distinctly stated that *breath* and *breathing* signify Internal Respiration, which is coincident with the higher states of faith and love in regeneration, under which the external is made alive. Therefore, the restoration of this Divine breath in man! Wait, again we say, in utter self-abnegation, instant in prayer, for this second baptism of fire, believing that, in promise, it is yours.

RESPIRO.

## SPIRITUALISM IN ALL AGES.

### PLINY'S LETTER TO SURA.

THE following letter of Pliny the younger to his friend Sura, was written more than seventeen hundred years ago. In view of the relations which the facts therein detailed bear to the spiritual phenomena so conspicuous at this day, we are induced to give it to our readers entire, especially as otherwise it might be inaccessible to most of them. The first account is remarkable, not only for the beautiful spiritual appearance and accurate prophecy which it details, but as countenancing in some degree the idea of guardian spirits (or tutelary divinities, as they were called by the ancient heathens) presiding over the interests of cities and countries. The second, occurring as it did at that remote period, and forgotten by almost all the world, is remarkable for the analogy which it bears to the many phenomena of "haunted houses," so called, which, in more modern times, have, with the same general features, occurred in different countries and among different classes of people, regardless of the previous beliefs or disbeliefs of those who witnessed them. The fact that occurrences thus manifestly correlated, and by their analogies mutually confirmatory, have been occasionally forcing themselves upon human attention for so many ages, and under so great a variety of circumstances, must, in all candid minds, go far to redeem them from any imputed and necessary connection with superstition and credulity, and to place them in the category of outstanding realities. It would seem, indeed, strange that the manacled ghost which appeared to Athenodorus, was kept from his rest by no other cause than having been denied the customary rites of sepulture; but if numerous concurrent and respectable testimonies may be credited, it would appear that many other spirits have, for a long time after separation from the body, been dissatisfied from a similar cause. Whether this is owing to a mere fancy on

their part, or to some mysterious magnetic connections, is, of course, impossible for us to tell. But to the letter:—

“The present recess from business we are now enjoying, affords you leisure to give and me to receive instruction. I am exceedingly desirous, therefore, to know your sentiments concerning spectres, whether you believe they have a real form, and are a sort of divinities, or only the false impressions of a terrified imagination. What particularly inclines me to give credit to their existence, is a story which I heard from Curtius Rufus. When he was in low circumstances, and unknown to the world, he attended the Governor of Africa into that province. One evening as he was walking in the public portico, he was extremely surprised with the figure of a woman, which appeared to him of a size and beauty more than human. She told him she was the tutelar power that presided over Africa, and was come to inform him of the farther events of his life; that he should go back to Rome, where he should be raised to the highest honors, and return to that province invested with the pro-consular dignity, and there should die. Accordingly, every circumstance of this prophecy was actually accomplished. It is said, farther, that upon his arrival at Carthage, as he was coming out of the ship, the same figure accosted him on the shore. It is certain, at least, that being seized with a fit of illness, though there were no symptoms in his case that led his attendants to despair, he instantly gave up all hope of recovery; judging, it would seem, of the future part of the prediction by that which had already been fulfilled, and of the misfortune that awaited him, by the success which he had already experienced.

“To this story let me add another, as remarkable as the former, but attended with circumstances of greater horror, which I will give you exactly as it was related to me:—There was at Athens a large and spacious house, which lay under the disrepute of being haunted. In the dead of the night a noise, resembling the clanking of iron, was frequently heard, which, if you listened more attentively, seemed more like the rattling of chains. At first it seemed at a distance, but, approaching nearer by degrees, immediately after a spectre appeared in the form of an old man, extremely meagre and ghastly, with dishevelled hair, rattling the chains on his feet and hands. The poor inhabitants, in the meantime, passed their nights in the most dreadful terror imaginable. This, as it broke their rest, ruined their health, and threw them into distempers which, with their horrors of mind, proved in the end fatal to their lives. Even in the daytime, though the spirit did not appear, yet the remembrance of it made such a strong impression upon their imagination, that it still seemed before their eyes and continually alarmed them, though it was no longer

present. By this means the house was at last deserted, as being judged by everybody to be absolutely uninhabitable, so that it was now entirely abandoned to the ghost. However, in hopes that some tenant might be found who was ignorant of this great calamity which attended it, a bill was put up, giving notice that it was to be let or sold. It happened that Athenodorus, the philosopher, came to Athens at this time, and reading the bill, enquired the price. The extraordinary cheapness raised his suspicion; nevertheless, when he heard the whole story, he was so far from being discouraged, that he was more strongly inclined to have it, and, in short, did actually do so. When it grew toward evening, he ordered a couch to be prepared for him in the lower part of the house, and, after calling for a light, together with his pen and tablets, he directed all his people to retire. But that his mind might not, for want of employment, be open to the vain terrors of imaginary noises and spirits, he applied himself to writing with the utmost attention. The first part of the night was passed with the usual silence, when at length the chains began to rattle; however, he neither lifted up his eyes nor laid down his pen, but diverted his observation by pursuing his studies with greater earnestness. The noise increased and advanced nearer, till it seemed at the door, and at last in the chamber. He looked up, and saw the ghost exactly in the manner it had been described to him; it stood before him, beckoning with the finger. Athenodorus made a sign with his hand that it should wait a little, and threw his eyes again upon his papers, but the ghost still rattling his chains in his ears, he looked up and saw him beckoning as before. Upon this, he immediately arose, and with the light in his hand, followed it. The ghost slowly stalked as if encumbered with his chains, and turning into the area of the house, suddenly vanished. Athenodorus being thus suddenly deserted, made a mark with some grass and leaves, where the spirit left him. The next day he gave information of this to the magistrates, and advised them to order that the spot be dug up. This was accordingly done, and the skeleton of a man in chains was there found; for the body, having laid a considerable time in the ground, was putrified and mouldered away from the fetters. The bones, being collected together, were buried; and thus, after the ghost was appeased by the proper ceremonies, the house was haunted no more.

“This story I believe upon the credit of others. What I am now going to relate, I give you upon my own. I have a freed man, named Marcus, who is by no means illiterate. One night as he and his younger brother were lying together, he fancied he saw somebody upon his bed, who took out a pair of scissors, and cut off the hair from the top of his head. In the morning it



appeared the boy's hair was actually cut, and the clippings lay scattered upon the floor. A short time after this, an event of the like nature contributed to give credit to the former story. A young lad in my family was sleeping in his apartments, with the rest of his companions, when two persons, clad in white, came in (as he tells the story) through the windows, and cut off his hair as he lay, and as soon as they had finished the operation, returned the same way they entered. The next morning it was found the boy had been served the same way as the other, and with the very same circumstances of the hair spread about the room. Nothing remarkable, indeed, followed these events, unless that I escaped the prosecution, in which, if Domitian (during whose reign this happened) had lived some time longer, I should certainly have been involved. For after the death of that emperor, articles of impeachment against me were in my *eserutoire*, which had been exhibited by Carus. It may, therefore, be conjectured, since it is customary for persons under any public accusation to let their hair grow, this cutting off of the hair of my servants was a sign I should escape the imminent danger that threatened me. Let me desire you then to mentally consider this question. The subject merits your examination; as I trust I am not myself altogether unworthy to participate of your superior knowledge. And though you should, with your usual scepticism, balance between two opinions, yet I hope you will throw the weightier reasons on one side; lest, while I consult you to have my doubts settled, you should dismiss me in the same suspense and uncertainty that occasioned this application. Farewell."—*Pliny's Letters*, b. vii., chap. 27.

REV. W. FISHBOUGH.

---

---

## A DREAM AND ITS FULFILMENT.

---

ON the evening before the battle of Lonato, August, 1796, after having been on duty the whole day, and riding perhaps fifty miles carrying orders in all directions, Junot lay down exhausted with fatigue; but without undressing, that he might be ready at the slightest notice. During the day he had thought a great deal about Muiron and his situation; Muiron had formed plans for his future establishment, which he had communicated to Junot.

No sooner was he asleep than he dreamt he was on a field of battle, covered with dead and dying; he was met by a powerful masked knight on horseback, with whom he fought; this knight had, instead of a lance, a long scythe, with which he struck at Junot several times, and by one of these strokes wounded him

deeply on the left temple. The battle was long: at length they closed. In the conflict the tall rider's visor or mask fell off, and Junot beheld a death's head; the armour then disappeared, and Death with his scythe stood bolt upright before him. "I could not take you to day," said he; "but I will take one of your best friends. Beware of me!"

Junot awoke, bathed in perspiration: day began to dawn: there was already heard the bustle which precedes a day such as that which was preparing; he tried to sleep again, but could not, he was so much agitated, and this dream produced an uneasiness which increased every moment; Yet, singularly enough, his apprehensions were not directed to Muiron, and on that day his anxiety was exclusively for Marmont.

The engagement began. Junot received two wounds on the head, one of which left that fine scar which he long had on the left temple, the other was near the nape of the neck: neither of these wounds appeared very dangerous, but there was a chance that the one on the temple might become so, in the state of mind in which he then was.

The moment he came to himself he inquired after Marmont. He was not to be found. When the officer who had been told to look for him returned, and imprudently told Givan, who was dressing Junot's wound, that he could not find him, Junot, calling to mind his dream, was seized with a kind of delirium, which alarmed the surgeons, the more because his blood had been for several days past highly inflamed. A messenger was sent to acquaint the general-in-chief with what had happened, he went himself to his favourite aide-de-camp, and strove to soothe him; but Junot would not listen to anything, and had not Marmont at that moment arrived from executing a commission given him by the general-in-chief (he had been, I believe, to Massena's headquarters), Junot would probably have been attacked by tetanus. As soon as he saw his friend he became composed, and seemed to think that he had nothing more to apprehend. "Ah! there you are!" he exclaimed, taking him by the hand, "there you are!" He then examined him with the only eye that was uncovered, to see whether he had received any wound, and smiled with satisfaction on perceiving no other traces of the battle but disordered hair, and clothes covered with dust and Austrian blood. All at once he was struck by the extreme gloom on Marmont's countenance; the image of Muiron presented itself to his mind. "Where is Muiron?" he cried, "where is Muiron?" Marmont cast down his eyes, and the surgeon gave Helt, Junot's valet de chambre, a significant look, to enjoin silence. Junot understood them. "The wretch," cried he "has kept his word then!" Muiron had actually fallen.—*Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes.*

## DR. CONOLLY IN SEARCH OF THE SPIRITUAL.

IN a late number of the *Medical Critic and Psychological Journal* is an editorial article on Swedenborg, in which the writer, on the one hand, extols this seer as a man of extraordinary intellectual powers, untiring assiduity, and lofty religious fervour; on the other, as one who should be ranked amongst the mystics, and his memorable relations considered as hallucinations. This article has brought forth a reply from Medicus Cantabrigiensis, who argues for the realities of Swedenborg's experiences, (and, to our ideas, successfully) in a pamphlet entitled, *Wisdom, Intelligence, and Science, the True Characteristics of Emmanuel Swedenborg*.

We mention this article and reply as they have reference to the doubting states of mind of the learned. The well-known kind-hearted Dr. Conolly, of Hanwell, writes thus to Medicus Cantabrigiensis (who is a physician of high repute):—"I have been reading with great attention and deep interest, *The True Characteristics*. You have exhibited singular acuteness, clearness, and temper, and the doctrine deduced is beautiful, as well as consolatory. The whole would be unanswerable, if the spiritual life could be realized to our belief; I mean as of possible development in this state of being. The realm of imagination may include Swedenborg's dreams, and also the prophets and seers you so adroitly put in the same category with him."

Now here is a venerable, learned, and much-esteemed physician ready to believe in the spirit-side of nature and in spiritual intercourse, could he but see its development in the present life. He is a gentleman of such unblemished character, kindly ways, so extensively useful, and so much venerated and beloved by all who know him, that we have thought it a very pleasing duty to call attention to this short statement, and so to lay the doctor's wants before the readers of our magazine. We hope that some of them will rescue the good doctor from his doubts, by pointing his attention to the many wonderful facts contained in our pages—facts stated by witnesses of undoubted credence and respectability. If he will but examine these statements with an open feeling of the bare possibility of spirit-development, he may rise from his task a fully satisfied believer in the spirit-side of nature.

---



## POSSESSION BY EVIL SPIRITS.

THE following letter has appeared in the *Union*, a paper advocating High Church principles. The case narrated by the writer is the more interesting, inasmuch as it illustrates several of the phenomena of Spiritualism, namely, the possession by evil spirits, the casting out of them by prayer,—the fact of special diseases being caused by spirits, and the hearing of a voice speaking to the writer, which must have been that of a good spirit, urging him to turn back and heal the sick man. We are glad to see such subjects illustrated in the religious papers, which are not under the same ban of heterodoxy, in which we find ourselves.

*To the Editor of the "Union."*

SIR,—The accounts of the casting out of evil spirits, as recorded in the New Testament, were vividly brought before my mind on Friday week.

My duties, as a deacon of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, had called me to the side of a deathbed on the day of which I speak. I generally wear a cassock and stole on such occasions, the former of which I fasten up with a cincture in walking about the parish in order not to attract observation—it not being perceived when worn under a coat. After leaving the sorrowful scene of weeping friends and relatives collected round the deathbed I have referred to, business called me into a house of business where several men were at work. On entering I perceived in the midst of a large workshop a man writhing in the convulsions of the most fearful epileptic fit I ever saw. Three or four strong men were holding him, but could not prevent his desperate struggles; his face was fearfully distorted, and the muscles of his arms appeared like snakes coiling beneath his skin. He had been in this state ten minutes when I entered the workshop. I had some scent in my pocket which I applied to his forehead and face to see if that would act as a restorative. Those around applied vinegar to his hands, nose, and mouth, but without any effect: he grew worse and worse. I remained some time to see if he would improve, but he did not. Having persuaded the master of the place to send for a doctor, I left, feeling I could be of no use to the poor fellow, and that it was perfectly unnecessary looking longer at such a frightful scene. I therefore went away.

When I reached the street I had only walked a short way when my steps seemed arrested by I knew not what; and I heard a kind of voice saying distinctly to me, "Go back again." I tried to shake off the feeling—a sort of (if you will) super-

stitious tremor came over me which I cannot account for. I would not go back I thought to myself, and I tried to move on : but no—"Go back again," I still heard. I stood in the street rivetted to the spot, and it was not till I saw that my look and manner was attracting the notice of passers by that I roused myself. Still the words, "Go back again," were as strong as ever, so I decided to do so. But as I went I did not know what I was going to do.

On reaching the workshop I was met by the master. I asked him, "Is the young man any better?" "No sir," (he replied): "just as bad as ever. We have sent for a doctor, but he is ill: so we have been obliged to send for another, and we have also sent for his father, for we do not know what to do with him." I said, "Would you like me to pray over him?" The master replied, "Yes sir, do." I took off my great coat and let down my cassock, over which I wear the cross of the society to which I belong; and I approached the crowd in the middle of the shop. There in the midst was the poor young man, convulsed as awfully as ever; three or four men still holding him. All, except those who held him, fell back to allow me to come near to him. At that moment I felt what I ought to do; so stretching out my hands over the writhing form, I said—"In the name of Him who, when on earth, commanded the unclean spirits, and they obeyed Him—in His name, at which the devils tremble and His saints adore—even in the name of Jesus, O unclean spirit, I command thee, come out of him. And I sign him with the sign of the cross in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." And here I made the sign of the cross over the body. In *one minute* the convulsions entirely left him, and he lay at my feet still as an infant, and as if asleep. The men, feeling his struggles cease, loosed their hold, and drew back, leaving him at my feet. None spake or moved, but looked earnestly on him and on me. I left him in this quiet sleep. In the evening I received a note from the master, telling me that he had slept in this manner for nearly two hours, and woke perfectly well; but without any knowledge of what had occurred.

The next day I went to the shop, and found the young man quite well and at work. Your readers will have different opinions of what they will here have read. I have but one—namely, that the name of Jesus and the sign of the cross still possess their miraculous efficacy; and that our Lord Jesus did cast out an evil spirit in this case as truly as He did in the case of the Syro-Phœnician's daughter. Those around were struck with the close similarity of the events: one particularly expressed his feelings to me afterwards.—I am, Sir, yours, &c., S. S. C.

## Notices of Books.

### TWO MAGAZINE REVIEWS.

*The Dublin University Magazine* has a considerable literary reputation, and on this account we had intended to examine somewhat fully its first article, headed "Spiritualism," in its number for July last; but when we inform the reader that it gives no evidence of any acquaintance with the subject beyond what may have been gleaned from articles and letters in newspapers, and from drawing-room gossip,—and that all the phenomena are resolved by the writer of the article into imposture, delusion, and nerves; he will perhaps think with us, that an elaborate and formal refutation would be superfluous. The article is one of the latest illustrations of that "shallow sciolism," which the writer of it so properly condemns. It is proverbially hard for a man to follow his own teachings, and we are compelled to include the Dublin reviewer in what he describes as the "swarm of dabblers who delight in passing off the green fruit of their untutored fancies, as if it were the ripe outcome of careful study and long experience." Why will clever writers rush into print about matters they don't understand, and place "the green fruit of their untutored fancies" before "the ripe outcome" of careful study and long experience of those who for years have tried and tested them to the utmost? Of what use are speculations and theories "framed in a closet," when they are at variance with a vast range of well-established facts, and with the results of direct experiment and careful induction? Such writers may mean well, and think they are doing good service to society in trying to write down what they regard as mere imposture, delusion, and superstition; but our would-be teachers on this matter themselves require to attend school, and learn the first elements of the question on which they think themselves qualified to instruct others. We say this in no unkindly spirit, but in simple sincerity, as the plain truth. The Dublin reviewer would have Spiritualism handed over to the doctors, for them to sit upon it as the coroners do upon a dead body. He is apparently ignorant that some of the most eminent members of the medical profession have carefully investigated it, and have concluded that it lies far beyond physic; that the cause of the phenomena is neither "nerves," nor "back-brain," nor "automatic action," nor "cracking of the joints;" that it is not a question of physiology at all, or only so in a secondary and subordinate sense, but one of psychology; not one of matter but of spirit. Of the reviewer's hypothesis, we may say in the words of Shakespeare:—

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,  
And this is of them."

But, as if to give pungency to our remarks, and to bring himself within the usual small circle of such shallow objectors, our critic, who undertook to enlighten the world with his bold denial of spiritual facts, has in his last month's number belied all his own arguments by treating his readers to a veritable ghost story. The only difference is, that this time it appears in *The Dublin University Magazine* instead of in our pages, and is seriously vouched for by the editor of that "amusing print," instead of by us. But seeing dimly his inconsistency, he gravely says that although the ghost story may be implicitly relied on as true, yet that it is not Spiritualism. We would fain hope that there may soon be an end of such blind foolishness.

*Fraser's Magazine* for October also contains an article on Spiritualism, to which most of the above remarks equally apply, with the additional one that it appears as if the article had been written long before, and was used in a hurry, notwithstanding its staleness. It is, in truth, quite beneath the dignity of the subject to notice such ignorant critiques. When we find an antagonist who fairly grapples with the subject we shall be glad to exchange ideas with him, but it is almost a waste of time to deal with the crude, oft-refuted hypotheses, statements, and small jokes which generally constitute the staple of newspaper and magazine criticisms on this topic.



## Correspondence.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—I beg to present to your notice the following narration of facts, occurring within the circle of my private acquaintance, to the verity of which I can bear my unqualified testimony. The parties concerned are my attached friends, our mutual connexion being of many years' standing; but I regret to say that *names* cannot appear, heavy responsibilities being dependent thereon. All I can venture, in this case, to say, is, that both the medium and her friend are ladies of refined manners and education, esteemed and beloved by a large circle of friends and connexions. Fictitious names must therefore be given: we will call the medium "Beatrice," and her friend "Elizabeth." Some few years since, Beatrice became a "writing-medium." Her hand was involuntarily guided over sheets of paper, on which she was made to write essays or treatises on subjects beyond her previous knowledge. On one occasion a correct medical diagnosis was given in writing through the guiding of her hand. The peculiar terms and phrases current among medical men being adopted, all of which she was unacquainted with, but on shewing the MS. to a surgical friend, he pronounced every term to be correct.

At another time she was impelled to write a communication purporting to proceed from the spirit of a deceased clergyman, unknown to herself, in the course of which, mention was made of his having been, in the year 1829, presented by his congregation with a golden *Cap*, for such the word appeared to her to be. The communication being addressed to her friend "Elizabeth," she presented the document to her with the remark, "What a strange thing! he says he had a golden '*Cap*,' given him in the year 1829." Elizabeth examined the mysterious word, and soon detected an error in the medium's reading of what she had written. Beatrice had mistaken the letter *u* for the letter *a*; she should have read "*Cap*," not *Cap*. The circumstance related by the clerical spirit was *true*, and though unknown to the medium, it was well known to Elizabeth, to whom the communication was addressed, yet not so the *date* of presentation. How then should they ascertain the correctness of that? Elizabeth bethought her of a friend, an intimate associate of the late divine, with whom she was sure the date in question would be correctly chronicled. Some little time elapsed before she could meet this person, but on doing so, she put the question, being at the same time careful not to give him any intimation as to her reason for making the enquiry. Without a moment's hesitation, he replied by repeating the date given by the spirit—1829.

As one more instance of this lady's ability to receive direct spirit communication, I would refer to a quotation introduced into an elaborate dissertation on a theological subject, which was given through her hand; the quotation was said to be from a work, the title of which was only indicated by the initials, "*S. D.*" The medium again had recourse to her friend, but this time Elizabeth also was perplexed to decipher the spirit's meaning—neither Beatrice nor her friend could think what could be the title of the work, *S. D.*, stated to be by Swedenborg. On subsequent reflection, it occurred to Elizabeth that *S. D.* must mean *Spiritual Diary*, a work which she feared was not in her possession. She searched the top shelves of her bookcase, with little hope of finding the volume; but to their mutual satisfaction there it was, covered with dust from long disuse. They had now obtained possession of the book referred to, but how should they discover on what page the quoted passage was inscribed, for to that they had received no clue, and the volume was of somewhat bulky dimensions. Elizabeth despaired, but gave the book to Beatrice. In her hand it opened at the very page from which the quotation given in the MS. had been taken, and with an exclamation of surprise and delight the medium pointed it out to her friend. They then carefully compared the MS. and the printed page, and found that the quotation was perfect.

The hypothesis of clairvoyance, or "thought-reading," in these instances, will not avail us for an explanation. In privacy, and with much unwilling, but alas, *necessary* secrecy, has this highly gifted medium exercised her power. There have been seasons when it refused to obey her bidding. It came and went, summoned or recalled by a higher power than her own will.

I remain, Sir, truly yours,

ANNA.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—On Tuesday evening, May 9, a *séance spirite* was held at Madame de Granboulogne's, during which some wonderful phenomena were produced. The number of persons present was very limited, but three mediums were amongst them. The circle consisted of Dr. and Madame de Granboulogne, Le Comte de Laboulie, the Baron de Guldenstubbé, Mrs. Puget, and her brother, Mr. Hawkins. The instant the hands of these six were placed on the table, loud rappings were heard, and the following sentence was given by the alphabet: "I am happy to be amongst noble hearts, and fervent spirits. I greet them cordially and promise them a miracle.—CHARLES." Mrs. Puget then asked if the spirit of her daughter was also present, and on receiving an affirmative answer, was asked to put out her hand, to lessen the light of the room. Immediately a white spot was seen on the table, close to Mrs. Puget's hand, and on touching it she cried out, "It is the flower promised me this morning." The lights were again placed on the table, and Mrs. Puget found on her hand a magnificent specimen of the white flower, called by gardeners in France, "*La trompette de jugement*." We all examined this miraculous gift, and our wonder and admiration increased on finding written in large letters on the inside of the white petal the word, "*Dieu*," and underneath it a cross, with the letters "*C D*" on each side of it.

Dieu  
C+D

On asking for the explanation the spirit of Mrs. Puget's daughter gave the following verse by the alphabet:—

"Cette fleur arrondie en trompette sonore,  
Presage un eclatant destin,  
Au culte que ma mere honore,  
Qui ne marche encore que d'un pas incertain.

Charles gives the lily, I the heartsease and verses."

On re-examining the flower we found a heartsease enclosed in it. A rosebud was then given to the Baron Guldenstubbé, and on it was written, "*E and C*." Mrs. Puget was requested to place her hands on the table again, and the lights were removed, in the hope that she would see the spirit-hand of her daughter. Suddenly a dim blue light covered the table, and bright gold and crimson spots like miniature stars flew backwards and forwards across it. Two persons then distinctly saw a small hand placed on Mrs. Puget's.

Totteridge, Herts, June 19, 1862.

J. P.

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—The following circumstance was related to me by a member of the family in which it occurred, and who, although a child at the time, remembers it well, as anything so remarkable could not easily be effaced from the memory. It occurred about the year 1825. Mr. Freeman (her father) was a house agent, in good circumstances, living in a large newly built house. Some time after they had lived there they were much disturbed by a violent ringing of the bells; then followed a violent dashing about of large furniture. Beds were unmade as soon as made, and large heavy mattresses, requiring two persons to lift them, were thrown off the bedstead on to the ground. Chairs and tables "walked

about," even up and down stairs. All the kitchen crockery, &c., seemed alive. Plates came down from their stand; a large bottle of ink came off a shelf in the kitchen, walked round the kitchen and back to its place, but was not spilled. Even loaves of bread could not be kept in one place. In fact the whole house, with the exception of one room, was a scene of the most terrible disorder. Of course neither expense nor trouble were spared to solve the mystery. One of the servants was discharged on suspicion of trickery. A physician—a friend of the family—sat up the whole of one night, "determined to discover it;" but his pale frightened look in the morning only helped to increase the mystery, and there were strange hints that he had seen something which he could not reveal. He declared he could never pass through such a night again. The clergyman came, and prayers were read in the rooms. The most expert Bow-street officers were engaged, who searched every hole and corner, even taking the boards up; but it was all in vain, and at last the inmates were compelled to remove from the house, which was done with difficulty, as the crockery, as soon as it was packed, was unpacked by this unseen agency, and it was only by main force that they at length succeeded in escaping with their goods. The cause was never discovered, but the disturbance did not follow them to their new abode.

F. J. T.

---

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—My grandfather died about the year 1817, at my father's house near Hull—his age about 75; and the phenomena of the haunted house I am about to relate occurred in his youth, now more than 100 years ago. It was then inhabited by some persons whose character was not much esteemed in the neighbourhood, and so far as I recollect, an old woman died in the house, and on her death-bed threatened that if certain arrangements were not carried out according to her wish, she would haunt the house as long as there was a brick standing. Some time after her death a servant girl, on going up stairs, declared she had seen the old woman on the landing, who said to her, "It's six weeks since you buried me, and I've never been out of the house yet." After that nothing was seen; but there were great disturbances in the house. Noises at night, as if dragging a heavy chain across the floor, and the bed clothes were pulled off. Some of the family were one day attempting to put some feathers into a bed, but the feathers were carried about the room in all directions as though with a whirlwind. One of the family ran to the Friend's Meeting House, where they were then sitting, and actually called one of them out in the provincial dialect. I forget the words he used, but he must have appeared very ridiculous to the quiet assembly there collected. My late grandfather volunteered to spend a night in the house, and took a man with him. After inspecting the room carefully, and being satisfied that there was no secret entrance, they went to bed together; but they did not undress, but sat up all night. They must then have laid on the bed with their clothes on, for the other circumstances I clearly recollect as related by my father, *viz.*, that some fearful noises occurred as if all the panes in the casement had been shattered at once, yet no harm was done; then a heavy chain seemed dragged across the floor. The clothes were violently pulled off the bed; they put them on again and took firm hold of them, but they were wrenched from their grasp, and yet nothing was visible. They pulled the clothes on again, and took still firmer hold; but this time they were torn into strips by the violence of the unseen power. When they lay down again, the man who accompanied my grandfather addressed the ghost, calling it an "old witch," or some epithet, I believe rather coarser. On this a stone was thrown, and narrowly missed his head on the pillow. My grandfather kept the stone by him for many years, and he used to say that it was unlike stones in the neighbourhood, and that he had shown it to many knowing persons, but none could certainly discover its composition. We must, however, observe that chemistry was but little known at that time, and also that the door was locked and the window shut, and that the stone could hardly have been in the room when they entered it. After many years the



stone disappeared. My father supposed that my grandmother had secretly thrown it away; for she wished the story to be forgotten, and never liked to hear it. My grandfather used to blame himself for having put himself in the way of evil spirits, the people in the house also not being very respectable.

W. H.

The following letter has been received by a friend of the Editor:—

My dear Mrs. B.,—Though you may have heard of, or seen something similar, I will impart an incident as it occurred to-me; and which, though half a century back, I see as clearly in the mirror of my mind now as then. You are no sceptic, or I would not tell you; but to the point. Mr. Chadwick, wishing to see his mother, who lived thirty miles off, went, saying, "I shall return in a week." A fortnight elapsed; I became unhappy, but daily expecting him, I did not write. A friend called; I told him my tale of trouble, and he said, "Have you courage to look into a glass? I can show you Mr. Chadwick, dead or alive." It flashed on my mind that he must deal with Satan; but having courage, and prompted by curiosity, I said "Yes." Standing behind my chair, he put in my hand a glass, the size and form of an egg, saying, "If you have the gift to see, it will soon change its appearance." Soon it was very opaque, then bright, when the interior of a room, with a man in bed, the arms thrown on the cover, appeared to my astonished view. "He is dead," I exclaimed. No; the figure rose up—looked full at me—it was my husband!—all vanished. In two days the same thing was enacted, when a fine Gothic church, churchyard, and a lady and gentleman emerging from an angle of the sacred edifice, appeared. I knew Mr. Chadwick, but not the lady. On his return all this was imparted. He regretted my distress, and said, "Mary you know my dislike to letter writing, and I thought you would conclude that my mother tempted me to stay. What you tell me of the glass is correct," and playfully added, "you know, born at midnight, the old gossips told your mother that you would be liable to see strange things. Taken ill when proceeding homewards I was detained at an inn some days; when better, I was strolling in Runcorn churchyard, when I met Mrs. Stocks, of Manchester, and we joined in the walk." Mrs. Stocks I had long known, and the lady my occult friend shewed me was certainly that fine, beautiful woman. I regard this occurrence as a mystery time will never solve, eternity never unravel. The character of Mr. Humphreys, owner of the mystic glass, stood high. He was learned, and a great mathematician.

MARY CHADWICK (in her 81st year.)

*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—It is a trite remark that every family has some narrative of a ghostly kind in connection with it, although it is not always an easy matter to elicit it. Here is one that occurred in mine. I had a relative, housekeeper to a rich but eccentric gentleman. He had no relatives, or none that he cared for. The night before his death he sent for his lawyer, to alter his will in favour of his housekeeper, intending to leave her the bulk of his property. Thrice was the man of law sent for, but he did not arrive till it was too late, and the intention was not carried into effect. Whether this had anything to do with what subsequently occurred I do not know, but in the room where he died there was frequently heard a sound as of hard breathing, though nothing was seen. Frequently, too, his step would be heard on the stairs; I say *his* step, for when alive he was in the habit of wearing a loose slipper; and the noise which this made, flapping on the stairs, was exactly reproduced after his decease. These sounds were distinctly heard, not only by his late housekeeper, but by other persons. Once, in particular, several members of her family were together, engaged in the unghostly occupation of whist, when the sound of ascending footsteps was so plainly heard that they declared there must be thieves in the house. The men seized sticks, pokers, whatever weapon came to hand, and sallied out, ransacking every hole and corner of the house, from garret to basement; but their vigilance and valour was unrewarded by any capture. The cause of the disturbances was never discovered.

T. S.

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

---

Vol. III.]

DECEMBER, 1862.

[No. 12.]

---

## SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY:— MADAME GUYON.

---

OF all the mystics, so-called, perhaps the one most widely known and appreciated is Madame Guyon. Her relations with Bossuet and Fenelon, the two most distinguished theologians of her time;\* her devout spirit, her evangelical teachings, her influence on the reformation of religion and manners; the practical piety of her life and writings, and especially the deep, fervid spirituality of her hymns, some of which have been so beautifully translated by one of kindred spirit—the poet Cowper, have made her deservedly popular even with many who have no sympathy with what they understand as mysticism. It is not intended, however, in this article, to present a complete biography of this excellent and distinguished woman; its object is simply to cite some of those facts in her experience which illustrate the “cardinal fact of spirit-communion and influx.”

One of the most interesting of these facts was the silent converse by means of “interior communication,” which, she affirms, existed between herself and those with whom she was in intimate sympathy, or, as she calls them, her “true children;” and which she especially experienced with her pious confessor, Father La Combe, with whom this “interior communication was carried on, even when he was afar off, as well as when he was near.” “We passed hours,” she says, “in this profound silence, always communicative, without being able to utter one word, and this silent converse she also experienced with many others, though not in a like degree;” and the knowledge conveyed to her by these “inconceivable impressions” she had “without ever having been mistaken therein.” To those who “once have tasted of this manner of communication, every other becomes burdensome,” she says; and she believed that this mode of communion was imparted to her to show her “that men might, even in this

---

\* Bossuet attacked, Fenelon defended Madame Guyon; and the controversy ran so high that it was finally carried before the Pontifical chair.

life, learn the language of angels." She adds that when "reduced to speak to him (La Combe) only in silence, it was then that we understood each other in God, after a manner unutterable and all Divine." Speaking of those who came to confer with her on religion, and there were many who did so, she says:—"God enabled me, in a wonderful manner to understand the spiritual condition and wants of those who came to me, and to say to them something which was pertinent and satisfactory." She was indeed herself astonished at the sudden illumination which she at times experienced. Thus, on one occasion she was visited by a distinguished preacher, a profoundly learned man, who, she says, "had carefully prepared himself on a number of difficult questions which were to be proposed to me for my answer. In some respects they were matters far beyond my reach; but I laid them before the Lord, and He enabled me to answer them promptly and satisfactorily. My help was in the Lord and in that wisdom which He gives to those who fully trust in Him."

Professor Upham, one of her biographers, tells us that in her writings she speaks of the "transmission of Divine grace from herself to others, as if it were a perceptible or sensible transmission; adding that the Divine power or influence which was transmitted through herself as an instrument returned back with all its blessedness into her own soul, when it was not received by others." In one of her letters to Fenelon, she says:—"God appears to be making me a medium of communicating good to yourself, and to be imparting to my soul graces which are ultimately destined to reach and to bless yours." And, in the same letter, she speaks of herself as an "instrument" and an "unworthy channel" of communicating Divine favours.

She speaks of water as an emblem of the soul, for, "as water yields with inconceivable readiness to the slightest human touch, so does the holy soul yield, without any resistance, to the slightest touch of God; that is to say, to the slightest intimation of the Divine will. Again, water is without colour; but it is susceptible of all colours. So the holy soul, colourless in itself, reflects the hues, whatever they may be, which emanate from the Divine countenance. Again, water has no form, but takes the form of the vessels, almost endless in variety, in which it is contained, so the holy soul takes no position or form of itself, but only that which God gives it."

Speaking of one of her treatises, *Religious Torrents*, Madam Guyon observes:—"When I first took up my pen for this purpose, I knew not the first word I should write. The subject was dark and mysterious before me. But, when I began, it gradually opened to my mind; suitable considerations presented themselves readily and abundantly." This passage alone would



not, perhaps, prove that this gradual opening up of the subject, where all was dark, was a result of spiritual suggestion and influx, though it might raise a strong presumption of it; but the following passage I think shows beyond doubt her belief that in writing she was aided by invisible communion with the departed. She says:—"In writing my commentaries on the Books of Kings, when I gave attention to those parts which had relation to King David, *I felt a very remarkable communion of spirit with him*, as much so almost as if he had been present with me. Even before I had commenced writing in my previous and preparatory contemplations, I had experienced this union. By a remarkable operation upon me, I seemed to comprehend very fully the greatness of his grace, the conduct of God over him, and all the circumstances of the states through which he had passed."

She mentions, too, that her commentary on the Book of Judges happening to be lost, at the desire of her friends she wrote over again to complete the missing part. On the first manuscript being found the two explications "were found, on comparison, to be conformable to each other, with scarcely any variation, which greatly surprised persons of knowledge and credit who examined them." Professor Upham remarks on this passage: "From the connection in which this statement is introduced, we are led to infer that she regarded the sameness of the two explications as resulting from a sameness in that inward and divine operation which alone gives the true light. The Lord guided her." Speaking of her *Commentary on the Scriptures*, Madam Guyon says:—"The Lord was so present to me in this work, and kept me so under control, that I both began and left off writing just as He was pleased to order it; writing when He gave me inward light and strength, and stopping when He withheld them. I wrote with very great rapidity, light being diffused within me in such a manner that I found I had in myself latent treasures of perception and knowledge of which I had little previous conception."

Her susceptibility to spiritual impressions is further evidenced by her sometimes experiencing a presentiment of events that nearly concerned her. On this subject I quote the following from Professor Upham; he observes that:—"It is not always easy to explain the impressions which exist within us. It is very possible that some remarkable impressions or presentiments may be explained on natural principles, but there are others of which it might not be easy to give a satisfactory account in that manner. I have been led to this remark from an incident which I notice in her history. On a morning in July, 1672, she awoke very early with such an impression on her mind. 'At four o'clock in the morning,' she says, 'I awoke suddenly with a

strong impression or presentiment that my father was dead ; and though at that time my soul had been in very great contentment, yet such was my love for him, that the impression I had of his death affected my heart with sorrow, and my body with weakness.' She had been residing some days at a monastery, the Prioress of which was a personal friend, some leagues from her usual place of residence. She had gone there for religious purposes, and she left her father residing at her house. On the afternoon of the same day in which she experienced the strong presentiment or impression, a man arrived in the monastery in great haste. He brought a letter from her husband, in which he informed her of her father's dangerous illness. Prompted by affection, as well as by duty, she immediately set out to visit him, but on arriving at her residence she found him dead."

Professor Upham says:—"I do not mention this incident because I think it very important. It was not a mere transitory impression, but a presentiment so sudden, so deeply imprinted, so controlling, as to take entire possession of the mind. She was so deeply affected by the conviction of which she was made the subject in this remarkable manner, that she says she could hardly speak."

These presentiments were also conveyed into her dreams, which, as Upham tells us, "seemed mysteriously to confirm her foreboding of sorrows to come," a foreboding which was only too well verified by events. Some of her dreams were so remarkable that her timid biographer, in relating one of them, for fear of any mistake, is obliged to intimate that he does so "without ascribing to it any supernatural import." She, however, carefully guards her readers from supposing that her views of truth were derived from these sources. She says:—"My mind does not form its conclusions by the extraordinary methods of dreams, inward voices, and spiritual lights of such a nature that they are not reconcilable with the ordinary operations of the mind . . . it seems to reach its conclusions *intuitively*."

Even in that higher and rarer kind of mediumship, the philosophy of which—from the Swedenborgian stand-point—has been so eloquently elaborated in this Magazine, in the recent articles on Internal Respiration, Madam Guyon had striking experience, as I have shown in a former paper on that subject (vol. ii, pp. 217-218) ; and that in this she was not the victim of any fantasy or delusion, is shown by its effects on her physical organism, which, on more than one occasion, became suddenly so dilated and enlarged by the action of spiritual forces within the physical structure, as to cause the necessity for an immediate adjustment of her apparel. Bossuet, in his conference with her, interrogated her strictly on this point, but she only re-affirmed her former statements. There are then points where the mystical

and metaphysical impinge on the physical, however falsely-fastidious people in speaking of modern manifestations may make wry faces at the fact. Mystical! why of course there are senses in which the supernatural to mortals must ever be mystical, as to disembodied spirits it is probable the material is equally so. Our mortal life begins and ends in mystery; and it is not the least of these mysteries, that in us, body and spirit, the physical and the metaphysical so strangely meet and blend in harmonic unity. Human life is one continuous physical manifestation of spiritual forces. If we accept this, why strain at the infinitely lesser marvels and mysteries of mediumship, as if they were something totally and in their nature, incredible! Every action and movement of the body physically manifests the operation of an indwelling spirit, potential over matter, yea, animating it, controlling it by its volitions, and moulding it to the expression of its inner loves.

And after all, in what consists the "mysticism," which drew down on Madam Guyon the bitter persecution of the orthodox? Why, she taught with George Fox, Tauler, and Christian mystics generally, that true religion does not consist in doctrines and outward observances; but that it is "Christ within us;" affirming as a matter of personal experience, that there was a voice in her spirit, inaudible, but always heard.

She says, evidently, with reference to her own case, "There are those who suffer for proclaiming the great truth that the reign of the Holy Ghost in the souls of man has come, and especially for proclaiming their personal and entire dependance on His Divine presence and influence." In a letter "To one who had the care of souls;" she wrote:—"The great thing to be kept in view by religious pastors at the present time, is, the distinction between outward or ceremonial religion, and inward religion, or that of the heart. Religion in its full development, is the same thing with the inward kingdom, or the reign of God in the soul. And certain it is, that this inward or spiritual reign can never be established by outward ceremonies and observances alone." And again, she remarks:—"The soul that is fully given up in faith and love, is astonished to find God gradually taking possession of its whole being. One of the evidences of growth in grace is, a tendency to cease from ourselves, in order that God Himself, in the operation of the Holy Ghost, may exist and act in us. In growing in grace, the soul becomes more and more co-operative with God, as the principle and strength of its movement."

I have cited these views and experiences of Madame Guyon because I am anxious that the public mind should be disabused of the impression so industriously circulated by those who should



be more careful to attain and diffuse a better knowledge of that whereof they write—that Spiritualism consists of certain external phenomena only, for the most part, of a very trivial kind; the truth being, that while these phenomena are indeed facts, and should therefore be universally recognized, no importance attaches to them other than from the consequences they properly involve. They are useful for the conviction of those who would regard the deep interior experiences of spiritual-minded religious persons as mere fantasy or delusion. But Spiritualism no more ends with these than English literature ends with the alphabet. On the contrary, in the language of the motto to this Magazine, it aims “to discover *all* truth relating to man’s spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare, and destiny; and its application to a regenerate life. It recognises a *continuous* Divine inspiration in Man; it aims through a careful reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.”

It would be well for our critics to judge us from *our own* statements of principles, rather than from those they persistently seek to father upon us, despite our disavowal of the paternity.—T. S.

## HYPOTHESIS OF DECEPTION UNTENABLE.

MEDIUMS are our fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers, neighbours and friends; most of them have become mediums contrary to their wish and will, and, in spite of the opposition of themselves, and friends, the phenomena have appeared wherever they chose, and have, in each case, commanded attention and enforced conviction of their spiritual origin, until now, in the comparatively short space of ten years, Spiritualism has its millions of mediums and believers scattered over the wide world, in every nation and with every race of people. There has been no collusion between mediums, and yet there is a remarkable likeness in all the manifestations, wherever they occur, with whatsoever race of people, and in whatsoever language, and through the several phases of the manifestations. Beside, wheresoever they occur, and in the presence of persons who do not believe they are spiritually produced, the phenomena *claim* for themselves a spiritual origin. We submit that the history of the phenomena fully vindicates the integrity of their mediums, and the hypothesis of deception offered in solution of them has ever been weak, malevolent, and insufferably unjust; we submit that it should for ever be abandoned.—CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

## SINGULAR CASE OF DOUBLE APPEARANCE.

I WILL relate a circumstance communicated to me a short time since by a lady friend residing in this place, whose integrity and truthfulness are undoubted. This friend had last winter, and still has in her employ, a German girl whose parents, with their other children, continue to reside in Germany. Since their first arrival in this country she has occasionally corresponded with her friends in their "Faderland," the young lady in the family she lives with acting as amanuensis. During the past winter Barbara was seized with intermittent fever, and was obliged to keep her bed. As she seemed to be slightly delirious, the young lady was in the habit of visiting her frequently during the night, a "nurse girl" in the family also sleeping in the same room. For *fifteen* nights this state of things continued, the girl exclaiming frequently to her young mistress, "Oh! Miss M——, every night I am in Germany with my people." On two nights in particular, she was quite wild—once getting up and carrying all the covering off her bed into another apartment, and on another occasion trying to pull the little nurse girl out of bed.

She recovered, however, and nothing more was thought of her illness till a letter from her friends in Germany was received, stating that her mother was almost distracted about her, as she had knocked at the door of her distant home for *fifteen nights*, been admitted, seen, and recognized by every member of the family, and by her mother, who had exclaimed, "Oh, my poor Barbara is dead!" that she had once been seen to carry the coverings of a bed into another room, and on another night had put her arms around the neck of a sister who was lying sick, and tried to pull her out of bed. This letter filled the girl with consternation. She said that in Germany they would call her a witch, and to the present day refrains as much as possible from alluding to it. When my friend related the circumstance, I thought it sufficiently strange and interesting to find a place in the history of similar unexplained phenomena, and to be more widely known. Perchance you, friend Davis, or some of your readers, may be able to throw more light upon this and other singular phenomena of mind. I will only add that I have related the simple *facts* as they fell from the lips of the lady in whose family they occurred, and who is still with the girl in question, a resident of Dayton, O.

Yours truly,  
LAURA CUPPY.

Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 21st, 1862.

*Herald of Progress.*

---

## PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

It is so long since I have contributed to the pages of the *Spiritual Magazine*, that I find it is suspected that I have gone back—that my confidence is shaken, or my interest lessened in Spiritualism. I desire, therefore, to assure my friends and such readers as may care to know, that my faith and interest in the subject are as strong as ever. All-engrossing worldly occupations and a long absence from home are the causes of my silence. In my travels, Spiritualism has met me at every turn, assuring me that in one phase or another it lies broadcast throughout society.

A friend who has steadily refused “to give in” has told me a veritable ghost story of recent occurrence, and whilst refusing to accept, as he has hitherto done, *my* facts, he begs me to believe the following:—“A lady friend of mine,” he says, “sent her maid to bring an article from an upper room in the house; after waiting some time, she went herself to see what had detained her servant, and found her lying insensible on the floor. Restoratives being applied, the girl assured her mistress, that on entering the room, she was startled at seeing the figure of her uncle standing there, who, as she advanced towards him, vanished from her sight. On the following day she received intelligence that her uncle was killed by falling into a coal pit where he was at work, at the exact time she saw his apparition in her mistress’s room.”

I accept this story without hesitation—I entirely believe in the occurrence. There are too many well-attested instances of spiritual apparitions, sometimes witnessed by two or more persons, to leave a doubt on my mind of its probability.

Am I then a very credulous and weak-minded person for taking such statements, without mistrust, from competent and honest witnesses? Or are my friend, and others like him, “wiser in their generation,” by refusing to accept anything upon faith that runs counter to their educated prejudices?

Listen, all ye of sceptical tendencies, to what a learned divine\* says upon this point:—“I have said that the mode in which controversy concerning such matters is carried on by some of the parties engaged in it, has a tendency to generate in their minds a stupid, unreasoning and universal scepticism. It seems to me that such must be generally, and with relation to all

---

\* *Superstition and Science*, by the Rev. S. R. Maitland, D.D., F.R.S., &c.



subjects, the consequence of perpetual efforts to discover untruth, to resist conviction, to escape from belief, to discredit testimony, to disprove, to disbelieve. Such use of our faculties is not only injurious; it is vicious and unnatural. The philosopher may call it an infirmity of human nature, for although he may have risen above, or otherwise got rid of them himself, he is forced to admit that human nature has some very unphilosophical infirmities; but it is a mere matter of fact that the belief in human testimony is as truly a part of man's nature, as his appetite for food, and his sustenance by it."

At a small country-town where I have been staying I found a number of believers. One—a lady of mature years—assured me that she had been accustomed to see spirits from her childhood, that they came to her in palpable form, and had, in audible voice, told her of events about to happen; on one occasion of the civil strife in America—on another of the Italian complications—on a third of some domestic event—all of which, she said, had come to pass.

Two families in the town, whose acquaintance I made, held circles at their houses, and obtained, as they told me, very interesting communications from their spirit-friends.

A gentleman occupying a leading position in the neighbourhood, and actively engaged in commercial pursuits, is a thorough believer, and has a library well stocked with spiritual literature. I found him solidly intelligent, and better informed than myself upon the subject.

The leading physician of a neighbouring city, with whom I am acquainted, is a Spiritualist, though few about him know the fact. He, too, has a large library of modern and ancient books, containing some remarkable records, and has himself a store of anecdotes collected from his professional experience, all tending to support his matured convictions of the reality of the modern phenomena.

The following is an extract from a letter lately addressed to me by a lady who has unexpectedly become a writing medium:—

"I, though formerly a strong disbeliever, am obliged to believe almost against my will—but I have little chance of a real test with such a set of sceptics as I have about me. I only *know* certainly that there is some power existing which impels my hand to write, and the table to move. I do not impel the pencil—the pencil impels my hand. The other evening the replies *were all in French*, although the questions were put in English. I am sure my brother-in-law, too, would be a very good medium, but he has no patience—none of those who try with us have. If no manifestation is given immediately, they begin to laugh at our folly—and it does

aggravate me so, for I have a sincere wish to know the truth. It is all nonsense for them to tell me it is imagination on my part; if it is, as they say, my imagination is much stronger than I ever gave it credit to be."

On my return to London a few days past, I called to see Mrs. Marshall and her niece (now residing at 10, Upper King-street, Bloomsbury-square) and satisfied myself that their mediumship is as strong as ever. The younger female is among the best rapping mediums I have ever seen. Had any honest sceptic been with me on this occasion, he would have been satisfied beyond all doubt of a great reality—of a something not to be accounted for by any ordinarily recognized natural law. It was at three o'clock, and broad daylight; there were two tables in the room, one of small size, at which we sat, the other a large one, with a number of things lying upon it, four or five feet distant from us. The spirit-raps were loud and distinct, alternating, at my request, between the table and the floor, which is carpeted. The table rose up repeatedly, and whilst suspended, playfully touched and pressed against my breast. I suggested that the younger medium should alone place her hands *flat* upon the *surface* of the table whilst I put one finger of each hand *under* the table top. I then requested the spirits to lift the table with me. This was instantly done, just as if hands were supporting it on both sides. I then asked the spirits to resist my lifting it, which they did with considerable power. I tried this experiment successfully several times in as many minutes. Mrs. Marshall, in the course of conversation, told me that the large table frequently moved about the room without being touched. I said, "perhaps the spirits will permit me to see it move," and on the instant the large table, with its weight of books, &c., glided close up to us. I pushed it back to its previous position and again requested it to come to us, which it did, and whilst at our side, all our hands being on the smaller table, and no one touching the larger table, it tilted at my request, see-saw like, in unison with the small one. Nothing could be more complete than the physical fact, and the intelligence displayed in response to my wishes.

I have recently had a visit from Mr. J——, whose acquaintance I made in New York. He is the gentleman who told me the story of the "broken rings," which those who have read my "American Notes" will no doubt recollect.\* Mr. J—— visits Europe partly on a political mission in the interests of the North, and in the course of conversation, he mentioned that he had written a letter to the Emperor of the French, and that before posting it he would like me to read it and to give my candid opinion upon it.

---

\* *Spiritualism in America*, pp. 16 and 17.

I told him after perusing the letter, that I thought it unnecessary to enter into certain details, which it would be better to reserve until his intended interview with the Emperor. In one part it was too ambiguous, and, altogether, it was not very comprehensible to me. He replied, "I am not at liberty to explain to you the meaning of that which you think ambiguous, but the Emperor will understand it; it is enough for my purpose as preliminary to a verbal explanation." Our conversation turned from politics to Spiritualism, and I was surprised to find that he knew very little of the subject. He had not, he said, ever seen a medium, except Mrs. Staats, in America, (who is exclusively an impressionable and writing medium, and at whose house I first met him,) and that he had never heard the spirit-raps.

At his request I made an arrangement to accompany him to Mrs. Marshall's rooms on the following day. On entering, I simply introduced him as a friend of mine who desired to have a sitting. He soon became much interested in the extraordinary demonstrations by loud rappings on all sides by the spirits who appeared to surround us. He asked for their names; Esther, the name of his departed wife was given, and the following message:—"My dear William,—I wish that you had staid at your home, and had not again placed yourself in the dangerous position you have been in, but, thanks to God, your troubles will soon end.—Your own loving ESTHER." Mr. J—— then asked if any other spirits were present who wished to communicate, and the names of Daniel Webster and Napoleon were spelt out by the alphabet. Taking the letter enclosed in an envelope from his pocket, which it appeared he had not posted as he intended on the previous day, he laid it with the address turned down upon the table, and asked if the spirits wished to make any observations on the purport of that letter and of his visit to Europe.

At this moment Mrs. Marshall (who at times is magnetically influenced to speak) jumped up suddenly from her seat, seized Mr. J.'s hand and shouted out lustily, "Let me shake your hand; you are an American! you are a medium! That letter is for France! You are going to tell him how he can control England! You are going to tell him how America will join France to overpower England! You *must* fulfil your mission, you cannot help it!" During this sudden outburst Mrs. Marshall continued to grasp and shake Mr. J.'s hand to his evident amazement. Fearing that he might be annoyed, and think it a piece of extravagant acting, I whispered a few words of explanation, but grasping my knee, and in a voice, tremulous with emotion, he said, "It's quite true. That *is* my object! I *have* a plan of operation to explain to the Emperor! that was my secret;" and thus the



secret, and, to me, ambiguous part of Mr. J.'s letter to the Emperor, was unexpectedly revealed by the spirit speaking through the voice of Mrs. Marshall.

Daniel Webster, whose spirit assumed to have given Mr. J.—the hearty welcome, then addressed him in the following words rapped out through the alphabet, "It is well to take the step you are about to do. Give France all the power you can before Napoleon's fall, which is sure to come within five years."

Q. "How will Napoleon fall?"

A. "In battle with England. America will join France. There will be peace in America within a year—Napoleon will inaugurate the movement and secure the good will of America."\*

Another message was then given by the spirit of Napoleon I. "You will succeed in your mission to France—you must make them fight with their hearts until they overcome the throne of England." I interposed the observation—"But your nephew will fall in the attempt." An emphatic "No!" was loudly rapped on the table, which was followed by an equally emphatic "Yes!" rapped on the floor, and these sounds were two or three times repeated, as if Webster and Napoleon were warmly disputing the point.

I have attempted to give a faint outline of a very curious and somewhat amusing *séance*. Without meaning to attach any serious importance to the messages, the predictions, or to the identity of the spirits claiming to be Napoleon and Webster, it is sufficiently striking, I think, to find responses coming from the invisibles of a distinctive character, as on this occasion, appropriately suited to the feelings and sentiment of the enquirer.

About six months ago I received a letter from Mr. B. Green, enclosing a sheet filled with eccentric forms and flourishes, which he said he had received from a friend in India, who believed it to be hieroglyphic spirit writing. I sent it to a lady who is a medium for emblematic or allegorical drawings, which are interpreted by one of the spirits who guide her hand in an intelligent and interesting way. The lady returned it to me in a few days with an exact copy of the forms and scrolls of the original, and a translation, line by line, of the whole, which comprised the Lord's Prayer, the Belief, and portions of the Bible. I sent it to Mr. Green, and I have just received the following letter from India acknowledging its receipt:—

"Behea, Shahabad, September, 1862.

"B. Coleman, Esq.

"Dear Sir,—Accept my thanks to both your lady friend and

---

\* This was on the 2nd November, 1862, twelve days before the publication of the diplomatic circular to England and Russia.

yourself for your kindness in procuring an explanation of my spiritual writing sent to you by Mr. Green. Living as you are in continual association and correspondence with friends who are in the great spiritual movement, you can hardly realise the satisfaction and pleasure the "explanation" through your lady friend has given me. I have been a medium upwards of four years, and within a circle of 200 miles I know only one or two who will venture an open sympathy, though there are many ready enough to insinuate "something wrong about the head" when spiritual things are mentioned. Enclosed is a sheet of figures, drawn with the left hand, and executed in three or four minutes, with little or no effort. As they are not like the productions through the right hand, may I ask you to oblige me by procuring an explanation of this also; it will be interesting to know what difference there is, if any, in the productions through either hand. The explanation, if procured, can be forwarded to me by Mr. Green. Yours very respectfully,

"JAS. MYLNE."

The sheet of figures enclosed is certainly very curious; there appears to be as much as could be traced by a skilful artist in as many hours as it took minutes.

All who are interested in Spiritualism have, no doubt, read Mr. H.'s narrative, which appeared a few months past in *All the Year Round*, and in the *Spiritual Magazine* for December last. I have the pleasure of being acquainted with the writer, Mr. H——, who is well known in the literary circles of London, and is an artist of considerable celebrity. He told me other very curious circumstances bearing on the supernatural. I said to him months ago that I thought he was himself a medium without knowing it. He, however, said he knew nothing of Spiritualism, and although willing to investigate, he was not at that time prepared to admit or to believe in the so-called spiritual phenomena. Whilst sojourning, in August last, at Scarborough, I received a letter from Mr. H——, in which he informed me that since we last met he had seen a good deal of Spiritualism. He had made the acquaintance of Mr. Home, and with him and other mediums in private life he had had a large amount of evidence, which went far to satisfy his scruples, and, indeed, he was receiving in his own person a practical proof of an independent controlling agency, to which he had consented at times to passively surrender himself. Among other communications, it was announced to him that the spirit of Sir Joshua Reynolds was present, who said that if he, Mr. H——, would abide by his instructions, he would paint by his hand. The conditions exacted were that he was to exert no mental effort on his work, and above all, *to take no money for his pictures*; so long

as he obeyed in these particulars (for a time at least), Sir Joshua would paint through him. Mr. H—— paid but little attention to the message until the same proposal was repeated at another sitting. He then thought he really would try on those terms, and accordingly he painted the portrait of a lady of my acquaintance. The likeness is pronounced to be all that could be desired. Mr. H—— has assured me that he executed it without any mental effort. He permitted the persons about him (contrary to his custom) to overlook him from the beginning, and they noticed the ease with which the picture grew, as it were, under his hand; and what is most unusual and remarkable, I am told that it was finished *without the smallest alteration or error from the commencement*, and it is said by competent judges to be very much more in the Sir Joshua manner than artists now paint. With reference to this portrait, I am enabled to say that by whatever means it may have been accomplished it is a beautiful production. It is an excellent and, so to speak, highly spiritualized likeness of the lady. I have it in my possession, and shall be happy to shew it, together with other spirit-drawings, to any one who may desire to inspect them.

Sir Joshua introduced, at a subsequent *séance*, Oliver Goldsmith, who said he would write a story through Mr. H.'s hand, and he commenced it at once, as follows:—"In the year '47, there lived at Scarborough a family of the name of Truelove." It promises to be a story of thrilling interest, and, like the painting, he is influenced to write it without any mental effort. Thinking the story might be founded on fact, I made enquiry whether any such family ever lived at Scarborough, but without success; all whom I asked assured me that no family of the name of Truelove had resided there for the last half century. Before leaving, however, one gentleman, to whom I had previously spoken, asked me the object of my enquiry. If I could give him a clue, he said, he might be able still to trace it. I shortly explained the circumstances. He exclaimed, "I have just bethought me that some time ago a friend lent me a manuscript journal kept by an old resident, containing every event of any importance that had transpired in the town during the last half of the last century, and I now recollect the record of a vessel being launched named 'The Trueloves.'" And he added, "Do you think the name of Hipsley has any connexion with the story, because I remember a very strange ghost story told of a family of that name."

I wrote to Mr. H——, informing him of these particulars, and by return of post, received his reply, in which he says:—"Your letter surprises me; it is a fact that at the close of the last sitting, the name of Hipsley was twice spelt out, but thinking



it was an erroneous spelling of my own name, and not seeing its application, we took no notice of it, &c.” The matter rests for the present at this stage, but Oliver Goldsmith’s story, I am told, proceeds; and when completed, will be published by Mr. H—— separately in one volume.

I called a few days past at the office of a friend in the city, who takes an interest in Spiritualism, and he read to me a letter he had just received from a correspondent, from which I make the following extract—the writer is a member of one of the leading commercial firms of Scotland:—

“Do you still study psychology? Most remarkable occurrences have happened in my own family. My wife had a relative in California who was known among us by the cognomen of ‘Uncle Willie.’ On the morning of the 21st of July last, when my wife wakened, she turned to me in bed and said, ‘I saw in my sleep during the night, ‘Uncle Willie’ dying. I wished to touch him, but something always stood between us.’ I ridiculed her, having myself no faith in dreams, but she felt for days so impressed by her vision, as she called it, that I then noted down the date and circumstance. Well, yesterday I had a letter from California, informing us that ‘Uncle Willie’ had died on the 20th July. Again on Wednesday night last, the 29th October, my wife and I went to bed at eleven o’clock; she immediately fell asleep while I remained awake. At twelve o’clock she suddenly sat up in bed, still sleeping, and her eyes shut, and said with a loud, firm voice, ‘A letter has arrived—Jessie McLachlan won’t be hanged,’ and laid her head down and slept quietly. Next morning the papers informed us that at a quarter from twelve the Lord Provost had received a letter from Sir George Grey commuting the sentence, and that he had started at once and informed the prisoner at a quarter past twelve at night.”

There are two young ladies, the daughters, I believe, of a noble family resident in London, who are very powerful mediums. The manifestations which have been witnessed through their mediumship are very marvellous. A friend of mine, who when I first spoke to him on the subject, a year or two ago, smiled at my credulity, but who is now himself a staunch believer, informed me that he recently paid a morning visit to these ladies, and that the phenomena seen by him, and by a well-known scientific baronet almost surpassed anything he had ever heard of. His hat and cane were at his request taken from his side and conveyed to a distant part of the room. His handkerchief was drawn from his pocket and placed in his hat; a bell that stood on the sideboard some distance from the whole party was rung, and at length not less than twenty spiritual hands were seen by all,

playfully touching them, but like "will o' the wisps", eluding their grasp.

The readers of the Magazine will be glad to learn that I have just received a letter from Mr. L——, of New York, in which he promises to resume his narrative of the events which have transpired since he last wrote to me, now some months past. He says that the hot summer weather, he finds, is not favourable to the development of great manifestations; but, nevertheless, he has had numerous sittings, with most extraordinary results. In one instance, he states that he actually succeeded in cutting off a piece of the robe worn by the spirit of his wife with a pair of scissors, and retained the piece for three or four minutes in his hand, by which he had an opportunity of testing its strength, &c. I am also informed that Dr. Gray, who has been present at some of these remarkable sittings, will shortly write for the Magazine an account of what he witnessed, which will corroborate the statements of Mr. L——.

A circumstance is reported in the *Times* of Nov. 14th, headed "Extraordinary Delusion," which I think worth recording in this place.

It appears that Captain Henry Mathias, commanding the barque *Usk*, belonging to Messrs. Beynon & Co., of Newport, was on his voyage from that port to Caldera, in Chili, South America, when he was overtaken by a terrific storm in rounding Cape Horn, in the midst of which, he says, a small still voice spoke to him, audibly telling him to return to Newport with his ship. Not knowing what to make of it, he strove against the influence, which, however, became irresistible. Demanding to have some sign that he might know for a certainty that he was not deceiving himself, the voice spoke again and said, "I will take my hand off you, and the glass shall rise immediately, if you are obedient to the command given to you." Though a sense of duty impelled him to pursue his voyage—after battling against the injunction for eight days, during which time he could not sleep—he at length put the ship about and returned to Newport, having prophesied the day the ship would be in dock and other things, which came to pass exactly as he had indicated.

Such is the substance of the story as given to the Local Marine Board of Bristol, before whom Captain Mathias was arraigned. The result was that the board unanimously declared that Captain Mathias had been, and still was labouring under a mental delusion which rendered him incompetent to take charge of any vessel, and they accordingly cancelled his certificate.

I do not see that Messrs. Beynon and Co., or the members of the Marine Board, having no knowledge probably of spiritual interference, could have done less than they did. But had I been

the owner of the ship, I certainly should not for that act alone have brought Capt. Mathias before the marine tribunal. I should at least, have been prepared to admit the reality of such a visitation, and its irresistible influence on the man's mind. There are many similar instances on record besides those in the Bible, but there is generally an important object made manifest in the sequel which does not *at present* appear in this case.

Mr. Robert Dale Owen, in his *Footfalls on the Boundary of another World*, relates a case where the captain of a ship at sea is told by his mate that he saw a mysterious stranger enter the cabin, and write upon a slate lying on the table an injunction to put the ship about, and steer for a certain number of hours an opposite course, which after due reflection the captain obeyed, and mercifully rescued a number of persons in the last stage of existence, who had been wrecked on an iceberg. The captain in this instance jeopardized the owner's interest by deviating from his course, but he saved a number of human lives, and his conduct received the approbation of all men. Had he entered the fact in the ship's log, that he had acted on the injunction of *an apparition*, and thus have violated his prescribed duty without being able to show at once a practical result, he would have been liable to be arraigned before a Marine Board, and he would, like poor Capt. Mathias, have been declared to have acted under a mental delusion, and, therefore, to be incompetent to command a ship.

All we know at present in Captain Mathias's case is that he brought his ship home in safety. It would be interesting to learn the fate of the vessels in his track overtaken in the storm off Cape Horn, and to note the future of the barque *Usk*. It may be asked, if this was a good spirit—one of God's messengers, anxious for the welfare of Capt. Mathias—how was it that he did not influence the captain to put into some neighbouring port and save himself from disgrace and ruin? Who shall say?

If, as I believe, the intervention of spiritual beings is permitted in mundane affairs, we have yet to learn under what *conditions* they come at particular times, and whether, as with ourselves, there is not a limit to their intelligence and their power, and why so much is done and no more. Had Capt. Mathias known anything of spirit-intercourse and had he reasoned with the voice as to the why and wherefore of the anxiety shown for his safety, by remonstrating and shewing the fatal consequences of a return to Newport, the spirit might have seen at once another way out of the difficulty, and saved the trusting and simple-minded captain from the severe penalty he is temporarily—but let us hope *only* temporarily—made to suffer.

A gentleman of my acquaintance told me that his course was arrested, and the whole current of his life most happily changed,



by a spirit-voice speaking audibly to him on two occasions, whilst he was walking through the streets of Paris. This gentleman is an engineer, and in daily intercourse with men of business in London, who never suspect him of being under a mental delusion.

A Mrs. J——, who resided at Bath, has for many years been accustomed to hear “a small still voice.” Messages of great interest have been given to her from time to time, and she has related to me the following incident as an illustration of the character of these messages:—She had apartments in Bath, at the house of a family, the mother of whom died, and her body, accompanied by the son, was conveyed to Devizes for burial on the day following the one on which it was removed. Soon after the corpse had been taken from the house, a voice whispered to Mrs. J——, “The register,” which she could not comprehend until consulting with the daughters, she found it related to the deceased lady, whose death had not been registered according to law. When the funeral procession was about to start on the following morning, the son was reminded that he had entirely forgotten the necessary certificate of death, and had of necessity determined to put off the ceremony, when the postman at that moment delivered a letter containing the required document, which had been obtained at once and forwarded by Mrs. J——.

These and many other incidents which would occupy too much space in your journal are the evidences I have of the spread of Spiritualism in this country and elsewhere. It is not my fault that I do not in all cases give the names of my correspondents. They are not disposed to risk being held up by conceited wisdom to public ridicule. The world at large, therefore, loses the advantage of the direct evidence of many trustworthy and intelligent people, who, it is to be regretted, are, on their part, wanting in that moral courage by which alone great though unpopular truths can be readily disseminated and sustained.

It must be admitted that there are phases in Spiritualism of a disagreeable character, calculated to discourage men like myself from taking an active part in its dissemination—men who have no earthly interest but to support an all-important truth, in the hope, as I have before said, that the ministers of religion, or with whomsoever the duty lies, will investigate Spiritualism, and give it, if possible, a right direction. Like all great truths it has many false prophets, and charlatanism unhappily abounds. I am partly responsible for the introduction of such persons as Mr. Foster and Mr. Colchester, who both came to this country with strong letters of commendation to me from very worthy friends in America. Testing them for myself, and seeing that both were mediums of remarkable power, I could do no more than to enjoin these young men to

be honest in their vocation. I solemnly warned them of the consequences to themselves, and of the discredit they would bring upon the cause, if they failed to exhibit their powers in good faith. I regret to say that they, nevertheless, lent themselves to the most disreputable practices, mixing up, in many instances trickery with realities, giving a handle to sceptics to denounce Spiritualism as a delusion and imposture, and its believers as simpletons and dupes.

But the calm philosopher will see that there is no more reason in this for wholesale denunciation than there would be in condemning the science of medicine and its practitioners because of the numerous quacks who compound medicines, and assume false diplomas. The facts which I have here put together are sufficient, I hope, to prove that my faith is not based on the mal-practices of low impostors. I believe there is scarcely a large family circle that cannot, from its own experience, furnish evidence of "mediumship" in some shape. The wonderful phenomena which I and a thousand others in this city have witnessed, through Mr. Home and other private mediums, would be alone sufficient to establish the reality of Spiritualism. Many will, I am happy to say, have an opportunity of judging for themselves, as Mr. Home intends to remain in London during the winter, and to hold occasional *séances*: his motives in this are unimpeachable, since *he is not* a professional medium. I have been informed, too, that at the special instigation of some of his immediate friends, Mr. Home is at length preparing for early publication the history of his life, which cannot fail to be one of a most interesting and instructive character. He has passed, as is well known, through the principal courts of Europe, where he has been received as an honoured guest, and where some of the most remarkable of his manifestations have been witnessed.

I have recently seen a book entitled, "*Visits from the World of Spirits, containing Very Curious Transactions of the Appearance of many Departed Spirits, &c.*," published in 1791. This book has the following very pertinent introduction by the author:—

"That angels, glorified spirits, or departed souls are sometimes known to appear, and consequently, that these apparitions are not only possible, but real and actual, is a belief founded on the authority of the Scriptures, both Old and New Testament, upon the testimony of authors of credit, Greek, Lat'n, Christian and Heathen, ancient and modern. Philosophers, divines, poets, and moralists, and the most sober living tradition assert the facts; therefore, notwithstanding from the want of experience in ourselves, so much is due to the probity of others, that we may give our assent to the relations of others, while they coincide with reason and religion. We may also confirm ourselves in this

great truth, that spiritual beings, as well departed souls, as angels and demons, are invested by the Supreme Being—the Creator and Preserver of all things, with an extensive power of acting upon sublunary bodies, and causing in them very great and very dreadful alterations.”

Thus it will be seen that whether we take note of passing events with minds open to truth, or search the records of by-gone days, there is ample evidence of the great fact of spirit intercourse; those who have realised this belief know how much light is opened to them, and they can afford to smile at the folly of the “would-be wise,” who, in their darkness, denounce Spiritualism as a delusive and fanatical heresy. I assure my friends that I have not retrograded in the belief. I could not, as an honest observer, put aside constantly accumulating evidence; my experience teaches me, however, that it is too great a reality to be trifled with, and it may be of too exciting and all-engrossing a character for the consideration of persons of weak or nervous temperaments. I am sure that spirits may become our companions and teachers, but I do not believe that they are infallible guides. They may mean well, yet err in judgment. They may, like the *savans* of the present day, *think* they have more knowledge than is borne out by the results; they are therefore not to be followed in a spirit of blind confidence, and never by a surrender of our own independence.

~~~~~  
 PERSONAL TESTIMONY.—I have personally known a family whose mental powers and attainments were below the average, yet in which a little girl only three years old had shown herself, as a medium, a complete mistress of French, German, and Italian. The spirits had instructed this child's father, through her, how to make a pegging machine, which proved very efficient; and also a corn-planter, now quite extensively used. A lady who was quite a musician died, leaving a little girl not four years old. Soon afterward, the child, who knew not a note of music, and was not able to reach the keys, desired the piano to be opened, and performed upon it in a style which brought tears to the eyes of every hearer, and would not have discredited a young lady of three times her age. Her friends are not believers in Spiritualism, popularly so called, and do not desire these manifestations to be publicly known. Messages are given through myself on subjects entirely outside the sphere of my own knowledge. I have been influenced to write, at the same time, on two different subjects, while my thoughts were occupied in something else. In my unconscious trance state, I have given opinions which are no more my own than black is white—and in better language than I could use. I know that the idea has gained considerable currency that all, or by far the most, of what proceeds from mediums, is the product of the medium's peculiar condition; but when minute directions are given us respecting matters of which we are totally ignorant, and we are thus led to unexpected discoveries, or gain valuable information: when, for instance, I am told where to look for an article which I have lost for twelve years, and accordingly find it at a distance of five hundred miles,—then, I cannot doubt that a *medium* is really what the name implies. I know that spirits communicate, and they have never told me anything that could pain the most delicate mind, or tend to lower my womanhood; on the contrary, by enabling me to help my fellow-creatures, they have brought me happiness.—*Mrs. French. Spiritual Conference, New York, June 11th, 1861—Banner of Light.*

WHERE ARE THE DEAD?

WHERE are the men of heroic mould,
 Prophet and patriot, saint and sage,
 Whose thoughts and deeds so wise and bold,
 Have been handed down from age to age :—

Leaders of men who bore the world
 Onward, through eras dark and fell,—
 Who strangled earth's serpent-lies, and hurl'd
 Its fiends to the depths of their native hell?

Where are the myriad souls who trod
 This earth of ours in the days of old :—
 Who pamper'd self—or worshipp'd God,
 Who loved and hated, and bought and sold?

Where ! oh, where, are our dear ones fled !
 Father and mother, child and friend ?
 Where are all whom the world calls dead :—
 Can the life of the spirit be said to end ?

Can thought, God-kindled within us, die ?
 Is our deepest love but a fleeting breath ?
 Is God's promise within the soul a lie ?
 Are all our powers but the spoil of Death ?

But where are the dead—in some far-off sphere,
 In some star remote—in some world above ?
 Ah, no ! they are ever around us here,
 They dwell in the purple light of love.

They guard from evil, they warn from sin,
 Prompt ev'ry generous just endeavour,
 At the open heart they enter in,
 On errands of mercy weary never.

They whisper low by the cradle-head
 And bring to the babe bright dreams of Heaven,
 They hover around the dying bed
 With words of comfort and sins forgiven.

T. S.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND AND COUNT CAGLIOSTRO.*

WE introduce the following glimpse of the medium Cagliostro, told in the rich language of Prince Talleyrand. Before the close of his long life the Prince had fallen upon times, in which the marvels of mesmerism and clairvoyance had removed a portion of the veil which shrouded the doings of Cagliostro, and which veiling had made them assume the sole form of imposture for his own base purposes. However much Cagliostro may at times have taken advantage of the ignorance and credulity of his foolish worshippers, we feel sure that if his true character as a medium and mesmerist be fairly set forth, in the greater light of modern developments of a similar kind, he will be judged more truly, and his many acts of generous self-devotion, and his wonderful powers of healing, will rescue him from much of the infamy in which the real character of the man is lost. We hope to see his life written from the spiritualistic point of view, and altogether relieved from the ignorant assumptions of those who have hitherto been his only biographers.

The following narrative contains several points of interest, which will be at once recognized by our readers as evidencing ordinary mesmeric and spiritual phenomena:—

“It was the hour of noon, and C—— had kindly come to fetch me to the luncheon-room, when I found the guests all assembled, listening greedily to the conversation of the Prince (Talleyrand) who was that morning *en verve*, and relating, with great good nature, the anecdotes he had promised us on the preceding evening. The first claimant to be satisfied was, of course, by right, the youthful Duchess de V——, to whom he had held out hopes of the history of his famous visit to the great Cagliostro, and which I will give to the reader.

“It was just at the dawns of the new lights which had arisen on the political horizon, or rather, I should say, perhaps with more justice, at the first extinguishing of the old beacons which had served to guide our ancestors for ages, that so many new doctrinaires and charlatans of every kind came swarming in crowds to Paris. . . . Among the many famous quacks and impostors who abounded at the time, none was more conspicuous than the famous Cagliostro. He had arrived from Italy under extraordinary and mysterious circumstances. His coming had been preceded by rumours more strange, more surprising still, and his door was besieged at once by all the rich and idle, the

* Abridged from the *Reminiscences of Prince Talleyrand*, by M. Colmache, his Private Secretary, vol I., pp. 122–143.

marvel-loving portion of the population of Paris. Among the rest, I am ashamed to confess I was one of the most ardent—I was very young at the time. Many months had elapsed before I could obtain the audience I so much coveted; thousands of persons had to pass by right before me, and it was said that immediately on his arrival, his books were so filled with the names of the highest and mightiest, that, had he been just, and received them each *in turn*, the candidates at the bottom of the list would have known their future by experience long before he could by any means have foretold it. I myself knew an officer in the Regiment de Flandre who, being quartered at Metz, and not being able to obtain from his colonel leave of absence, threw up his commission in order to keep his appointment with Cagliostro, on a certain day in Paris, so fearful was he of losing the valuable information which the magician had to give him.

“I cannot even now repress a smile, when I remember the awe and terror with which I entered the presence of the conjuror. I had not dared to go alone, M. de Boufflers had kindly consented to accompany me. So fearful was I of missing the object of my visit, that I had wasted so much time in thinking of all the questions which I meant to propound to him, as to have even written many of them on my *calpin* to consult in case of need. It was already dark when we were admitted into the presence of the conjuror; not quite dark without doors, yet sufficiently so within to require the aid of tapers. The antechamber was filled with impatient applicants.

“We found the magician in his study, he was just at the moment engaged in dismissing two poor patients, to whom he had given advice gratuitously; the one was a cripple, the other an old mendicant friar afflicted with the shaking palsy. As soon as we entered, Cagliostro led his guests to a door at the further end of the chamber, which was veiled by a thick tapestry, and opening it without the slightest noise, ushered them through it into the passage beyond, and then closing it again with the same attention to silence, returned to the spot where we were standing, and placing his fingers on his lips, pointed towards a still and motionless figure seated in one corner of the room, and which, from the obscurity that reigned around, we had not observed on our entrance. The figure was that of a female, covered from head to foot with a veil of black crape, so long and ample, that it disguised even the form of the *fauteuil* on which she was seated.

“Cagliostro bade us take seats at a table, covered with green velvet, upon which were placed divers mysterious looking instruments of torture, sundry queer shaped bottles and diabolical volumes, and then, standing up before us, in solemn and biblical language, enquired wherefore we had sought him, and what it

was that we desired to know. Such was the effect of the sudden questioning, the mystery of the interview, the silence and the darkness, that Boufflers who was to have spoken first, was quite overawed by the whole scene, and could find no words to answer the summons, but sat stammering and hesitating, while I took the opportunity of examining slowly and at leisure, the wondrous adept.

"Cagliostro was then a man in the very flower of his age, of exceedingly prepossessing appearance; his person, though small, was so well and firmly knit, that its proportions seemed those of a much larger man; his countenance was remarkably keen and penetrating, being formed of a succession of sharp angular lines, which gave him a look of cunning that he would willingly have disguised, and with which the solemn tone and mysterious aspect were altogether at variance. His sharp, piercing eyes I shall never forget; they absolutely seemed to light up the obscurity of the chamber, and as they flashed from the one to the other of his visitors, they seemed to belong to some wild bird of prey hesitating between two victims, which to devour first. His beard and eyebrows were black and bushy, with here and there a streak of grey amid their jetty blackness, telling more of the hand of woe than of the passage of time. When we entered, he had upon his head a velvet cap, which, with gentlemanlike courtesy, he doffed when he addressed us, and then I perceived that the summit of his crown was already bald, although his hair curled downwards upon his neck and shoulders in a thick and silky mass; the hand which rested upon the table, and upon which he seemed to be leaning his whole weight as he stood in graceful and theatrical attitude, awaiting our communication, was small and delicate as that of a lady of the court, and shone out upon the dark green velvet as white as snow; and yet it needed not any very profound knowledge of anatomy to enable the beholder to discern at once that it was the hand of a man possessed of most Herculean strength and power—so vigorous were the firm-knit muscles, so well strung the tightened cord-like nerves. I think he observed with some displeasure the curiosity with which I gazed towards it, for he withdrew it suddenly, and let it fall by his side. Boufflers still remaining mute, the conjuror turned to me, and asked, in a voice which had already lost much of its solemnity, and partook of something like harshness, if I also had come unprepared with a subject of consultation? as if so, we had best depart at once, and leave the field to others whose business might be of more importance, and who were waiting with such impatience without. The question roused all the courage which was left within me, and I answered in a low voice that I wished to consult him concerning the health of a person

who was dear to me. I had already forgotten all the questions I had intended to propound.

"Cagliostro turned, and, by a movement so abrupt and sudden as to make us both start to our feet, drew the *fauteuil* whereon was seated the veiled mysterious form of the female who had remained all this time silent and motionless, across the floor, and still the figure moved not. The feet resting on a board attached to the bottom of the *fauteuil* moved with the rest, producing an indescribable effect. At the present day, when the mysteries of mesmerism have become common household talk, and somnambulism has been made a general *voie de guerison* for every complaint under heaven, all this will appear vain and puerile ceremony; but at the period of which I am now speaking, they were familiar but to the initiated few, and Boufflers, and I, poor ignorant novices, were struck with awe and wonder. 'What is it you seek to know?' said Cagliostro, resuming his solemn and theatrical air; and drawing aside the veil, he bent towards the ear of the female and whispered. I was so afraid of losing the memory of what I had to say that I replied hurriedly, 'I wish to learn the cause of the *migraine* of my friend, la Marquise de ——.' 'Chut,' interrupted Cagliostro, 'the name is of little import. What see you?' added he in a loud deep tone, turning to the veiled figure. 'I see a fair and beauteous lady,' replied a sweet soft voice from beneath the veil. 'She is attired in a dress of sea-green Padua silk; her powdered hair is wreathed with rosebuds, and she wears long and splendid eardrops of emerald and topaz.' Boufflers caught my arm with a smile, for he knew well enough the person for whom I was so anxious, and knew moreover that there were certain nights on which she wore the emerald and topaz suit, and that this very night was one of them. The veiled form continued in the same low voice, 'The lady is pressing her hand to her brow at this very instant. She is waiting for some one, for now she rises and looks upon the clock upon the console, and now she goes to the small side door to listen.' 'Enough, enough,' said I, growing impatient. 'Tell me at once what it is that ails the lady, and what may be the remedy?' The figure spoke no more, but whispered long in Cagliostro's ear, and the latter, turning to me, said, 'The lady's *migraines* are caused by over-watching and anxiety; the cure is easy, and must be applied at once; the cause will be removed in time.' He pushed back the *fauteuil* into the corner whence he had drawn it; the veiled figure remained still and motionless. He then opened a small door in the wainscot belonging to a cupboard filled with shelves, containing bottles of all sizes, and drew from it a phial, which he filled from a jar of that which stood upon the floor, and having performed various 'passes' and

evolutions over it, he handed it to me, bidding my companion and myself to lose no time in retiring, for others were waiting outside. 'You have told your ailments and griefs—you bear with you the never-failing cure—now begone!' With these words, he opened the same low door through which he had led out the two previous visitors, and Boufflers and I passed out, obeying, without a word, the gesture of the magician.

"Such is the history of my first interview with the great Cagliostro. To you who behold daily the strange and varied examples of magnetism my story will perhaps appear puerile, but you must remember that at the time the thing was new, and notwithstanding all that has been discovered since, none has surpassed him; even to this very hour the secret of Cagliostro has never been discovered. It is supposed that ventriloquism was much employed by him in his various *tours de force*. Perhaps it was made the agent of deception in my own case, and the figure veiled with black crape may have been a mere puppet set up to delude the credulous. The circumstance which would seem to favour greatly the suspicion of imposture is that as Cagliostro never employed twice the same agency, the consultant could never come prepared to watch and detect the machinery of his experiments. Again, how could the adept have known by natural means that the Marquise de B——, whom he had not suffered me to name, was young and beauteous, that she possessed eardrops of emerald and topaz, which mixture of jewels was peculiar, and that she would wear them on that very night?

"All these reflections completely bewildered me as I hastened to the opera, certain that the marquise would be there. Boufflers could not help me, nor suggest a single idea to solve the mystery. We arrived at the opera just as the curtain was about to rise; it was Glück's opera of *Alceste*. Boufflers and myself took our places immediately below the *loge* of the marquise, which was empty. In the midst of one of the most pathetic scenes I heard the door of the box open, and a *valet de chambre* announce, as was the usage among the fashionables of the day, 'Madame la Marquise de B——.' She entered, muffled up to the chin, and evidently suffering greatly from her old enemy, the *migraine*. 'Look, she has roses in her hair,' exclaimed Boufflers, all agast.

"It was true enough, the roses were there, and I could see even more, for the eardrops of emerald and topaz caught the light of the *girandole* in front of her box, and played before my eyes in a most tantalizing manner. Presently the marquise withdrew her cloak and stood revealed to us exactly as she had been described. So far the wizard had told us truth; since his

day the same experiment has been repeated, and in thousands of instances has succeeded. You have all, I doubt not, some little story of the kind to tell much more striking and interesting than mine, but the sequel of my anecdote, I think, may be unique.

“At the conclusion of the piece we both repaired to the box of the Marquise de B——. She was suffering greatly, and greeted me ironically, observing that I was ‘*bien aimable et bien galant*,’ that she had waited for me and had been compelled to depart from home alone. After the performance we adjourned to her hotel; I had completely reinstated myself in her good graces by a promise of a complete cure for her *migraine*. The gentlemen, however, all voted that a glass or two of champagne should be tried before the dear marquise was put to pain by any of the diabolical remedies of the sorcerer Cagliostro. The marquise was compelled to submit to their remedy first, which she did with the greatest grace, using every effort to appear gay. I will not attempt to record all the good things which were said. Boufflers was quite himself again, and kept us in a roar of laughter by his wicked sallies and pointed jokes concerning our visit to Cagliostro. No one would have imagined him to be the same individual who had sat quaking in fear and awe before the very man whose power he was now deriding in such exquisite glee. Of course, the phial and its contents became soon the objects of attack, and I was petitioned on all sides for a view. By the permission of the marquise I yielded to the clamour, and it was handed round amidst the commentaries of the laughing guests, until Boufflers proposed that the remedy should at once be tried, so that if it failed, we might then and there go and give Cagliostro the *charivari*, or if it succeeded, we might publish the compounder’s skill throughout the world.

“It was not until I had uncorked the phial and was about to pour it into a glass, that it all at once occurred to me that I had entirely omitted to ascertain whether the liquid was to be taken as a medicine, or applied externally. To the eye it was nothing but pure water; it possessed neither smell nor colour, and the greatest curiosity was excited to behold its marvellous effects. At length, by the suggestion of the marquise herself, it was decided that there would be less danger in misapplying it externally than in swallowing it, should it prove pernicious, and as I was chosen to be the operator, I poured a small quantity in the hollow of my hand which I placed as gently as possible over the forehead of the marquise—pressing it there, but certainly not with violence, and supporting the back of her head with the hand that was free, held her thus, awaiting the result.

“The marquise closed her eyes, and there was a moment’s silence among the group, when suddenly it was broken by a loud

convulsive shriek from the marquise herself, which was almost echoed by many of those present so sudden and startling did it burst from her lips. 'Take away your hand! for God's sake, take away your hand!' exclaimed she in a voice of agony; and starting to her feet she endeavoured with all her strength to pull my wrist downwards, but strange to tell not all the efforts of the marquise, nor those I used myself could tear away my hand from her forehead! No words can express the sensation of terror with which I found myself not only deprived of the faculty of withdrawing my arm, but drawn by some powerful attraction, closer and closer still, until it almost seemed as if the fingers were about to bury themselves in the flesh.

"At first as you may suppose, it was imagined by those present that the whole event was a jest, and the piteous shrieks of the marquise, and my own supplications for assistance, had at first been greeted with roars of laughter, but when it was found that the affair was serious, the company began to take alarm. It was not, however, till the unfortunate marquise sank back in her chair, fainting and exhausted, that the Duke D'Argenton seized my wrist in a nervous grasp and tore it by main force away, drawing with it large patches of skin from the forehead of the marquise, upon which the imprint of my touch remained in bleeding characters. My hand was torn and lacerated likewise, and the pain was unbearable. I bound it in my handkerchief, and gave all the assistance in my power towards the recovery of Madame de B——, who was conveyed to bed, still in a deep swoon. We awaited with downcast looks the report of the surgeon, who had been sent for to apply the proper remedies to the wounds of the marquise, who was not pronounced out of danger till towards morning.

"We then dispersed with the firm determination of having the mystery cleared up by Cagliostro himself as soon as possible. Boufflers instantly repaired to M. de Sartines, the head of the police; and he furnished us with two officers, and with all power to make search at the magician's house, or take any steps we might deem necessary.

"Cagliostro received the visit with the greatest *sang froid*, and without the slightest resistance allowed the officer to prosecute his search among the various tools and utensils which he employed in his calling; the large jug, from which he had taken the liquid contained in the phial, still stood in the same place. There remained but a few drops, but these the officer poured into a bottle, and conveyed to the nearest chemist, who laughed in the man's face, and pronounced it to be clear water. To my bitter reproaches and angry exclamations Cagliostro replied, with perfect calmness, that the liquid was pure and innocent!

when he placed it in my hands, and that if it had grown pernicious, it must have been owing to the guilty passions, or to the evil sympathies of those who used it. No further explanation could be elicited, and the affair, which made a great noise at the time, remains a mystery to this hour. 'As for me,' said the Prince, 'I lost an amiable and valued friend, for the Marquise de B—— would not even grant me an interview, in order to express my regret at the strange accident which had happened, and she returned my letters of apology unopened.'

"The Prince paused—the story was at an end.

"'Did there remain a scar or trace of the wound which the Marquise had incurred?' said Madame de V——. 'She carried the mark of that night's adventure to the grave,' replied the Prince. 'A long narrow scar, which, with all the art of the coiffure, she could not disguise.'"

Ennemoser relates that on Cagliostro's trial at Rome in 1790, among other things charged against him, he was accused—"That he secretly taught the Cabbalah and cabbalistic arts; that he pretended to call up and exorcise spirits, and actually did frequently foretell future things; and that in small, secret companies, and chiefly by means of a little boy, whom he took aside with him into a separate room, in order to fit him for divining." In the documents of the trial, pp. 82, 90, etc.,—"This child had to kneel before a small table, on which a can of water and some lighted candles stood. He now instructed the boy to look into the water-can, and so commenced his conjuration; laid his hand on the head of the boy, and in this position addressed a prayer to God for a successful issue of the experiment. The child was now clairvoyant, and said at first that he saw something white, then that he saw a child or angel, etc., and after this spoke of all sorts of future things. He availed himself also of an orphan maiden at Mitau, who being already of a marriageable age could not, of course, be considered as simple and innocent as a small boy. The questions which he put to the orphan girl did not confine themselves to the angel, but extended to the discovery of secrets and future events, when he frequently made his experiments without the can of water, and merely placed the orphan behind a screen. He also, it is not known whether the more thoroughly to convince the spectators or to throw dust in their eyes, laid his hand on other individuals, and transferred to them a portion of his own power. He worked, it says at page 93, through the usual ceremonies, and all was wonderfully corroborated through the appearance of the angel. At page 134 it says—"In what manner does the sanctifying vision come? In three ways. First, when God makes himself visible, as to the

patriarchs; secondly, through the appearance of angels; and, finally, through artistic practices and inward inspiration.' Cagliostro expressly declared before the Inquisition that he had never had anything to do with the devil; 'and if,' he said, 'I am a sinner, I trust that a merciful God will forgive me.' "

VEASPASIAN.

IN the reign of Vespasian we meet with a remarkable record of supernatural power, related by both Tacitus and Suetonius. Vespasian having taken up his abode for some months at Alexandria, a blind man, of the common people, came to him, earnestly entreating the emperor to assist in curing his infirmity, alleging that he was prompted to apply by the admonition of the God Serapis, and importuning the prince to anoint his cheeks and the balls of his eyes with the royal spittle. Vespasian at first treated the supplication with disdain; but at length moved by the fervour of the petitioner, enforced as it was by the flattery of his courtiers, the emperor began to think that every thing would give way to his prosperous fortune, and yielded to the poor man's desire. With a confident carriage therefore, the multitude of those who stood by being full of expectation, he did as he was requested, and the desired success immediately followed. Another supplicant appeared at the same time, who had lost the use of his hands, and entreated Vespasian to touch the diseased members with his foot; and he also was cured.*

Hume has remarked that many circumstances contribute to give authenticity to this miracle, "if," as he says, "any evidence could avail to establish so palpable a falsehood." The gravity, solidity, age and probity of so great an emperor, who, through the whole course of his life, conversed in a familiar manner with his friends and courtiers, and never affected any airs of divinity: the historian, a contemporary writer, noted for candour and veracity, and perhaps the greatest and most penetrating genius of all antiquity: and lastly, the persons from whose authority he related the miracle, who we may presume to have been of established character for judgment and honour; eye-witnesses of the fact, and confirming their testimony, as Tacitus goes on to say, after the Flavian family ceased to be in power, and could no longer give any reward as the price of a lie.†

* Tacitus, *Historiæ*, Lib. IV, cap. 81. Suetonius, Lib. VIII, cap. 7.

† Hume, *Essays*, Part III, Section X.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHY.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Although there may not be any absolutely necessary connection between the faculty of magnetic clairvoyance and spirit-manifestations, *i. e.*, the demonstrative evidence of one or more of our physical senses to the real and present existence of those who have departed this life, they are phenomena closely allied, and by a majority of the learned are both considered impossibilities, and consequently, imposture and delusion. These phenomena have also an alliance in this respect, that they cannot be educed when sought for if subjected to the conditions which may be imposed by those who have pre-determined not to believe in their verity, when they solicit evidence by asking to witness facts. My experience of "spirit-manifestations" is very limited; my experience of magnetic clairvoyance probably larger than that of many other persons. I am informed that the presence and interference of decided unbelievers generally disturbs or entirely prevents "spirit-manifestations"—and can testify most certainly that magnetic clairvoyance is deranged, and sometimes entirely stopped if subjected to the like unfavourable conditions; hence he who desires to know by seeing facts should try to believe first on testimony.

By many learned men of really scientific attainments, the extraordinary facts of clairvoyance are declared so impossible that neither the evidence of others, nor even the evidence of their own senses, will suffice for conviction. To attempt the conversion of minds of this stamp is folly; we may feel pity that they have not the privilege of knowing. Miss Martineau remarked, in respect of this unbelief, "the privilege is with the believers." To know that the phenomena of magnetic clairvoyance are facts is a privilege; to be able to employ sundry of these phenomena for useful purposes is a privilege; to have as much self-control as to abstain from employing clairvoyance for merely idle curiosity, or even for worse purposes, is a happy state for the magnetizer, who may otherwise destroy the clear-seeing faculty of his subject. When a deep-thinking mind can be convinced of the reality of the higher conditions of magnetic clairvoyance a belief in the possibility of spirit-manifestations cannot be very difficult. When such a mind knows that physical manifestations of spirit-presence are true, the acceptance of clairvoyance may come as of course.

Experience many years since taught me that there exist two states of clairvoyance,—that in which the subject sees or knows by the use of his own spirit-senses, which become exalted by the

magnetic condition, and another state, in which the clairvoyant is taught or told by a spirit visible to him, or is impressed with knowledge by a spirit whose presence is not recognized by the subject. Those who are well acquainted with the latter state already believe in spirit-manifestations, for these are spirit-manifestations in the most valuable and trustworthy form. Probably the best spirit-medium is a magnetic spiritual clairvoyant; the communications are generally clear and obtained in the form of natural conversation, while the medium is protected from disturbing spirit-influence by the magnetic sphere of the magnetizer, or by being restored to the normal state, if necessary, by demagnetizing. Some clairvoyants see with closed or bandaged eyes objects in the room, or read in some given page of a closed book; some can see and describe persons, places, and circumstances occurring at a distance, magnetic communication with an absent person or place being obtained by a lock of hair or some material object which once belonged to the person or place; some, but this is very rare, *can find any person who is distinctly indicated by name, in any part of the world, however distant.* I have known for upwards of twelve years a lady who has this faculty, which I have proved in hundreds of instances, and subjoin the following as one which is corroborated by especial circumstances connected therewith.

On the night of May 7, 1861, about half-past eleven o'clock, I received the following telegram:—"Offen, May 7, 7.10 p.m. Baroness Podmanickzy, Buda, to George Barth, 217, Piccadilly, London. Rovy Koenig very ill—what is his disease—prescribe medicine by telegraph." Offen is a suburb of Pesth, Buda being on the opposite side of the river; the distance some 1,400 miles, I believe, from London. On receipt I sent the following telegram to Mrs. W——, who resides in a market town 40 miles from London:—"George Barth, to Mrs. W——. L—— B——. Rovy, the Baroness Podmanickzy's grandson, ill; telegraph disease and treatment." This was dispatched about 12 p.m. I was aroused at 3.15 on the morning of the 8th, and received the return telegram as follows:—"Mrs. W——, to George Barth, &c. Rovy dangerously ill with fever; brain affected with congestion and irritation, danger of inflammation. Mustard plaister to bottom of spine; hot fomentations to abdomen; aconite and belladonna every four hours till relief obtained." At 3.45 a.m. of the 8th I sent this telegram on to Buda. Five days afterwards a letter from Buda informed me that my telegram was received at 6 a.m. of the 8th, and corroborated by a description of the child's symptoms, and medical opinions, the truth of the clairvoyant's diagnosis, and the success of the treatment directed. Here was no possibility of imposture or delusive practices, which

the learned sceptic thinks may always be detected to account for facts of clairvoyance.

I forward to you the official telegrams with the stamp of the company; these are evidence that such telegrams were sent and received; also the letters with post marks and dates from the Baroness at Buda, acknowledging the truthful diagnosis. The words—"Rovy ill"—could neither tell me, nor could it tell the clairvoyant the nature of his illness; it is quite out of the range of probabilities that the result was a happy guess of "the curious coincidence" class; then we have remaining a really wonderful instance, wonderful enough in this age even, of what can be accomplished towards almost annihilating distance by the aid of electricity and magnetic clairvoyance. A message is sent one thousand four hundred miles, asking me to discover the nature of a little boy's sudden illness; it is again sent forty miles. Then a clairvoyant has to be magnetized and sent to seek the patient in Buda, then to describe his illness and prescribe for him to her husband,* who magnetized her, and then to return to her home at L—— B—— and be awakened.

The information thus obtained is next telegraphed to London, received and forwarded to Hungary, where it is delivered at 6, a.m., to the lady seeking it, and proves perfectly truthful; all this being accomplished in eleven hours. This is conclusive evidence of a seemingly impossible fact; my veracity may be doubted, but there are the official telegrams and subsequent letters. Further comment is unnecessary. I may add that this is only one instance of many in my experience, where similar information in urgent cases has been sought by telegram, found by clairvoyance, and forwarded again by the telegraph wires.

Highfield-villas,
Camden-road, N.

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE BARTH.

[Mr. Barth has handed us the telegrams and correspondence referred to, which in themselves are conclusive evidence.—ED.]

A PROPHECIC FLAG.

AT the opening of the ceremony at the inauguration of President Lincoln, which was held in a tent, the flag was to be hoisted through a hole in the top; it however became entangled, and while endeavouring to right it, it was torn in half. This curious fact is narrated on the authority of Lieut. Reed, late of the St. Helena Regiment, and editor of *The New York Illustrated News*.

* This gentleman is a highly respected medical man, long established in practice.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

A NEW AND INTERESTING DEVELOPMENT.

WE have have been placed in possession of an account of events transpiring in Boston, which give promise of opening to the world a new and satisfactory phase of spiritual-manifestations. The facts, as narrated by Dr. H. F. Gardner, of Boston, are as follows :—

Mr. W. H. Mumler, an amateur photographer and practical chemist of Boston, was engaged on Sunday, October 5th, at the photograph gallery of Mrs. Stuart, at No. 258, Washington-street, in adjusting the chemicals, which had become disarranged. Having prepared a plate, and placed a chair near the focus of the camera, by which to adjust it, he proceeded to take his own photograph, card size, by quickly jumping into position and standing still the required time. The picture—a copy of which we have seen—represents Mr. Mumler as an active, rather athletic looking man, standing with his coat off, and the black cloth used to cover the camera, in his hand. Upon the back of this card appears the following statement :—“ This photograph was taken of myself, by myself, on Sunday, when there was not a living soul in the room beside me—‘so to speak.’ The form on my right I recognize as my cousin who passed away about twelve years since. “ W. H. MUMLER.”

The form referred to is that of a young girl apparently sitting in the chair, which appeared on developing the picture, greatly to the surprise of the artist. The outline of the upper portion of the body is clearly defined, though dim and shadowy. The chair is distinctly seen through the body and arms, also the table upon which one arm rests. Below the waist, the form (which is apparently clothed in a dress with low neck and short sleeves) fades away into a dim mist, which simply clouds the lower part of the picture. Mr. Mumler affirms that this form bears a likeness to a spirit cousin, and its appearance was equally unexpected and startling to the artist, who was not a believer in Spiritualism, though perhaps somewhat interested, and had no reason to suppose himself a medium.

Since this accidental discovery, we are assured by Dr. Gardner that at least a dozen similar photographs have been taken, a new spirit form appearing at the side of each subject. The artist experiences a loss of strength in the process that limits him to three or four sittings per day. The forms are not as distinct as we could desire, yet they are sufficiently marked to prove individuality to friends. Dr. Gardner kindly left with us

two specimens of photographs taken subsequently to the one we have described. They are card photographs of a gentleman and his wife, residents, we believe, of Chicopee. On the picture of the lady stands beside her a female form, recognized by both parents as the likeness of a spirit daughter. The upper portion of the form is quite distinct, but the lower fades out in the form of flowing skirts, partly covering the mother's dress, till quite indistinct at the floor. The other has a less distinct form, yet one recognized by the gentleman as that of his mother in the summer land. A peculiarity about this picture—less distinct though it is—renders it one of the most interesting we saw. The upper portion of the shadowy figure alone has a recognizable form, and this is so large, that were the figure to be completed in due proportion, the feet would be carried some distance below the floor. It is a magnified image of a human (or spirit) head, hardly possible to have been produced from any visible object within range of the instrument. And the arm of the spirit seems thrown about the neck of the subject (her son), the hand resting like a little cloud of mist upon the opposite shoulder. Witnesses were present in all cases except the first, to testify that only one person sat for each picture, and yet we are assured that in some instances three additional forms appear. Similar results to those mentioned above can perhaps be produced by any skilful photographer, by introducing forms during a portion of the time a plate is exposed, or reflecting an image upon the sensitive surface in the dark room. We trust scientific and truth-loving photographers will experiment, that, if possible, the fraud or accident, if either exist, may be exposed, or the means made use of by spirits to project an image upon the air exposed to the line of vision of the camera be discovered.

This singular freak in chemical art, if it be no more, or the new manifestation of spirit-power, if it be such, commands most earnest attention and inquiry. No single phenomenon could possibly awaken deeper interest than will follow this new revelation. While we have the fullest confidence in the truth of the circumstantial account given above, the very interesting and even startling character of the alleged phenomena, and the intense desire that will be largely felt for its truth, leads us to withhold for the present anything like entire credence, and to invite the strictest investigation it is possible for incredulity to institute. We shall look for further report from observers in Boston to whom this new exhibition may be afforded.—C. M. P.—*Herald of Progress.*

ALLEGED APPEARANCE AFTER HER DEATH OF THE CONSORT OF LOUIS XIV.*

AN event of a singular nature gave occasion, at this time (*Anno Domini* 1699), to a great deal of conversation. A man, by trade a blacksmith, residing in the little town of Salon, in Provence, arrived at Versailles; and calling upon Bressac, major of the Garde du Corps, requested to be conducted to the king, alleging that he wished to speak to him personally. He gave no heed to the opposition and the refusals he encountered, and his application was on this account reported to the king. His majesty ordered him to be told that it was not his custom to enter into conversation with every person who might express a wish to speak to him. The smith still persisted, urging that if he were permitted to see the king, he would mention to him some matters of so secret a nature, and strictly confined to his majesty's personal knowledge, that he would be at once convinced that he must have a mission to speak to him, and to communicate something of importance. He begged, however, that in the meantime he might be allowed to see one of the ministers of state. When this was reported to the king, he directed that the man should be sent to Barbezieux, who had his orders to hear what he had to say. Great was the surprise now occasioned by the circumstance that the smith, who had but just arrived from the country, and who had never before quitted his home or his employment, refused to see Barbezieux. He instantly objected that his request had been to see a minister of state, but that Barbezieux was not one; and that he would make his communication to none but a person holding that rank. The king, upon being informed of this objection, directed him to be taken to Pomponne. The smith, without further reply or demur, went to that minister. What was known of this affair subsequently is soon told, and was as follows:—

The smith related that, returning home one evening at a late hour, he found himself surrounded by a bright light near a tree, within a short distance of the little town of Salon; a female, in person remarkably fair and beautiful, dressed in white, and wearing a regal mantle, called to him by name, and requested him to listen attentively to what she was going to say. She spoke for more than half-an-hour. She told him that she was the queen, the king's late consort; commanded him to go to the king, and repeat to him the matters she had just mentioned, assuring him at the same time that God would aid him on his

* Translated from the *Memoires of the Duc de St. Simon*, vol. ii., chap. 2, pp. 15-18. Paris: Hatchette & Co., 1856.

journey. She said that the king, when he should hear him relate a particular occurrence, which was known to his majesty alone, would be convinced of the truth of everything else he would have to communicate to him. Should it so happen that he should be unable to obtain an interview with the king, he was to ask permission to speak to one of the ministers of state, but was forbidden to make his communication to any one who did not hold that official rank. Certain matters he was to reserve for the king's ear alone. He was ordered to depart forthwith, and to execute his commission with diligence and courage, being at the same time warned that if he neglected or failed in the discharge of any of the duties prescribed to him, the penalty that awaited him would be death. The smith promised to obey faithfully all that had been commanded. Upon this assurance the figure disappeared, and the smith found himself in darkness near the tree. For awhile he stood motionless, scarcely knowing whether he was asleep or awake. He then walked home, his mind impressed with the conviction that the whole scene was an illusion, the creation of a disordered imagination; and he determined that he would not mention the occurrence to any one.

Two days afterwards, as he was passing the same spot, the same vision presented itself, and the same conversation was repeated. He was reproved for his incredulity—and the former threat was reiterated. Ultimately, he was told to go to the Intendant of the province, relate to him what he had seen, and inform him that he had been ordered to go to Versailles; the Intendant would then, no doubt, furnish him with the means of accomplishing the journey. On this occasion, the smith's mind remained convinced; but hesitating between the fear of the penalty with which he had been menaced, and the difficulties of executing the commands addressed to him, he was at a loss what to determine, preserving at the same time, strict silence as to what had occurred. In this state of perplexity he passed a week, and at last came to the resolution not to undertake the journey. On again passing the same spot, however, beholding the same vision, receiving the same instructions, and being threatened with the same penalty, he made up his mind to obey the instructions he had received.

Two days after, he went to Aix to confer with the Intendant of the province. This functionary, without hesitation, advised him to make the journey, and supplied him with the means of travelling by one of the public conveyances. He had three interviews with M. De Pomponne, each occupying more than two hours. The minister repeated the conversations to the king, who directed him to communicate the whole to the council of state, but only when none were present but the ministers them-

selves. This he accordingly did, when there were assembled, only the Dukes de Beauvilliers, Pontchartrain, and Torcy. The council sat in deliberation a considerable time, but possibly they might have been occupied also with some other affairs. What followed is thus related :—

The king expressed a wish to converse with the smith, and accordingly had him admitted into his private apartments. These were approached by a small staircase communicating with the marble court, through which the king passed when he went to hunt, or to take a walk. Some days afterwards he saw him a second time, and on each occasion passed nearly an hour with him alone, precautions being taken that no other person should be within hearing. The day following the first interview, as the king was descending the small staircase to go hunting the Marshal de Duras, the officer in waiting, who was held in high consideration, and had the privilege of speaking to the king with freedom, made some allusion to the smith in a tone of contempt, repeating a vulgar proverb, that either the man was insane, or the king was not noble. On hearing these words the king stopped, and turning round to the marshal, contrary to his usual habit when walking, thus addressed him : “ If that adage be true, I am not noble, for I have had a long conversation with this man ; he has spoken to me with very good sense, and I assure you that he is very far from being insane.” The last words were uttered with a solemnity which not a little astonished the officer, who, in profound silence, opened wide his eyes and his ears.

After the second interview, the king confessed that the man had mentioned an occurrence which happened to him more than twenty years before, and which was known to himself alone, for he had never named it to any one. He explained, that it was a phantom which he had seen in the forest of St. Germain, of which he was certain that he had never spoken. On several subsequent occasions he spoke of the smith in very favourable terms. He gave orders that he should be reimbursed all the expenses of his journey to Court, and be sent home free of all charges. He further directed that an additional sum of money should be given to him, beyond his travelling expenses ; that the Intendant of the province should be written to, and desired to take the man under his special protection ; and that, without removing him from his ordinary position, and his proper business, he should make the necessary provision that, as long as he lived, he should want for nothing.

One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with this affair is, that no one of the king’s ministers would ever speak of it. Their most intimate friends have questioned and pressed them upon the subject, but could never draw from them

a word of information ; they all pursued the same course—they would jest and laugh, but would go no further. This has happened to myself in reference to the Dukes of Beauvilliers and Pontchartrain ; and I know, from their most intimate and familiar friends, that they could never extract from them any satisfactory explanation. The same was the case with the friends of Pomponne and of Torcy.

The smith was a man about fifty years of age—had a family, and was of good repute in his neighbourhood. He displayed much good sense in his simplicity, disinterestedness, and modesty ; always thought that too much was done for him—seemed to have no curiosity. After he had obtained an interview with the king and M. de Pomponne, he desired to see and to communicate nothing more. Satisfied, he said, with having fulfilled his mission, there remained nothing more for him to do than to return home.

The persons who had him in charge made repeated efforts to draw from him some information as to the object of his journey. He gave them no answer, or else merely said, “ I am forbidden to speak ;” thus cutting short the conversation, without being betrayed to give any explanation. After his return home, he appeared in no respect different from what he had been previously. He spoke neither of the Court nor of Paris ; answered in a few words those who questioned him, indicating that he did not like to be interrogated. In reference to what he had done, he uttered not a word beyond what I have related ; above all, he made no boast and would not allow himself to be drawn into conversation about the audiences to which he had been admitted. He confined his remarks to brief praises of the king, without adverting to what he had seen that was curious, or entering into any explanation. When he was questioned respecting M. de Pomponne, he replied that he had seen a minister whom he did not know, but would add no particulars as to the mode, or the number of his interviews. After his return home he resumed his employment, and his ordinary course of life.

Such is the account given by the principal persons of the province, and such the account which I myself received from the Archbishop of Arles, who passed some time every year at this city, where the prelates had their country residence. Arles was also the native town and place of sepulture of the celebrated Nostrodomus. There needs not so much to be related to awaken the speculations of the public ; they reason and speculate much without being able to make any discovery. No consequences resulting from this remarkable journey have conduced to satisfy public curiosity. Seekers have been willing to persuade themselves and convince others, that the whole was a mere tissue of impudent trickery, of which the poor smith was the first dupe.

There dwelt at Marseilles a Madame Arnould, whose life was a romance, and who, when a widow, aged, poor, and ugly as sin (*laide comme le pêché*), attracted great numbers of passionate lovers, ruled the most considerable persons in the places where she resided, and contrived to get married to a Monsieur Arnould, Intendant of Marine at Marseilles, under very singular circumstances. By the powers of her mind, and by intrigue, she caused herself to be loved and feared by all around her, and impressed most people with the belief that she was a sorceress. She had been the intimate friend of Madame de Maintenon, when she was Madame Scarron; and there had, from that time, existed between them a secret and confidential intercourse. These two facts are certain. There is a third fact, to the truth of which I do not pledge myself. It is this: that the vision, and the mission to the king, of which I have spoken, were altogether a piece of juggling contrived by this woman, and that the mission, with which the smith of Salon was charged by the three apparitions, had for its object to force the king to declare Madame de Maintenon queen. The smith, however, never once named Madame Arnould, nor ever saw her. Nothing more was ever known of this affair.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Manchester, Nov. 6, 1862.

SIR,—I was accompanied to Mrs. Marshall's by my friend and his wife at the first sitting I am about to describe, but it was rather late when we reached the house. In a few moments, the table began to move, and knocks, both on the table and the floor, became frequent. The table tipped and turned and rose, and several strange things took place. My friend was a thorough sceptic as to Spiritualism, but willing, as he said, to be convinced. Before we commenced, by Mrs. Marshall's invitation, I examined the table, turning it upside down and looking over the feet and other parts. I examined the floor too, or, rather, the carpet, where I saw nothing unusual. Certainly, the carpet was whole, and there could be no direct communication through the floor. When the raps came, they were distinct, loud, and frequent, and in several parts of the room as well as on the table, and we looked to find the cause, and my friend examined about the clothes of Mrs. and Miss Marshall, but nothing was discovered. We had several communications from professed spirits. Some of these were remarkable and even startling; others, however, were quite erroneous, and at first this shook my faith as to the reality of the phenomena, until I remembered that infallibility was not part of the question as to the existence of the facts. Questions were asked, and answered through the alphabet. On the whole, however, we had as many failures as successes in this line of communication, though intelligence was displayed in all. The movements of the table, and the raps in various parts of the room, to my mind, were the most striking. The table frequently tipped over so far that it appeared strange it did not fall over. One circumstance in connection with the wife of my friend, was interesting. Suddenly she was violently lifted up in her chair and shaken as if by a shock of electricity. She was much alarmed, for there was nothing, so far as we could see, in contact with her chair. She states that her chair was lifted from

the floor while she sat on it with her entire weight. Sitting next to her, I distinctly saw her lifted up and the back legs of the chair fall back on the floor, but I am not able to say myself that the fore legs of the chair were lifted up. This was very remarkable, as the lady is not less than ten stone in weight, and could scarcely be lifted, in such a position, by the whole muscular energy of a strong man. After near three hours' sitting, during which I and my friend were closely watching every movement, there came a communication through the alphabet purporting to come from the deceased brother of my friend, the name being correctly spelt out as "William S——" The communication contained this challenge—"Sit at your own table and I will meet you." With this, the phenomena ceased, and we left Mrs. Marshall at nearly 11 p.m.

Although much surprised at what occurred at this sitting, I can't say I was completely satisfied; indeed, I went away about as I had gone there, a simple enquirer. Mrs. Marshall told us that several *séances* in succession would be likely to result in better manifestations, but we thought and said to her that we should not be able to attend again. My friend was as sceptical as ever, and, when we found ourselves in the street, he suggested a number of ingenious contrivances, in which he seemed to have the utmost faith, but in which, in the absence of the least trace of evidence in their favour, I found it at least as difficult to believe as in the alleged facts; so when morning came, my friend desired to go again, in order that, if any false game were practised, we might detect it.

Hurrying through our day's work, we reached Mrs. Marshall's again about 6 p.m. She had no knowledge of our coming, but we were welcomed, and at once sate down to our work. In less than a minute the raps began, and were much more vigorous than on the previous night. I told Mrs. Marshall we had come not for the purpose of believing or disbelieving, but for the purpose of discovering whether or not the appearances were real or simulated. She expressed her willingness to be scrutinized, and my friend proceeded to brush away, and to compress into reasonable dimensions the not very ample crinoline of the ladies. Nothing however appeared during this operation, and the raps, loud and frequent, proceeded. Then the table shook violently, and tipped alternately on every side, until the papers lying on the top flew off as rapidly as we could replace them. My friend watched, and said little, while the raps were heard not only on the table, under the table, and under our chairs, but nearly all over a large room, and as remote as the furthest corner.

I cannot give a full account of this *séance*, for we sat again from three to four hours; but I will relate a few particulars professedly made known through the alphabet. Before I do so, however, I ought to state that the table rose from the floor several times without the application of any visible physical agency as far as I could see, and while we appeared to watch closely, and to glance under the table, it was suggested that the table should rise, while all hands were removed from it. We now all stood upright round the table and held our hands twelve inches above it, when very gracefully the table rose to our hands and there remained two or three seconds; being asked if they would lift the table higher, the spirits rapped out "Yes," and all our hands were then held at least eighteen inches above the table, when it rose as before up to our hands, and there remained for four or five seconds, and then descended to the floor, where it alighted very gently. I may remark that when the table touched our hands while off the floor it felt as if moved by some elastic body: it might have been some strong india-rubber spring, but no such spring or any other body was visible under the table. My friend suggested that there must have been some clever contrivance somewhere, and though he saw none he appeared prepared to believe, *without* evidence, in this direction, rather than trust his eyes and understanding in the other. In fact, the phenomena to him appeared impossible, except on some principle of legerdemain.

After some time a spirit professed to come which, or who, called itself my "son." I asked its name. The reply was "William," selected the first guess from a number of names I had written on a slip of paper. It should be observed that no one but myself knew what I had written, or saw the names. I asked how long it had been dead; it replied by raps, "About three years." I said, "Is your mother with you?" the reply was, "Yes." I asked, "What is your

mother's name?" the reply was selected out of six or eight names written as before on a slip, "Mary." I asked, "What was your mother's name before she was married?" the reply, selected the first time from a number as before, was "Birch." When I came, however, to the name "Barker," (one I had written) the answer was, "Like that;" after which, as soon as I touched "Birch," the reply was, "Yes." This was very strange, as every answer was correct. At first I said—as to the length of time my son had been dead—"that is not right;" but my friend corrected me, and when I recollected myself, I found he had been dead three years and about four months. It was strange any one should know I had a son dead; stranger still that his name was given, and yet more strange that to all this the time of his death and the Christian and maiden name of his mother should be given. The same thing occurred as to another person, about whom I need say nothing further. My friend put many questions, but the answers were generally, though not always, incorrect. One spirit said it was my father, and was named "Thomas I. B.—" I said that was wrong, but it continued to assert that it was my father. I asked where it lived while on earth; it replied, "Macclesfield." This was curious, as I had an uncle of this name dead about a month ago, who lived at Macclesfield. Mixed with many of the mistakes, there were *portions* of truth which to me are quite as unaccountable as the correct answers, and almost seem to leave one without excuse for a disbelief. Yet, I am not yet a Spiritualist. Unreasonable as it may seem—and I *feel* it looks so—I must wait and watch and reflect. One thing I see, that those who laugh display very little shrewdness, and if they have had opportunities of witnessing the phenomena, not much honesty. My friend put several questions in Italian. The answers to these questions were generally *incorrect*, though they were given in a way that showed beyond dispute that the questions were *understood*. Somehow or other there was generally intelligence connected with the replies. To me, these mistakes which approximate to the truth, and especially when elicited through a language unknown to all in the room but the interrogator, are as difficult to account for as the most accurate answer. Yet many answers—the questions to which were put by my friend—were altogether wrong, though the questions put by me were nearly always answered correctly.—Yours, T. B.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I am induced to lay before your readers the following communication, being able to testify to its truth. One of the circle which meets regularly three times a week for the purpose of holding *séances* at my house, has become fully developed as a writing and speaking medium. He is a man of known integrity throughout the neighbourhood. On going to his work on Monday last, a voice whispered in his ear, "Go to Mrs. —, Go to Mrs. —." He looked round, but not seeing any one, he thought it was imagination, but again and again the whole morning the voice whispered as before; he tried to resist it, but still the same whisper. When he came home he took his dinner, and afterwards sat down to his table with pencil and paper, and the following communication was immediately written through him:—"You must go to — House to-night; be there by a quarter to seven o'clock; there will be present, —, also —. Mrs. — will also be present; they will be ready, waiting for you at half-past six. Mrs. — will be telling them you are not coming, but you must go and hold a *séance*; let the children sit to the table at ten minutes past seven, then you must put your hands on the table, and we shall raise it; at eight o'clock precisely Mrs. — will ask, 'Are you going to ask any questions?' You must say, 'Any of you are at liberty to ask any question that you think proper,' but not one of them will answer a word. Then you must say, 'It is waiting to spell,' when you must begin with the alphabet, as usual, when will be spelled out, 'You are unsettled;' then we shall bid 'Good night.' I must add that Elizabeth — will come in at five minutes to eight, when Mrs. — will go into the first apartment of the house, and after she is gone out, then you will shut the door, and the first moving of the table will be felt; then Mrs. — and Miss — will come in and witness the *séance*. You must go; never mind what they say; read the above, and we will shew you the place they all will be sitting when you arrive, where

they will sit at the table, the empty chair ready waiting for you, Mrs. —'s mode of greeting you, &c. Miss — will meet you at the door, take your hat and plaid, hang your hat on a knob that you see at the going on, and your plaid over the door, which will be shifted by Mrs. — afterwards. After you have done they will return you thanks for the evening's entertainment, and Mrs. — will follow you with a rabbit, holding it as you see her at this moment.* Go, sir, you will find all as we say. Good morning to you in the flesh."

The whole scene was quite distinct before his eyes as in a vision, and when he went to the — House there was the daughter to take his hat and plaid, the table set with the children around, the empty chair, the several ladies mentioned above, the same words from Mrs. —, and when he was coming away—the rabbit given and accepted. This is but one out of many cases of a most extraordinary nature which we have in our circle. Should your readers wish for more intelligence of this or a similar nature, it is in our power to let you have more from time to time. I consider this to be a case of prescience, as fully authenticated as any on record.

I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

K.

"A LADY IN WHITE."

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I put the title to my letter in the form of a quotation, as almost all the world has heard of the appearance bearing that name in the family residences of the house of Brandenburg.

A year or two back a gentleman, belonging to the aristocracy of one of our Southern counties, engaged for the shooting season an ancient residence in the North-west. His mother and family servants accompanied him, and his cousin, a young lady, joined his party. One evening this lady—who was in the drawing room, situated in a tower of the building, adorned with an ancient mantel-piece, with large figures in carved oak standing on it—was suddenly startled by a loud knock, which seemed to proceed from the room above, called the hatchment room, and which was so violent that she ran to the mantel-piece, along which the sound seemed to come, expecting to find that one of the heavy ancient figures had fallen. But she found everything as usual. A minute or two later her cousin entered the room, immediately on his return to the house, and said, "Have you been just now in the hatchment room?" The lady replied in the negative, when he related that he had seen from without a form, as of a lady in white, at the window above the drawing room. This appeared to his auditor to have been seen exactly when she heard the loud knock, and though this struck her much, yet on reflection it appeared to her more singular because the window at which the figure was seen was at a very considerable elevation above the floor of the chamber, so that without some chair or piece of furniture to stand on no one could look out from it. The room was unfurnished and untenanted. But this combination of facts, denoting the presence of a ghost, was not yet completed. The whole house was disturbed by numerous manifestations, and among other notices of an unusual presence, a passage door, which closed by a strong spring, opened apparently of itself, and stood open for some time—the spring both before and after this acting with its usual force, and keeping the door closed after each passer through. The alarm through the household was general, the servants, men and women, having witnessed these or other phenomena; and no one dared to sleep alone that night except the young lady, who took a trusty dog into her room. The following day, in the interchange of civilities, a call was made on a family established in that part of the county, and on the story being told the lady of the house asked if her visitors were ignorant of the current belief of the neighbourhood, that the appearance of the white lady, as the ghost was called, because she always appeared in white and waving garments, announced the immediate death of some member of the

* Here the whole scene was as plain before his eyes as the actual occurrence afterwards shewed, the young man never having been in that house before.—K.

ancient family that owned the mansion. Her guests had either not heard this, or had forgotten it, as one of the legends of mere country folk, and so not worth attention. Within forty-eight hours after the first manifestation it was announced at the mansion, and in the village, that an important member of the ancient family had passed into the invisible world. There was a legend to the effect that some deed of violence had closed the earthly days of this ghostly visitant, whose appearance has omened death through successive generations; but we only refer to this as another point in the belief current in the country. The lady, our informant, a stranger to the place and its traditions, was brought to the knowledge of them by being an unexpected witness to the truth of an old belief. This story, which in all its parts harmonizes so exactly with the leading phenomena which the Spiritualists have long investigated, is perhaps worthy of your insertion.

I remain, Mr. Editor, yours, &c.

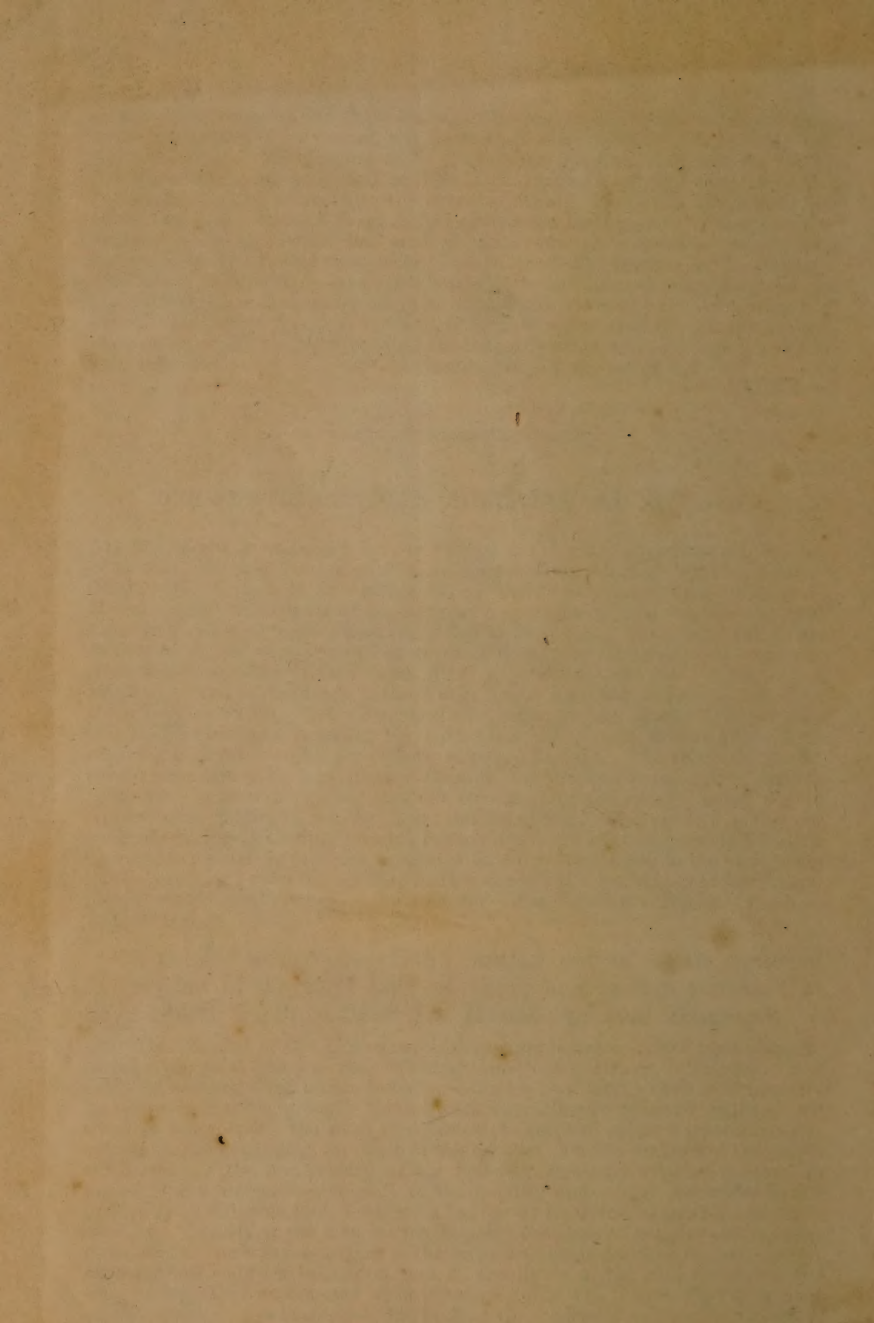
ALPHA.

PROPHETIC CANDLES—IRELAND AND SWEDEN.

ALL the learning and piety in our village could not conquer the superstition of the age. A neighbour died of a malignant fever; he had a thrice-repeated dream before he took ill, in which a voice called to him three times, "Prepare!" It seems as if intimations of no common import have been occasionally thus conveyed, and that some attention is due to them; but as all good things are subject to abuse, superstition has made of dreams an instrument of torture to weak and susceptible minds; and, alas! superstition was one of the sins of Ballitore. The death of one of the Fuller family was said to be announced by the melodious wailing of the Banshee, who, when visible, appeared in the form of a beautiful woman combing her hair. For the rest of the neighbours the croaking of a raven sufficed on these solemn occasions. The spirits of the departed were said to be seen gliding through the meeting-house grove, and the "Runner," a stream flowing through the heart of the village, could not be crossed after midnight without fear and trembling. The candles going out suddenly during an evening meeting foretold the death of the venerable Abraham Shackleton; previous to which candles went out several times in the chamber of a little pupil, and even my sensible mother deemed it a warning that her father-in-law would shortly expire—which he did.—*The Leadbetter Papers*. London: BELL & DALDY. 1862.

A similar occurrence of the putting out of lights occurred in Sweden in the early part of 1859, and is thus narrated at page 188 of the 3rd vol. of *The British Spiritual Telegraph*.

"The remains of the celebrated Bishop Agardh were a short time since interred with great pomp at the Cathedral Church of Carlstadt, in Sweden. The deceased had expressed a wish to be buried in his own family vault at Schoonen; therefore it is not improbable the body may hereafter be removed thither. All Swedish newspapers, the most creditable not excepted, relate a mysterious circumstance accompanying the death of this scholar. On the occasion of the recent celebration of the anniversary of the Swedish Academy, Baron Bestow, in presence of a numerous company of the nobility and gentry assembled in the brilliantly-illuminated hall, delivered a lecture on the spiritual teaching of Swedenborg. Exactly at the moment her Majesty the Queen Dowager entered the room, and as she was proceeding to the large arm chair destined for her, the air appeared suddenly set in motion, and all the lights of the immense chandelier were extinguished except one. The eighteen lights which, according to ancient custom, were always burning on the table of the academicians flickered violently, but none went out except the one exactly opposite the arm-chair of the renowned bishop and academician, C. A. Agardh. A few days after the remarkable occurrence the news of his death reached Stockholm."





GETTY CENTER LIBRARY



3 3125 00716 1017

